20,000 Miles by Land and Sea

Arthur Francis Pennock

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Twenty Thousand Miles
by Land and Sea

ARTHUR FRANCIS PENNOCK, A.B.
INSIDE THE TEMPLE WALLS

TWENTY THOUSAND MILES BY LAND AND SEA

By ARTHUR FRANCIS PENNOCK, A.B.
OBERLIN COLLEGE

Experiences and Scenes in EUROPE, TURKEY, EGYPT, And PALESTINE

SAYINGS CONCERNING: "Once read, read again," "Valuable for information," "Makes Bible scenes interesting," "Of much value for reference"

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
CHAPTER I.	Introduction	3
CHAPTER II.	My Maiden Voyage	15
CHAPTER III.	In Old London	31
CHAPTER IV.	Westminster Abbey	55
CHAPTER V.	Land of Napoleon, Joan of Arc and Voltaire.	65
CHAPTER VI.	A Touch of Belgium and Germany	79
CHAPTER VII.	Heidelberg	91
CHAPTER VIII.	Lucerne	99
CHAPTER IX.	Milan	107
CHAPTER X.	Venice	115
CHAPTER XI.	Florence	125
CHAPTER XII.	Mystic Rome	143
CHAPTER XIII.	Still in Mighty Rome	161
CHAPTER XIV.	Naples	177
CHAPTER XV.	Athens	183
CHAPTER XVI.	Constantinople	201
CHAPTER XVII.	Egypt	223
CHAPTER XVIII.	Egypt	243
CHAPTER XIX.	Egypt	263
CHAPTER XX.	Bible Land	281
CHAPTER XXI.	Jerusalem	303
CHAPTER XXII.	Road to Jericho	321
CHAPTER XXIII.	Our Riding Journey	341
CHAPTER XXIV.	Our Riding Journey	357
FINALE		363

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PORTRAIT OF AUTHOR . . . . . Frontispiece

NORTH TRANSEPT OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY SHOWING GLADSTONE'S TOMB . . . . . Facing page 55

NOTRE DAME . . . . . " " 75

HEIDELBERG, VIEW OF CASTLE " " 92

ST. MARK'S SQUARE . . . . . " " 118

DANTE'S TOMB, FLORENCE . . " " 135

APPIAN WAY . . . . . " " 173

ACROPOLIS . . . . . " " 188

MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA . . . " " 207

CITADEL OF CAIRO . . . . . " " 230

TEMPLE AT LUXOR . . . . . " " 236

EGYPTIAN NATIVE . . . . . " " 249

SCENE IN EGYPT . . . . . " " 273

CHURCH OF HOLY SEPULCHRE " " 290

THE SEA OF GALILEE . . . . " " 352

Value of Travel and Books of Travel.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

VALUE OF TRAVEL AND BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

"BY education present usage understands the striving for the most complete development of man." It is true, there are many to whom the term, "acquirement of knowledge," satisfies as a suitable definition of education. But such a definition is narrow and superficial to a thoughtful mind. No, education is not acquirement of knowledge, alone. It means more than mere getting. Its sphere is more than becoming a walking library. Its ideal is not in a display of knowledge. Its aim is lofty, broad and generous. It is more kind than many book worms admit.

"Education is a means to an end and this end is *man at his best.*" As an end it is only a servant, but not futile. For it is not insignificant even as an end. It is according to the nature of the service a man performs that he is honored. So education is considered one of the most important factors of life, because it is the servant of God's ideal of man, in the creation, to help him to the best understanding of manhood. This

is the mission of education, exalted as it is, to complete God's ideal.

This broader and true view of education, suggests that it is not to be sought alone in the confines of educational institutions. And no one can expect it to end with books, or nature, or men. It demands a reservoir as large and comprehensive as the world, to educate man. It demands not only knowledge of books, but wisdom, and understanding, in affairs of this comprehensive life, and boundless world. The ideal, or end of education, seemingly recedes as man nears it. The world, and contact with it, then, is the process of education. By it man is forced to grow within as well as without. What then can better secure this contact than travel? What can stimulate this but open suggestive books of travel? Through meeting humanity, and the things that are, in travel, we come boldly against the phenomena of nature, and in turn, it furnishes direct knowledge. The traveler then knows things, rather than knows about them.

Mr. Rice in his article on travel, says: "Travel in itself is, it cannot be denied, a powerful educator, yet the educational value of any tour, will depend largely upon the method in which it is undertaken." That is, travel may do much or little for a man. If aimless, the latter. If his aim is superficial, thoughtless or roaming, rather

than a purposeful lingering on everything he sees, a man cannot be called a traveler. But the kind of touring which marks everything with a purpose, and holds to that thing until it has taught the mind one, or perhaps a dozen lessons, is education in an objective as well as a subjective sense. It makes a man's soul larger; it makes his mind active, and ready for emergencies.

A good acquaintance with the things of the world is not possible to any great extent without travel, and even in travel we are limited for time, means and comprehension. Yet travel is the very door to observation; and careful observation is direct knowledge. The traveler is in a happy state, for he sees things for himself, rather than through the large brained or narrow brained eye of another. Reality, instead of dream, is his happy comprehension. Yet dreams and the scenes of others are not despised, but more readily received and more eagerly grasped. As F. von Lubken wrote: "He finds himself on the summit of Mount Rigi watching the sun for the ushering in of another day. Heavy mists hide the hills and the valleys from view. But presently on the brink of the eastern horizon, he notices a red crimson growing larger and grander, until the whole Eastern sky seems a red blaze. Now a circle-shaped, constantly growing white mass emerges from this crimson flame. It

penetrates the mist with its glowing beams and by its warming rays awakes all nature for the activities of the day. It rolls before the eye a charming landscape otherwise hidden. What ecstacy of soul he feels!" I can sense it, for I have seen an Eastern sun rise. You can feel the impulse, for you have seen the sun rise on some glad lake, or from some fond hillside. But as the man stands enraptured he seeks to formulate in words what nature discloses. He sees what no artist can paint; he feels what no word painter can make him feel; he has learned what cannot be taught through any human agency.

After Charles Dickens had visited Niagara Falls, and viewed them from "Table Rock," he wrote: "Then when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and enduring one—the instant and the lasting—of the tremendous spectacle was peace—peace of mind, tranquillity, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness, nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart an image of beauty to remain there changeless and indelible until its pulses cease to beat forever." And it is sublimely true, you cannot rob a man of what he has seen.

But travel is not limited to sunsets or sunrises, to mountains, falls, oceans, or cities. It

has a fairer field. You are led to the fields of the greatest geniuses which the world has produced. Someone wrote: Edwin Markham after he had long gazed upon Millet's painting, leaves it, but leaves it as Edwin Markham, plus an abiding presence of impression, and conviction not to be subdued by time, but one that culminated in the production of "the strongest and most impressive poem, with the single exception perhaps, of Kipling's 'Recessional,' that has been written in any country in the last quarter of a century." Who can face the perfect art of the masters, or tread their empty halls, or visit their honored tombs, without new inspiration, without new hope, and the assurance of realizing their own undertakings? He cannot be the same man as before he saw these things. His world is larger. His thought is wafted, his generosity and charity are increased, and his own genius is finer grained and more subtle.

The subjective influence is this in travel: You have been esteemed by friends and honored by kindred. You must naturally grow to think yourself important and *one* among many. Self-consciousness is a master evil. But the traveler goes out amongst millions of this great world. He has scarcely gone out from his own habitation when he senses the feeling—I am only a child amongst millions of men, a grain of sand in the

creation. We walk with masses of men and we know we are unthought of, unseen. We climb the Egyptian Pyramid, or linger among the relics of the British Museum, or sit alone on the Acropolis at Athens, or kneel in the sacred "garden of Gethsemane," a strange man, in a strange land, and conscious of greenness, yet by the actions of those around us, we feel that even our freshness is unnoticed. Who cares for my footstep, or hears it? Who longs for my return at meal time, unless my pocket is gold-lined; and then it is unimportant, for many such are passing this way all the time. Who waits with a mother's heart my return to my lonely chamber? What is my life anyway? Why should God listen to my prayer? And yet I say it, for there is no one else who cares to listen to me. These are the thoughts that seize the traveler in every outgoing and incoming. And all this taught me a priceless lesson, however I may sometimes be noticed or seen, not to look upon myself, but away to others. It gives one the victory such as Wordsworth received when he wrote:—

"Unknown, unthought of, yet I was most rich—
I had a world about me—'twas my own;
I made it for it only lived to me
And to the God, who sees into the heart."

This revelation of self enlarges one's mind. He turns away from self, and views his sur-

roundings, and the greater men, and greater things all about him. His little hut or hermitage is passed or abandoned for the entrance into the stately palace of the great world, hung with the pictures of men unique and masterly. He glances upward, sets his gaze among the stars and cries unto his Creator for a longer life, and his prayer is surely answered. He may think his own land best, his own government first, but he learns that there are other governments, for other lands, which control men who achieve wonders in art, in manufacturing, and in commerce. He may love the customs of his own people, but he mingles with those of different tastes, habits, dress, and language; and finds that they are not by any means altogether bad, and proves the truth of the poem that reads:—

"In a strange land,
Kind things, however trivial, reach the heart,
And through the heart the head, clearing away
The narrow notions that grow up at home,
And in their place grafting good-will to all."

Travel contributes to the broadening of the mind in making a man a citizen of two countries. Says Lubken: "I like to think of the man who has traveled considerably as one holding a double citizenship—that of his own native land and that of the world. And why not? Has not his narrow-compassed sympathy taken on wings, as

it were, and now reaches to the ends of the earth? How can he be otherwise than interested in the nations of the earth? Has he not trod their grounds, observed their customs, learned their aspirations, met their people, and in some measure, entered into their lives, sharing their sorrows and joys?" Wordsworth said:—

"When I began to inquire,
To watch and question those I met, and speak
Without reserve to them, the lonely roads
Were open schools in which I daily read
With some delight the passions of mankind,
Where by words, looks, sighs, or tears revealed;
There saw into the depths of human souls—
Souls that appear to have no depths at all
To careless eyes."

We read in history how in Greece, the mistress of the sea, and particularly in Athens, a seaport, and not in Sparta, an inland city, philosophy had its rise. The reason was because Athens in her commercial interests met foreigners, and in contact with them learned their manners and customs. And, too, Greece had her colonies to govern and had to recognize their habits, tendencies, and customs and desires. This mingling with nations and various peoples of wide diffusion of nature and temperament caused Greece to make changes in her polity. And so they had to readjust their notions and customs. And it was

this vast change in herself, and her plans of government to suit all, that stimulated the philosophic spirit; and so here, this great science of many branches was born.

The experience of an individual who travels is similar to this. He may not be called to solve world problems, but nevertheless travel will greatly arouse his thinking powers. Governments and nations and their problems will seize you and you will unconsciously be planning for them, settling their knotty problems. The changes in climate tax the mind unconsciously. The customs and costumes of the people are deliberated upon without effort. The advantages of education and entire want of it seek a just consideration in the mind's absence of thought, if this were possible. What food for thought, what material for investigation, is piled up in a short journey? How your eyes do open to things around you when you reach home, how much more observant of things at home you become! Your heart is larger, your sympathies are stirred, you are in a land of nations breathing into your mind refreshment from every quarter. You have necessarily become a more thoughtful man.

The reading of the books of travel stimulates the same spirit of broader thought. In this brief volume it is not the author's purpose so

much to inform, as to suggest subjects for thought. It may stimulate the mind and thus build roads to future discoveries.

In the words of Will Carleton, in the "Belle of Manhattan," is well put:—

"These lines are naught against such college men
Who strengthen up their lore with common sense;
Who think of colleges as little worlds,
But worlds within a larger, grander world;
Who do not let the frosts of theory
Congeal the waves of practice; who can dream
In temple built by thought—and wake again;
Who do not stoop to bid the unchanging Past
Enslave the Present; who their students fire
With action as with precept; who believe
That scholarship should show itself in deeds,
As well as words and phrases; who send out
Into life's fields as graduates, not clay lumps
Sodden with studies full of untried rules,
And buried 'neath the clods of precedence;
And who are of, as well as in, the world.
Long live such educators!—and if e'er
Must die the other kind, then let their graves
Lie undisturbed."

A. F. Pennock,

With suggestions from Prof. F. von Lubken.

My Maiden Voyage.

CHAPTER II.

MY MAIDEN VOYAGE.

BOLDLY, and yet not a little anxious, it being my first launch on an ocean steamer, did I board the gallant steamship, Minneapolis, Friday evening, January 4, at 10:30, 1901. We spent a few minutes in scanning the floating palace. In every sense she seemed to be worthy of her burden. I felt as safe as when in boyhood I was folded in my Christian mother's arms and was "laid down to pleasant dreams." And stretching myself serenely, after arranging my toilet for the peculiar goings at sea, I laid down in a clean white stateroom, provided with every convenience of a modern home, and committing my people and friends to God—I slept as a little child.

The Minneapolis is a modern hotel, six hundred and fifty feet long, well worthy of her burden of 15,500 tons. She is too proud to stay on land for she vaunts of the resistless bosom, and the fathomless depths of the kisses of the swells of the ocean. This is her eighth trip. She was launched in March, 1900. Every inch of her is new. She is proud, and yet not high and haughty, having four decks below, and only three above the water line. Still modest and

greatly in love with her captain, she obeys him as well in tempest as in calm. She is in love with her burden also, and with the birds of the air. And from her hands some hundred sea gulls are constantly fed. These white winged angels hover about her by night and by day, sleeplessly watching its ever increasing flock, which seems never to touch her spars or decks. They sing no songs but in their prey for food sometimes screech like wrens. In their quiet flight and healthy beauty, they speak tales we have no time to pen, of the varied and sumptuous diet this ship furnishes both to guests within and without. She burns over one hundred tons of coal a day, and has a double engine in case of accident. She works as smoothly as the ball bearings of a wheel, and propels us unceasingly onward at the rate of 376 miles daily. Her dining room and halls are finished in white oak, even the floors being inlaid and matted. The iron of which she is builded presents a snowy whiteness in the staterooms, finished and furnished with dark mahogany. The rooms are about 7x8 feet, containing two bunks on the one side, of white iron frame and easy woven springs, abundantly furnished with fine mattresses, covers and pillows. On the outside of the cabin a fine wide sofa, with pillows to match the beautifully flowered denim covers and tapestry of

the berths, is secure and leisurely easy. This ship carries 250 passengers with diverging tastes, natures, personalities and nationalities, and all first-class. The nature of these written out would fill a book like Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," with humor and pathos sublime. The library on the upper deck contains many well bound, interesting books. It is the parlor, the sitting room and intelligence office of things which ought to be heard and known. And it also is the place of some things, if I could, I would not tell. Here we lounge on the beautifully upholstered mahogany settees, and listen to foamy, but courteous conversation of English and American ladies, while we try to read and write. Surely, this is quite a change from the reveries of a bachelor's study, on the St. Lawrence. The ceiling and sides of this room are beautifully molded and carved, finished in gilt and white, with elegantly stained windows, in designs both American and English. These afford by means of a crank spring easy and sweetest ventilation. The domed skylight in the center is indeed picturesque in beauty, all of which floods this palatial room with softened, tender light.

My companion is E. A. Jones, M. D., of Toronto, a young man with dark brown hair, gray eyes, prominent Roman nose, common-sensed, and of good strong bearing, rather than hand-

some. He is unselfish, and most pleasant and happy. He is on his way to London to take a post-graduate course in surgery; and while I remain in London we shall put up at the First Avenue Hotel together. To make plain how agreeable friends may be, I tell what took place as the chamber steward called us one morning and brought his usual morning greeting, a cup of coffee and a wafer.

Sipping my coffee and finding it too strong, I stopped to soliloquize concerning the storm-tossed sea of the past night. In so doing, I laid the whole expense of the cosy rockings of the deep which only seemed to increase my soundness of sleep, to the Jonah sickness of my chum. Pounding on the bunk above me I asked the steward if the storm did not cease at once, to throw the Doctor overboard. Human-like, he retaliated, and not knowing that I held in my hand a cup of hot coffee, he flung his pillow from the bunk above which struck the coffee cup and sent its contents flying all over my slumber robe. I had a hot bed-fellow, and with a bound separated myself, and shook him off standing erect, and suddenly, by the side of the steward. I was unharmed, but somewhat stained. The steward looked perplexed, then smiled and ran out of the room with a rollicking bound. Immediately he returned with a fresh cup of coffee, shook the

bed, stripped off the covers and said, "the joke is good enough," and the cabin will be made all right for the Dominie and Doctor. This freak of human nature was told at the breakfast table, and made merriment to disturb the monotony of one meal on shipboard.

When we were about thirty miles out of New York harbor, the chamber steward (R. A. Walker) cried: "Any mail can be handed to a steamer at Sandy Hook." The letters were given to the steward and the captain, lowering himself by a rope ladder, was rowed to the nearby steamer, where he carefully deposited our mail.

The next spectacle of interest was the practice of lowering the life boats by a green crew of boys. The false, fumbling motions, as they were tossed by the brisk sea were very raw and somewhat unwilling. But the captain was a firm, stern Englishman, and soon brought them to time by a few sharp orders. The day was clear, and we spied the last land off Fire Island without a regret for its receding view, or one sigh for home. On we swept steadily and strongly over the waters green. We sang, we promenaded. We lay in our cosy cabin wrapped in our sea-rug. We read; we conversed; we scanned the books of the library and other greater books written in the faces of a strange people. The salt sea baths were so refreshing, that often

I frequented their secluded place of inspiratory influence; and cleared away every possible touch of the land journey's soilings. While dressing after my night's bath, a stupendous gale everything whirling, even my head. But soon stretched upon my neat, comfortable berth I was sound asleep, "Rocked in the cradle of the deep." And I "knew no waking" until the steward's low tread led him into our cabin, to steal our boots and cover them with a glossy polish.

An English gentleman by the name of Bachelor, sits opposite me at the table, our seats having been assigned the second day at noon. He had worn himself out in a close bank building, and has been in hale and hearty America for improved health. He is quiet in his make-up, and serves to steady the voluptuous maiden who sits at his right. Ours is the captain's table, and he has in his nature much of merriment for everyone. The stewards, with precise movements and smooth voices display the large dyspeptic menu which, if rightly used, contains much of sturdy health and substantial strength. The stewards were much alarmed for my health on ship-board, because I did not take wine. They urged and pleaded most earnestly for me to partake of some simple wines at least. I think they had much in mind the extras this would bring them, as well

as my health. But finding a firm American, they at last said, "All right, sir," and passed on. But I am anything but sick, and find as rich a glow on my cheek as any passenger on board. I did not miss a meal, but the lovers of wine had sea-sickness. Daniel's food has abundance of nutritious virtue, and one drink of nature's simple water has more health than sips or barrels of wine, for most people.

Monday morning a sip of coffee and a salt water bath woke me up for the whole day and sweetly toned my whole system. Breakfast done, the library seemed a charming place, while I read the "Last Days of Pompeii," in preparation for my visit. That book finished, Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," chained my mind, and most happily cheered the remainder of my journey.

Then when we had lunched at noon Monday, we watched a small ship's approach, and thought how our world's rotundity was so wonderfully conceived in so simple a manner by our dauntless and heroic Columbus. And we resolved to see Genoa, his birth-place, if possible. We desired to kneel at his tomb with reverential eyes, and grateful soul.

Then an English girl's freak broke up all of the monotony of the day. No American girl is so dependent. The English girl assumes a right

to ask any gentleman to put her in her chair, and to keep you close by, for a half hour, tucking up her feet in a sea rug, smoothing the fringe of the robe, saying she is dry, etc. Then when all her wants are supplied, she reels off a tub of softness, of a's and rr's and a novel of flattery, much of which is affected or defected, so that for your life, ere you leave her, you wonder whether she is, or is not. An American girl's common sense and realness appeals to me.

While I wrote this the telephone bell was ringing ceaselessly, and I wondered if all the London bells were wound up forever, and were so alarming. Tuesday morning at sun rise, I saw from our cabin window a great water spout one-half mile in the distance. The steward told me it was a whale. Dressing quickly, I ran out on deck, and saw him blow the water twenty feet into the air with a careless grace. All at once he stopped spouting and the whale was "out of sight." Disappointment and future hope mingled in my mind, while back to the cabin I turned. Then through the port window a flying-fish appeared. It would fly above the water until its wings were dry, and then plunge to wet them again, as they are wont to do; and it occurred to me that the water world was as full of freaks as the land. Then we came to the banks of Newfoundland, and the breezes were a little

fresh and cold. The first real strong seas of the voyage began to lash our ship's sides furiously, and her strength sent them flying into the air.

Then this very day one of the young men, with several maidenish women, began to plan a euchre party for Wednesday evening, to relieve the dull stupidity of their monotonous thoughts, I suppose. They were sure the minister would join them and their courtship was painstaking, indeed. Very modestly, but firmly, I repeated to them, over and over, "that I did not play the game." "But satan has some mischief still for idle hands to do." Then I said, "No," and they answered, "We shall see you again; we will not take that for your final decision." My reply was, "It is decided, and your efforts will be in vain," and thanked them for the courtesy.

The evening came, the score cards were printed, and a ten dollar bill was put up by the members for prizes. Then the conscience began to assert its rights, and they 'hemmed, hesitated, and finally arranged a scheme to excuse the conscience for the gambling evil. A committee of one was sent to say to me that the purse was to be given to the "Seaman's and Orphans' Fund," and ask me to make remarks at the close of the game appropriate to the occasion concerning their needs. I thought a minute, and said "Yes." I could not refuse to do this. It was

God's opportunity and he put the thought into my mind strongly and held me most kindly and gently while I spoke of being sent by four sad mothers to rescue their boys from a gambling saloon, who confessed to me that card playing led them to the evil. And I could not join the game that led them to ruin. They, the world, nor God, would not forgive me if I should. And I said that I did not judge them, only myself. That I felt as kindly toward everyone as if they were as strict as myself. The careless world needs rebukes, but kindness, charity, generosity, and a chance to mend. Their good deed of giving to the orphans was commended, they were urged to a generous, self-sacrificing life, not only for the orphans who were hungry for food, but sacrificing as well for the millions of fallen ones and the spiritual orphans of the world. We'll wait for eternity to see the results of the little chance meeting. But there was no more euchre on that trip, and I found many friends among them all. My opinion is confirmed in this: "No one loses by being strong on the side of safety and right, if they forget not to be charitable."

Friday night as we approached the place in the ocean called the "Devil's Hole," the wind began blowing furiously. All night this solid, firm ship, whose steadiness I loved, "rocked us," but not to sleep. Saturday morning it rained

and blew from the southeast terrifically. The racks were put on the table to hold the dishes firm. We had to learn to reach awkwardly over the table to now and then put a crumb or sip of coffee to our lips. And only three appeared, even for the purpose of refreshments. All day Saturday it continued to blow, and we had no monotonous water level at sea, but mountains piled on mountains of huge "swells," which were ugly instead of gentle, as in flirtations. We shipped seas and some we could not ship, they ran too high, and even jumped over 40 foot decks and rode on in the gale seemingly undaunted. Many were provoked at this boldness, and spent their wrath by heaving into the sea that which was most obnoxious to themselves.

My mind was calm and fascinated by the curious freaks of the ocean, and I sang:—

"Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from Thee,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me."

I found no time for revenge on the wrath of the waters. "A ship was made to float and float it must" was my constant faith. I don't know why, "but what some curse in this world others smile at." When the storm abated, Sunday

morning, the captain said: "The minister is a natural sailor; without wine, beer or whiskey, he is happiest in the severest gale."

Sunday we came to the "Lizards," so called from the long-tailed, elongated likeness to the animal so named, and then to "Start Light House" in the English Channel, on our left. Then land was in view only three or four miles off, and all the passengers looked changed in countenance, and they smiled like children, who can see the object of their hope almost within grasp. The land scene was very picturesque, since it was large hills grading from the water back to the height of six or seven hundred feet. Land does seem magnificently beautiful after a long, hard ocean voyage. No wonder Columbus went into ecstacy over San Salvador. The landsmen were plowing then, Jan. 14, and the plowed and the unplowed lands on the slanting hillsides looked like one vast, fancy checker-board, with hedges bounding it, for hedges are their fences here. It was a fine view we had also from our peaceful deck, of the ships, and crafts, of every sort, going, coming and standing, in the great channel as we entered at night. The next morning was as bright and clear as a maiden's face, as we were anchored in the mouth of the Thames, waiting for the tide to come in at 3 p. m. Then we went up the river with a special pilot, and

reached our hotel at 8 o'clock, tired, sleepy, and thankful, child-like. We were one day ahead of time in spite of the storm. For Captain Layland is a seaman bold, and hustles in good, and speeds on in bad weather.

Some of the people we met:—

A Mr. McLaughlin, of Brooklyn; an owner of fancy paper mills in New York, London and Paris; was genial, full of wit, saw everything sad or happy, important or unimportant, and proved himself a most useful and entertaining friend. He spent one day showing me London, and tried to plan his business to go with me to Paris. In this he failed, but he proved to be a Congregationalist, and a Christian millionaire.

Mr. Munen, of Toledo, Ohio, was on board, conveying to the Whitings of Brighton, two gamy, fancy bred mares. The Whitings were once Americans, but are now owners of a millionaire estate at Brighton, England, and still love our noble equines. Mr. Munen owns a stock farm and has made his fortune breeding fine carriage horses. He has the honor of raising and training the fastest stallion on record. He is a very common-sensed, pleasant, unassuming man with good habits, and leans toward better things —the Christian life.

Miss ——————, an English woman, teacher and chaperone of two young ladies, was well

informed, and almost a freak of forty-five or fifty years. But she was English, every inch, and you could have a healthy argument in a minute, if you contrasted England with America. She could say more words you could not understand, produce more flattery and nonsense, or state as many facts in a minute, as any common man could endure.

A Miss ———, of London, who had been in Toronto, Canada, for a year, aspired to be the belle of the boat. She succeeded in being eccentric, and indeed had charms; but she did not ring the changes rightly to secure friends or prove herself eminent generally. She seemed very different from American women. She was false, pretentious, flattering beyond endurance. But one could observe the passengers trying to be kind and courteous for the sake of quickly escaping her pretense.

I must stop or tire you. I am praying in the words of Milton for myself and you: "Lord, rid me of everything that is impure. Make me not false, but a true man."

In Old London.

CHAPTER III.

IN OLD LONDON.

Impressions of London—Its People—Conveyances—Bishop's Funeral—Buckingham Palace—St. James Park—Hyde Park—Its Lake and Statues—Kensington Gardens—Lunch and Concert Hall—Omnibus Ride—The Mansion House—London Bridge — Parliaments — Whitehall—British Museum—First Avenue Hotel Pictures—History of the Tower—Gin and Beer—Crown Jewels—Madam Tussaud's Waxworks—National Gallery—St. Paul's—Joseph Parker's Service.

LONDON is a solid city, from its pavements up. The streets are very slimy during the winter months, notwithstanding. People look at you with astonishment if you wear overgaiters. You are astonished at the condition in which you find your feet if you go without them. The pavements are for the most part six inches of concrete, with four inches of best Northern pine block on the surface. This indicates to the traveler the pains taken not only to make the feet of their horses comfortable, but the constant watch and care, to provide ease and pleasure for them, generally. But nearly all winter the slush and mud is one-half inch deep, both on walks and drives, so one needs to step guardedly

lest they fall into a shallow pit of mire. The populace in short skirts, rolled up pants, and heavy soled shoes, plod on with smiles as if the streets were gold. Their cultured minds may look up, but often into fogs. Be that as it may, they give you the left side of the walk, and bear the grace of cheerfulness.

The streets are poorly lighted, and for the most part with gas. They burn soft coal, and this makes the London fog nearly two-thirds smoke. But one grows accustomed to this in time, and minds it not, for classic London has other things for aspiring eyes to gaze at, in her cathedrals, museums, art galleries, gardens, libraries and parks. But when the sun does peer through the clouds, as if hazed, one worships New York with her clearer air, and dotes on the Orient of sunshine. Many of the streets are very narrow. The buildings are generally low and poorly fronted. Yet the modern parts of London have fine squares—they call them circuses—and some nice, broad avenues. Victoria Place, Grosvenor Place, and their continued streets, have all the modern graces of Fifth Avenue, New York, with elegant flats pushing up into the blue vault six or eight stories high. Trafalgar Square, Portman, Russell, Hanover Squares, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and other parts of the city are of exqui-

site taste. But "Old London" is what modern cities would term conservative.

The public parks are fine in their breadth and grandeur. They are fitted for healthful exercise in riding, driving, and other sports, and are well honored with monuments. They furnish intellectual and artistic culture. The public buildings are roomy and grand.

The people of London wear good faces, fine forms, and are neat in deportment. They look, they seem, they are cultured. In the practical American's judgment they are too set, formal and imitative. What one Englishman wears, they all wear. What one talks about, they all talk about. If you do not fall in line and do just as the English do, they will make themselves foolish with their jargon of criticism which may not contain a grain of sense. They can not creep up to the thought of the world concerning themselves, as well as all cities:—"There are others." They are prolific in their expressions. I heard a lady tell her friends in an easy air about losing her purse: "In a moment of aberration and complete oblivion, and amid the grotesque gymnastics of the zephyrs, I lost my purse." Many like sentences have I heard while in this greatest of cities. One phrase of the English an American could not use with grace. I doubt if they can use it with propriety. If the weather is unpro-

pituous, or something goes wrong, they exclaim, "It's nasty."

The city is nearly circular and thirty miles in diameter, with crooked streets and lanes cutting and crossing each other somewhat heterogeneously. To carry three million five hundred thousand people about the city, the streets are packed full of hansoms and omnibuses. Because of their multitude of conveyances, you cannot see down, up, nor across the street unless you ride on the top of an omnibus. These go everywhere, are reasonable in price, and quite comfortable, for they stop people from entering when the seats are full. But it seems a hundred years behind the electric car system.

The Royal Bishop of London, Dr. Creighton, died just before we entered the city, Monday evening. The flags were at half-mast, the chimes and bells rang out the people's loss and sorrow. For he had, indeed, been a great and good man for the city of London.

Buckingham Palace is a massive structure, wide in extent, and built on a grand scale of architecture. It joins the street which sweeps across the southeast corner of Green Park and overlooks the wide, expansive green of this extensive landscape garden. This has been the home of the Prince of Wales, and here were great bodies of people, waiting to hear the last news

from the grand, Royal Queen Victoria's sick-bed. We had but left the city when the crash of her death came to her adoring people; and all the land was wrapped in gloom from the humblest servant to the Lords of Parliament. Along the Park side of the street, guards stood in their little pavilions gorgeously helmeted. Sentinels ceaselessly paced the pavement with much show and dignified grandeur. These made a stately appearance and provided a careful watch.

Just inside the Park is the standing army of England drilled. And as our eyes admired the palace, our ears heard the sound of martial music and the heavy, regular tramp, tramp, of feet. It was the Queen's army in full uniform at drill. Some five hundred stout, intelligent looking fellows made up the regiment of reds, and they were led on by a small cavalry. The English soldier has that rowdyish look from his custom of wearing his cap over one ear, instead of on his head. Otherwise his uniform and carriage are very attractive.

The Palace gardens extend along the Park, and spread their floral beauty and silvery fountain spray over many acres. These gardens are shut in by a heavy wall about eight feet high, overgrown with a thick mat of ivy. Within is a variety of hardy shrubbery, mixed with much of holly, which abounds in London parks. The

grass was as green as in May, and the whole grounds had the beautiful effect of filling the mind with that which a soul feels is unexpressible.

St. James Park lies just east of Buckingham Palace, and embraces ninety acres of area, and it contains beautiful gardens, lawns, drives and promenades. Some of its palm and floral mounds present a picture to the eye that holds the heart of nature up to the face of man, most gracefully. Laid out by Henry the Eighth, of Anne Boleyn fame, and the executor of Sir Thomas More, 1540, A. D., it was finally arranged and perfected by George the IV. And the last kind strokes to grace these grounds were by the hands of our matchless Queen, Victoria. St. James Palace lingering near by is a massive ornament and a charming royal home. The House of Marlborough standing out in prominence adds dignity to the scene and recalls many acts of 1700.

Hyde Park stretches itself in the form of a parallelogram off at the west beyond Green Park. This is London's most admired and picturesque landscape view. It contains 395 acres with its "Rotten Row," "Ladies' Mile," and finely laid out grounds for horseback riding. Here the elect of social rank and fashion, and the wealth of London, at their convenient hours drive, ride,

stroll and satisfy their greed for nature's pure air, and their eyes' deep longing for the simple landscape, carved by river and lake and terrace.

It contains a winding lake, called the Serpentine, from its crooked shape, which extends from a point near Albert Gate to the Kensington Gardens. Its clear waters have a charm for many Londoners, and they are said to have a fad so strong for its cleansing waters, that they even break the ice to bathe in its resistless bosom. However, on Jan. 16, there was no ice, and kneeling on its cobble paved shore, I bathed my hands. I trust they are free from guilt, but strong for labor. This act cost me the loss of a suspender button.

Opposite the great entrance of this park stands a grand statue of Achilles. It is made of the metal of the cannons taken at the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse and Waterloo. This monument is erected and inscribed to the memory of the Duke of Wellington, and his companions in arms, by the women of England. This great man lives, as the stars, in England's mind, for near the Apsley House is another statue of Wellington, mounted on his famous charger, which opens books full of historic interest.

Here on these grounds on a place called Constitution Hill, Sir Robert Peel fell from his

horse (the hero of " '37" on the St. Lawrence, from whom Peel dock is named, and the old ship's anchor lies in memory in plain view by the carriage road opposite the dock.) In this spot the Queen's life has been threatened and assaulted three times.

Many magnificent monuments, shafts and marble pillars, gilded and surrounded by sculptured groups, find a place here. Especially the statue to Prince Albert towers up 125 feet high, and with gothic form marks the gate entrance opposite Albert Concert Hall. The bronze statue of Poet Byron stands here, mounted on a tilted granite pedestal sixteen feet in height. He wrote:—

"Nor are my mother's wrongs forgot;
Her slighted love and ruined name,
Her offspring's heritage of shame,
Shall witness for thee from the dead
How trusty and how tender were
Thy youthful love—paternal care!"

Kensington Garden is really a part of Hyde Park, extending on to the west, and is a great drive, and place of leisure strolling, in the band playing season. It contains magnificent art displays and galleries of sculpture. It spreads out before the eye floral scenes of fascinating fondness, in its circular, triangular, and raised

forms of beds, studded with rich plants and choice flowers.

Fascinated by scenes, we have over-stepped the dinner hour, and now move out of the Park in search of a lunch. Dr. Jones and Mr. Bachelor are now setting the pace. And as we come to the "Great Albert Concert Hall" we read the posters which announce that our stay is one day too brief to hear any worthy oratorio. So we entered the hall just out of the gate opposite Albert monument, and found it a magnificent structure of brick, circular in form, amphitheatre in style. It is said to be the largest hall, strictly speaking in the world; and seats comfortably with its magnificent galleries of acoustic perfection, 15,000 people. Its ventilation, its easy sittings and artistic finish, make it pleasant for long programs of classic singing. Weary of limb, we soon found a lunch and came away gratified. Then for the afternoon we took the omnibus ride, with coats buttoned up to the chin and gathered a general knowledge of much of the business and resident part of the city. And though this great city is a marvel in many ways, it is befogged in its business enterprise, as well as in its atmosphere, in comparison with many first-class American cities.

In the tramp of the evening we called at "*The Mansion House,*" the home-elect of Lord Mayor

Green of London. This is his home for the year, since no mayor is elected for a longer period than one year. The home is builded of Portland stone, and the inside is magnificently decorated with silk tapestry, grand paintings and sculpture, displayed by night under brilliant lights. The house is well planned for festive occasions which often occur here. The children of the elect had just finished a grand Lord and Lord-lady party the night before our visit. We happened to see the Lord Mayor's chariot waiting his appearance. Its driver, with a wig of grey, crinkled hair, and the two attendants decorously dressed, and beaming faces of youthful brightness and regularity, made a most imposing picture. The Lord Mayor came out from his mansion and was with great care ushered into his chariot with a beautifully dressed young lady, probably his daughter. He is quite an old man, short in stature, very feeble, and inferior looking. But he fills the place, spending on his turnout alone $10,000 a year.

The London Bridge did not appeal to our party's mind as among the wonderfuls, only as being historic, and a strong mass of stone masonry, unartistic, 928 feet long. Its abutments and solid driving surface are useful, and that is a great virtue anywhere. While coming from the bridge we saw the London Fire Company turn

out. They did not fly like an American Company, but dressed in fine suits and accomplished their work very well.

King William's monument met our eyes as we strolled back to 1st Avenue Hotel. It is well built of gray granite raised to a height of thirty feet, decorating otherwise a lonely square.

The Parliaments of England were of a slow but steady growth; and the buildings which cover them were constructed in moderation of time but with imposing grandeur and extent. The buildings are best viewed from the river side and they stand "en masse" for a great distance along near its bank.

We approached the buildings from a square, at the edge of which, before we made the descent, stood with others, Claybourne's, and the Lawrence monuments. The English do not forget to memorize their great. But descending the stone stairway, just at the entrance of Whitehall and Parliament grounds, is a monument to the Duke of York. It has a graded height of 120 feet, built of gray smoked granite, and contains an entrance with winding staircase leading to its capital for the convenience of visitors. The council buildings, Whitehall, Westminster and the Parliament buildings present a wealthy view from this standpoint. The remains of Whitehall, or all that stands since the burning in

William III.'s time, is the banqueting hall, well kept, and by no means inferior to those destroyed. Here, before this building, Charles I. was executed, for treason, by one party who supposed his life was a constant danger to freedom. By the other party he was revered as a martyr. The wretchedness of the government of 1649 is no more. We thank God for that, and still peer into the future for better things. The pictured ceilings of Whitehall are the paintings of "Rubens." This hall is now in use for the purpose of storing and distributing charities. Joined with this in the angular curve are the "Houses of Foreign Embassadors," standing in one row, built of light-colored stone, making a formidable appearance on the west. The Victoria Tower, the most elegant erection of the city, stands near, 75 feet square, by 346 feet high. Wending our way back along the river, we beheld Cleopatra's needle and obelisk similar to the one in Central Park, presented by the same authorities. We went up the famous "Drury Lane" to High Holborn, and ate our lunch with great relish, and rested for the afternoon tour. But we must not forget the old landmarks. We viewed Wesleyan Chapel in the city road, where John Wesley lies buried. The place of Whitefield's Chapel is in Tottenham Court Yard. Mrs. Whitefield and Bacon, the sculptor, are buried

there, and wait with Whitefield and Wesley the glad morn of eternal waking.

"And so I pray, that on that day"
I may see his sweet face,
And hear him say:
How did you rest last night?"

The British Museum in Great Russell street, is a colossal structure of Grecian Ionic architecture with massive columned front of 570 feet. The columns are five feet in diameter at the foot, and run up to a height of forty-five feet. For a building 96 years old it is solid, firm, and a worthy piece of architecture. It contains a library second only to the imperial library of France, full of solid history and facts. It contains more American books than any library of our own country. Manuscripts of Greek, Roman and Assyrian writings abound. Appropriately, at the entrance of the library, the well carved bust of Shakespeare stands. Entering, you find a mass of valuable relics, "Latin Manuscripts," "Hours with the Living Virgin," etc. The second room contains valued ancient autographs, papers, gospels in Anglo-Saxon English, charts and music.

Here I found the original manuscript of one of the star productions in music, George F. Handel's "As Pants the Hart"; W. A. Mozart's original score of 130 psalms, arranged for four

voices; the original handwriting of Ludwig Beethoven's "Adelaide"; Felix Mendelssohn's "13th Psalm" for mezzo soprano, with organ accompaniment; a sketch of "The People's Chorus," by Wagner, melody and bass. Here lies David Garrick's letter of commendation to Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Among other things, he said: "It was most admirable, such depth, such perspicuity, such language, force, variety and what nots." By its side lay Robert Browning's letter to William G. Kingsland, thanking him for his sympathy, in that his writing had been too deep for the public; and that he showed such humbleness, tears and knowledge of self. Here is Wycliffe's earliest English Bible, the original letter of Milton agreeing with his printer to edit "Paradise Lost," dated April 27, 1667; the Alexandrian Codex of the Bible, written in the fifth century; Greek manuscripts; specimens of all kinds of early printing; the Bible bound in beautiful blue velvet decked with the arms of Queen Elizabeth, and dated 1550, embossed; the Alps in wax, etc.

In another corridor are stones from Ephesus Theatre, bearing a written request of C. Vibius to the town of Ephesus in the year 104; a whole end of the theatre wall, 16x18 feet stands here. A bust of Sophocles, 406 B. C., Demosthenes, 322 B. C., and sculptured reliefs of Amaravotin,

stand in this hall. Here against the wall stands the famously made clock of the world, of singular skill in workmanship and material, by Isaac Habrecht. Relics of arrow points, rings, bracelets and anklets by the millions, stones of all kinds, from everywhere, bones of the ancient cave dwellers, implements of war, celts, spears, helmets by the hundreds, from France and the deep bottom of the English river, are encased here.

The variety and select salons of Chinese and Japanese pottery are quite sufficient to please any American woman.

Among the curiosities of all the different arms, and dress, of every clime and land, I was especially interested in the graceful and skilfully wrought out boats called "dug outs," which had deer horn locks and speedy oars. The dog sledge of exquisite lightness, the old New Zealand fish hooks, made of natural bends of wood, and pointed spurs and claws of birds, are exhaustless in number and oddity. Here is a picture of the "Primeval Indian War Dance" to invoke the aid and protection of the bear spirit, which assumes the attitude of reverence rather than of wild merriment or passion.

Farther on we found a colossal fist of a giant statue from the temple of Ptah, Memphis. It is fingerless, about three feet in diameter and

four feet long. The statue of Rameses II, or Pharaoh of Thebes, is gigantic. It measures seven feet across the shoulders, and is dated 1330 B. C. Oh, what wondrous labor, how marvelous the skill, how grand the conceptions of the early Egyptians. Their day star, though early, was large and bright.

The curious "Winged Figure" and "Human Headed Bull" stands in the hall belonging to the Assyrian King of 721-705 B. C. This is ten feet high, three feet broad and fifteen feet long. Here you find rich displays of Greek and Roman sculpture of very fine workmanship, but ancient and broken.

One evening I noted the pictures on the wall of our reading room in 1st Avenue Hotel, of "Lady Ann Gray," "Mary Stuart resigning her claim," and also of the same sweet-faced lady bidding farewell to her servants, and the sight is one of royal pathos mingled with purest servantile grief and sorrow of heart. I will never forget the study of the last named picture. It illustrates how the highest dignity of a lady can have the adoration of her least and willing servant. Lady Ann Gray is pictured on another wall of the room reading Homer, and I guessed this passage from the "Odyssey," by Bryant:—

"She spake, and he was moved to tears; he wept
As in his arms he held his dearly loved
And faithful wife. As welcome as the land
To those who swim the deep, of whose stout bark
Neptune has made a wreck amidst the waves,
Tossed by the billows and the blast, and few
Are those who from the hoary ocean reach
The shore, their limbs all crested with the brine,
These gladly climbed the sea-beach, and are safe,
So welcome was her husband to her eyes.
Nor would her fair, white arms release his neck,
And there would rosy-fingered Morn have found
Both weeping, but the blue-eyed Pallas planned
That thus it should not be; she stayed the night
When near its close, and held the golden Morn
Long in the ocean depths, nor suffered her
To yoke her steeds that bring the light to men,—
Lampas and Phaethon, swift steeds that bear
The morning on her way."

These four pictures are framed in cardinal velvet, painted on rugged canvas with cream back ground, each one covering a space five by six feet.

The Tower is one of the most historical and stirring scenes of London. It may be considered as a royal palace, or as ultimately used as a state's prison. The honor of being king without this fortress was early considered but

an empty title. Thank heaven for progress! There is no need of the tower now. "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small," even in England. Tyranny and bloodshed have been exceeding rife within these walls. We passed over the very grounds where the two sons of Edward IV, Lady Jane Gray, Anne Boleyn and Sir Walter Raleigh were executed, and many, many others we may not mention. One's blood runs cold knowing the history, and standing with their feet upon the very place of such cruelty. We glanced at the long ago abandoned rack, collar and thumb-screw and sword of execution of 1657.

As we journeyed on through another hall, the smoky figures of Gin and Beer, said to have stood over the pantry of the king's palace at Greenwich, attracted our attention, and they are said to be suggestive of the old kings' meat and drink. We saw Queen Elizabeth as she appeared going to St. Paul's Temple to return thanks after the destruction of the "Spanish Armada," 1588. General Wolfe's cloak which he wore at Quebec, Sept. 13, 1759, is here and well preserved. It is of solid brown cloth, which we were allowed reverently to touch. I'll never forget the poem he quoted as all night before the fatal day he and his men hunted for the path

leading to his grave on "Abraham's Heights," but to a great triumph of right:—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Here we find the uniform of the Duke of Wellington, bold and decisive, like the man; horsemen's armors, dated from 1400 on, some of them weighing eighty pounds for the horse and sixty pounds for the rider.

The Crown Jewels Tower is very remarkable, containing over 2,700 diamonds, which weigh thirty-nine ounces and five penny-weights. Here are crowns and coronets without number. "The Traitor's Gate," a massive structure, which Anne Boleyn, Sir Thomas Moore and many others were shut in for days, would be of interest if we could spend a day in picturing the stone dungeon opening to the harbor. But such dreary places we must not mention. We need a ray of sunshine instead of cruel persecutions, in our day of God-given gifts, of liberty and light. So we turn to the carvings of the prisoners on their cells while they wait for execution, and they speak of penitence, prayer and piety.

The Tower was founded by William the Conqueror, for the purpose of protecting and controlling the city. It covers with its bastions,

fortifications and garden rails, eighteen acres, and contains material for study through a thousand centuries.

Madam Tussaud's Waxwork Exhibition is as much finer than "Eden Musee" as New York City is finer than London. It has a history devout, profound and philanthropic. Over ninety years of constant prosperity by those who visit it speaks best of its popularity. The talent of the Tussaud family has for years modeled figures with a skill that has made them eminent as artists. At present, Mr. J. W. Tussaud and the son of Mr. J., and great-grandson of the foundress, devote themselves to the work of the exhibition, reflecting great credit to their ancestral mother, its founder. You find about 400 masterpieces of the great, the noble, the famous of every trade and profession and genius under the sun. It represents a world of people with whom one could associate for years, consulting history and with the association, tower upward with rapid strides.

"I would not in the valley stay;
The great horizons stretch away;
The very cliffs that wall me round
Are ladders unto higher ground."

The National Gallery contains a subject for word painting, delicate, intricate and skilled, for volumes of most delightful revelry and in-

struction. Here I loved to linger and imagine how the masters of these halls of fine portraits, must now be praising God for the matchless skill which they had exercised while in a world of critics, competitors, griefs and toils, early and late faults. Now the world is at their feet, and an inspiration with a mighty aspiration seizes me, to be a hero in life's battle.

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids, nor sit, nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain,
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn nor account the pang; dare never grudge
the throe!"

St. Paul's Church, the creation of Sir Christopher Wren's gigantic genius, meets the observer's view and fires his brain again with the power of the human mind to conceive and produce its great plan. This was produced in 35 years of continuous labor, finished in the year 1710. The top of the dome is 404 feet high. The cathedral contains the sepulchres of Wellington and Nelson. This was the place of the crowded funeral of Bishop Creighton, which I attended, with a million of others. I could not hear nor see for the concourse of people coming and going, crowding in for a last word and view of a man who had been as much of a master in his work as the architect of St. Paul's was at his.

The Temple of Joseph Parker was on our way homeward and we entered to find this celebrated man speaking of the Bishop. He said: "I am reminded that I have been the pastor of this Temple thirty years, and I have met in Bishop Creighton a most genial friend and Catholic man. * * * * * How shall his place be filled? is the question to-day, the old question. But these great crises in life make the trifles vanish before us. * * * But Christ is the leader of his church. We should waste no time trying to church people. The matchless thing is to save people. Young men from all over the world will catch his spirit; and his work will be passed on, and up, till the Gates of Daybreak. Young men, the spiritual is the real. It is over all. Get it! Cling to it! Keep it! And give it always and everywhere until doom's day brightens into glory eternal."

I could not pack this letter to my people and friends full enough. I must continue in the next chapter. "Bon jour."

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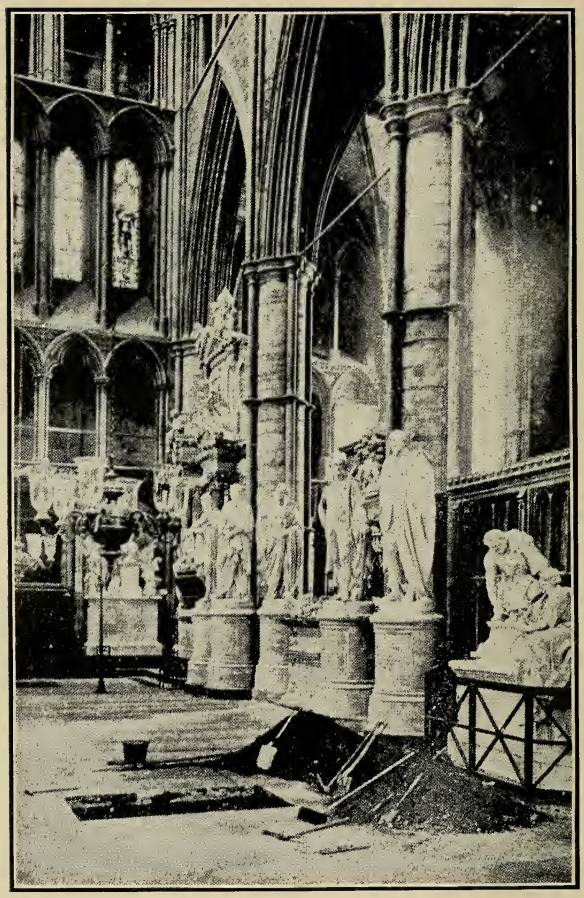
Westminster Abbey.



NORTH TRANSEPT OF WESTMINSTER
SHOWING GLADSTONE'S TOMB

CHAPTER IV.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

This structure contains a large and condensed history in itself. It is of this, the largest city in the world, we read of most. It is this, of London, we love the most. To all it is sacred, historic, artistic, grand; it is comprehensive, serious, soothing, simple. We are really in the sanctuary and we feel its power.

The fact strikes us with shocking force when we read: That over six centuries and a half have rolled their setting suns behind us, since the clustering shafts, and pointed arches of Westminster were piously raised by Henry the III. He was not a standard of piety, but he fostered it. Rude has been the treatment of this great piece of work for the last three hundred years, yet the spires point high into heaven still, and "their grace and lightness, grandeur and strength is undiminished." This is not its earliest history. Mist and myth lie about its foundation. We cannot arrive definitely at the history of its beginning. Neal's, Bradley's and Dean Stanley's writings are the most complete and interesting for a special study of this subject. The reputed founder of this Abbey was

Sebert, King of the Essex, 616 A. D. But we are safe when we say Edward the Confessor was the real founder of this gem of places.

Edward was in exile in Normandy and made a vow to go on a pilgrimage to Rome if he was restored to his kingdom. But he was excused from this unopportune journey if he would build this cathedral, in the year 1050. This is the first church in England built in the shape of a cross. The only parts now remaining of the original are the chambers of the Pix and circular arches of the dark cloisters. William the Conqueror was Edward's successor, and he was crowned in the Abbey. All of the sovereigns of England since, have been crowned here. Henry the Third pulled down the old building and erected to his honor and the world's benefit the present one in 1220. He is buried here and nearly all of the sovereigns have had this as their body's last resting place. The building was not completed until 1735, by Christopher Wren.

At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1539, Westminster became a Cathedral church and the abbot was made dean. In 1556, Queen Mary made John Feckenham abbot. But this change only lasted two years, and Westminster has remained from that date, 1558, a collegiate church with deans. (Deans are not priests, but church dignitaries.)

We entered the Cathedral by Solomon's Porch. At the approach we were not awed, since you cannot realize its greatness or beauty with the immense Parliament buildings dazzling your eyes. But when once you enter in, this so far surpasses the outside, that at once all of your anticipations are more than satisfied, and you begin a happy search which would take years to assimilate. When the mother of the two smothered sons of Edward the Fourth, withheld her son in infancy, Shakespeare made Buckingham argue thus:—

"You break no sanctuary in seizing him,
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place;
And those who have the wit to claim the place;
This prince has neither claimed it nor deserved it,
Therefore, in my opinion, cannot have it."

So whether we are worthy of the place or not, we will enter the interior for a brief, general survey. The sculptures are so numerous, unclassified, and disorderly, by time's long production, that really the multiplied objects "bewilder the head and make it ache," as Irving said. One's visit is a dream, not a reality. But, oh, that happy dream! Would it might be yours! Here we have every style of architecture for the last 600 years represented, from the chapel of Pix

to the choir of recent structure. The organ was made by Schrieder 1730, and was restored by Hill 1884. It has sixty-eight stops and in every way is said to be as good as any in England.

As we enter the courts we see "St. Peter," "Christ" in majesty, "The Twelve Apostles," "Procession of the Faithful," "The Virgin holding Christ Crowned." We pass on through the chancel, finding beautiful sculpture on either side. We enter the chapel of St. Faith and we see the room once used for vestments and robes filled with chairs and kneeling cushions for private prayer. We could but kneel and offer a single prayer for our people and friends. We thanked God for all we had, and all of their beautiful ministry to us. Passing the transepts and aisles, we noted much that would be of interest, in the sculptured persons presented. But still we must for this book hold our pen. But it contains the shrines and ashes of some, and many of England's illustrious dead. Poets—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spencer, Drayton, Rare Ben Jonson, Gray, Gay, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Cowley, Mason and Southey. Some of these are not so eminent as honorary. The grave stones over David Garrick, Macpherson and Samuel Johnson appear stately with their inscriptions. But where I paused most was at the tombs of Tennyson and Browning, lying like twin broth-

ers, side by side. The argument of their combined and contrasted greatness began at once. I thanked the Priest of men for such worthy humanity and I stepped aside. I could not trample on the capstone of their sealed ashes. Their virtues, characteristics and literary, are transcribed on present, and will be on all future generations. Dummies of saints and friends of English prose lie here in profusion, as well as enshrined in the hearts of men.

The Chapter House, which for three hundred years was the "House of Commons," has relics, documents and mementoes dear indeed to all Englishmen and thus interesting to her children, broadcast as we are, o'er all the earth. This body of Commoners no longer assembles here, but in more spacious apartments in the buildings of Parliament.

The chapels and tombs were shown to us by one of the deans of the Abbey for the small sum of a sixpence. Perhaps the chapel of Henry the VII. is as interesting as any of the multitude through which we were conducted. Its form is excellent, and its delicate tracery overspreading every part is not equaled here, if anywhere. The metal screen around the tomb of Henry VII. and his Queen is of the finest design and workmanship. All around these mortuary chapels are most interesting monuments. Edward the

Confessor, Henry III., Edward I., and Queen Eleanor, Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth, Queen Ann, George II., Queen Caroline, and a multitude of others lie here. Among the statesmen I remember Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Canning, Peel and Palmerston. The latter plead that he might be buried in his own quiet village, but that they might do him honor his wish was not granted; and afterward his excellent wife was buried by his side. All honor to her, to the feminine order of her sisterhood, and to the authorities who placed her there. Nelson, on the eve of one of his great victories, was heard to say: "A peerage or Westminster Abbey?" This represents what honor being buried here conferred.

In this immortalized shrine we find the old Coronation chair, plain indeed, but the more plain many things in this world are, the more real glory clusters around them. Underneath the seat of this remarkable piece of furniture is the "Scone," on which all of the kings of Scotland from time immemorial had been crowned up to the period of Edward I. To-day this chair is used in the crowning of the kings and queens of England. Here Edward the VII will receive the dignities of his high office, conferred in state; and step forth, as we all hope, to honor the careful, generous rule of his mother, who holds all our hearts high in admiration. This chair is

wooden, unstained, unpainted, with hard bottom and large arms. Glancing at the large column, carved with allegorical figures, we will say "au revoir" to the church of churches, house of history, and place made divine by the sacred shrines of martyrs. This column mentioned is sacred to those who fell in the bloody Crimean war and to the memory of all those who survived the awful carnage. We are reminded as we leave this place of the historic dead, of Gray's poem, "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Also we quote a part of the late poem to Queen Victoria, by Austin.

"Dead and the world feels widowed!
Can it be
That she who scarce but yesterday upheld
The dome of Empire, so the twain seemed one,
Whose goodness shone and radiated round
The circle of her still expanding Rule,
Whose Scepter was self-sacrifice, whose Throne
Only a loftier height from which to scan
The purpose of her People, their desires,
Thoughts, hopes, fears, needs, joys, sorrows, sadness,
Their strength in weal, their comfort in woe,
That this her mental habitation should
Lie cold and tenantless. Alas! Alas!
Too often life has been taught by Death
The meaning and the pricelessness of Love,
Not understood till lost. But she, but she
Was loved as Monarch ne'er was loved before
From girlhood unto womanhood."

Land of Napoleon, Joan of Arc and Voltaire.

CHAPTER V.

LAND OF NAPOLEON, JOAN OF ARC AND VOLTAIRE.

General Description of the City—Paris on Parade—Monuments—Place de la Republique —The Louvre—Versailles History—Notre Dame —Personal.

PARIS is a city of growth, and has reached a population numbering nearly if not quite 2,500,000. As you come into Paris from London you seem to lose the majestic trait of austerity and form. They vanish. You feel that geniality and freedom of spirit abound. You are sure also that you have lost solidity, trustfulness, real culture. The buildings are higher, lighter, more roomy and artistic in their grace. The streets and avenues are broader and cleaner. With the youth of the city we might expect this. The people, like the atmosphere in which they live, are gay, bright and airy in look, but not so regular or profound in feature or demeanor as the English. You do not trust the people of Paris. They are too unsteady-eyed and featured to be stolid. You like them, but look out for being "hung up" by their unscrupulous nerve.

The journey from London to Dover was rapturous in its effect. It seemed like beautiful

October weather in New York. The fields were green, and there had been no frost the twentieth of January. The cabbage, beets and turnips were growing all along the railway. You view the soilers tilling their lands thoroughly. And through the part of England which I passed, every farm, its tools, its haystacks, cattle, sheep, barns and homes were models of thoroughness, and you seemed to catch the spirit, "It pays to do everything thoroughly and well."

From Dover to Calais the ocean was rolling; the boat was small and dirty—"The Crawford." The craft being heavily loaded with passengers and freight, there was much throwing overboard, and yet, when we landed, all of the number of its passengers, and every piece of luggage appeared. But almost every face was ashen-hued, and the boat was horribly strewn with wrecked vegetables, meats and drinks. I did not feel sick, but I did want for social friends, and more fragrant air.

Riding through a fine section of France from Calais on the "Rothschild Railway," we landed at Paris at 7:30 in the evening. I found a cabman and directed him to the "Hotel de Windsor." Before he shut the door, he put up three fingers and said: "Three francs; three francs!" I shook my head and said, "No." I stepped out, he handed me my bundle gruffly, and getting

into another cab, I offered the fellow two francs, and found a pleasant house at the Windsor, shortly. These Paris fellows watch for the American "gold standard." By rights I only needed to pay one and three-fourths francs for the cab.

After a good night's rest, I awoke with the sun streaming into my window as warm as May. Breakfasting, I attempted to find a Protestant church, but my time was too limited. I entered the great church called the "Madeleine," saw its grandeur, its stolid statuary, rather than graceful, heard the short Latin discourse and its attendant songs.

Gay Paris was on Sunday parade. "Champs Elysees" was filled with emotional, pleasure-seeking, health-restoring individuals, of all classes and sizes, nurses and nursers, lawyers and priests, the bootless and the well booted, women of all classes.

Champs Elysees is a beautiful promenade fenced in with walls and iron spears gilded at the top in royalty. It is nearly one mile in length and joins or leads to the noted "Louvre." It has a width of one-half mile and is set out to elm trees, statuary and monuments. The restaurants and stands were all open selling their wares, and they "catch you unawares." A hard, dirt floor, paved with gravel and sand,

makes walking a pleasure during the winter months. It is a fine field for sports, and the children play there Sundays, and nurses and fathers and mothers with them. You find here every sort of dress but full dress, from royal Paris "dames" down. And from the finely, richly attired millionaire swells, up and down among the "hommes" to all heights and depths, here they cut a Sunday figure. Football, base-ball, croquet, pool, marbles, mud pies, sand mills, tennis, etc., are all quietly carried on, regardless of God's divine, or civil law. Enough nurses and babies come and go and stay, to populate a fair-sized city. This is Paris' "Elysian Field," and in summer the place of all pleasure seekers.

This park contains "the Arc de Triomphe," designed by Chalgrin for Napoleon I. 1806. It is 160 feet high, 146 feet broad, 72 feet deep, and cost when completed by Louis Philippe, 1836, £400,000. Among the things most lovely in this park, is the monument of Lafayette inscribed so plainly, with these words—you feel you have seen your friends:—

"This Tablet is a Tribute
of the
National Society of the Daughters of the
American Republic,
To the Illustrious Memory of
Lafayette,
The Friend of America, the Fellow Soldier of
Washington, the Patriot of Two Countries."

And this verse follows:—

"When freedom's feet were in the wilds,
He thrust his sword between her and her
foes."

This monument is of fine, brown granite, lofty, and beautifully enlawned by circle and hedge.

There are two monuments to the philosopher of the Revolution, and the yet remaining influence of the infidelity of France. I speak of Voltaire, whose monument of stone, and statue of bronze stand on the south bank of the Seine near the Institute of France. Also the other monument, honored by a place at the back of the Ecole Polytechnique. It seems as if it were a fact that this hard, cynical face of strong antagonism to God and truth has some portraiture in the late refusal of 153 men of the Paris legislature to be prayed for in the guidance of matters of state. What of state, when its rulers even refuse to ask for themselves, or permit others to ask for them Supreme guidance?

The pretentious statue of "Joan of Arc"

stands in Rue Royal. The all faithful and fearless maid of France, in her dash and clever dexterity, is represented bestriding her horse, bareheaded and carrying the conquerors' flag in her right hand. No painted, powdered face is hers. No stilt-heeled shoes cling to these feet. No tresses false, or perfumes rare, mingle here. But pure, glorious womanhood, God's heart workmanship stands out to glorify France and all the earth. Not beauty, nor muscle, but unfainting, pure, faithful womanhood conquers yet.

The Place de la Republique I visited on one of the days when the flower market was at its best. The sale of flowers by women under a shed roof, extends throughout a distance of two hundred feet. And the sight and fragrance affords a doubly precious delight. The two fountains adorning the place are very unique. But the monument undertaken by a young sculptor, Maurice, whose design gained the first prize in an open contest, arrested me. It is a colossal figure in bronze, crowned with laurel, standing on a circular pedestal with a square base. In front is a great bronze lion, with an electrical urn beside it. The base is decorated with reliefs representing twelve scenes in French history.

The Louvre, with its palaces, halls of statuary

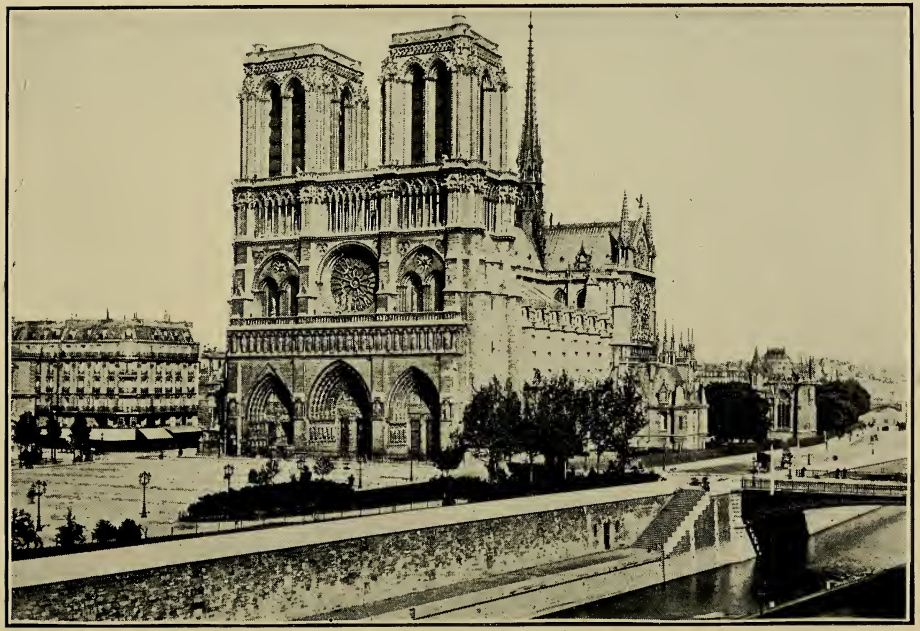
and of painting, are clever indeed. There is a lack of order, and something of monotony of arrangement, in contrast with the Museum of London and the National Gallery of Art. The statuary I did not seem to care for. But some of the pictures I quite admired, and lingered in their study. "Paris and Helen," "John the Baptist," by Greuze; "Louise," by Tocque; "Troy," "At the Battle of Arbelles," "Charles at the Passage of Giamique," "Calliope Playing the Harp"; "Judgment," by Cousin; "The Triumph of David," by Rubens; "The Deluge," Tissot; "Le Triumphe de la Verite," or "The Triumph of the Truth."

The Bourse or Exchange building is a mammoth Corinthian columned building, rectangular in form, 212 feet long and 126 feet wide. At each corner are elegant figures seated, which represent Justice, Commerce, Agriculture and Industry. I entered when the business was just completed. As nearly as I could judge the business here is much like that of Wall street, New York. Their floor is spacious, the gallery is fine and roomy.

The "Houses of Parliament" and "Justice" are worthy of considerable space in describing, but we mention their beauty of design, architectural strength and general utility, moving on over many worthy details of these buildings.

I attended the Grand Opera of Paris one evening. We were then with what they call "the smart set" of Paris. The music was rich, cultured and refined. The acting gentle and modest. The actors seemed fine in character, and in the moral of their teaching. But the ballet dancing was nude indeed. I became less proud of my company when I saw it was neither art, nor grace, nor accomplishment, but nudeness (only screened by the thinness of very transparent lace), they applauded most. Then I lost my confidence in the maids of full dress in latest grotesque style, adorned with diamonds, emeralds and royal gold. And the escorts which attended them, resorting to partake of wine refreshments during the interludes, though clad in royalty and silk, were not companions celestial. And yet, this is the so-called gentility, broad culture, and intelligence of Paris. This was the grandest opera of the season, and this the grandest opera house of the world. May they and all the world love something higher, grander, more noble and better, and seek it at once at any cost.

Versailles is now a large town of 40,000 people. It was in the time of Louis XIII. the hunting ground of his royalty and in the time of Louis XIX. a village where he built recruiting grounds for his soldiers. By his genius, rivers were turned from their courses, and their waters



NOTRE DAME

conducted to fountains, lakes and bath pools. The dense forest was changed into a gravel-paved parade ground, roomy, shady, grand and grotesque. All of this was the hard work of his army. The stone grew into massive parliament buildings, the place of their sitting for years. Marble grew into the grace and features of warriors, poets and rulers of huge and medium size; and these were almost countless in number; until parades covering acres of ground and miles in length have become one grand art gallery of the hand of God, by the holding of skilled men in his fingers.

The circumference of this park is nearly fifty miles. It contains an orangery of 1200 trees. It has the Trianon and apartments which were formerly used by Madam Maintenon, Louis XV, and Napoleon I. as council rooms. The gardens are laid out in English style with a river and lakes. Here twelve miles from the Louvre of Paris is a park whose freedom, beauty, grace and art is a fountain of youth, health and intelligence. They tell me it is the lovers' pillowed throne. Even at this season the grass is green, the trees and shrubbery are leaved and the iron settees are inviting. It is a parlor of nature and art combined, to draw us upward into His conscious presence who always waits anxiously our brooding hearts.

Notre Dame is built on the site of an old pagan temple. The cathedral was founded in 1163 and has been frequently altered, until it represents the crucifix since 1845. The west front has two square towers, massive and strong, divided into three vertical sections, each of which have Gothic portals, profusely carved. The carvings in the center represent the "Last Judgment." In the center of the second story is a fine rose window, 42 feet in diameter. This window is of its kind the grandest and most antique in the world. The north and south sides contain beautiful rose windows also, but more modern and less elaborate than the former. The building seats 20,000 people; has five naves, instead of three. The vaulting of the nave is one hundred and ten feet high, and is supported by seventy-five pillars, many of which are circular and fluted. The choir chapels are rich in monuments and carvings of the Archbishops of Paris. The great "bourdo" of Notre Dame, mentioned by Victor Hugo, is one of the largest in Europe and weighs sixteen tons. The clapper alone weighs ten hundred pounds.

During the first revolution, Notre Dame was condemned, but only the sculptures were demolished. It was then converted into a "Temple of Treason," but Napoleon I. changed it to its original purpose in 1802. In the awful com-

mune of 1871 it was a military depot. After, an attempt was made to burn it, but without success. The chambers contain robes, crowns and jewels without number, and if my guide told me the truth, the most of these have a far fetched, mythical history of wonder. It has a grace and majesty which Westminster lacks. But in sacredness, monuments, tombs, history and gracious memories, it cannot compare.

We must turn our eyes from Paris, and we say "au revoir."

This letter is written from Heidelberg, Germany. Here I am resting in good health. I heard a good sermon in German yesterday, without notes, "On the Death of Queen Victoria." "Simon, Son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" was the text.

" 'Tis heaven alone that is given away;
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

"Revolutions never turn backward."

A Touch of Belgium and Germany.

CHAPTER VI.

A TOUCH OF BELGIUM AND GERMANY.

Brussels in General—Its Industry—Some Things About Town—View of "Waterloo"—Cologne—Description—Magnificent Cathedral—The Morning Chimes.

BRUSSELS is a modern city. It is well paved, kept neat and clean. It is said to be "Paris in miniature." It is rapidly building and contains to-day about 500,000 people. This city has a well laid out boulevard, with trees, a track for horseback riding, a magnificent drive, fine sporting grounds, and walks for strollers and lovers. This boulevard is about 100 feet wide, containing four and six rows of trees, fountains, statues, public buildings and galleries around the circle. The boulevard extends nearly around the city. In this it excels Paris. This city and its neighboring hamlet has a history not to be told here. Books can not portray the battle of Waterloo with its colossal results.

This city grew around a small church built by St. Grey, one of the first apostles of Christianity in this section. Charles of France made it his residence in the year 980. It increased in size, tone and thrift rapidly. A fine panoramic view

is obtained from *Colonne du Congres* in the St. Royal. This building commands a broad outlook and was built to commemorate the declaration of Belgium Independence, and the election of Leopold I. as king.

Its industry is lace making, and it holds a charm in its history which we may enjoy briefly. Lace making is said to be the crowning of all handicrafts, as lace is the queen among all adornments of wearing apparel. Needle work and embroidery were greatly esteemed by the ancient Jews and Egyptians. The uncivilized northern nations engaged themselves with this handiwork. The king's daughters by no means disdained, but were ardent lovers of the enterprise. In feudal days knights sent their daughters to the suzerain courts to learn needlework of the high born. Queen Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, Queen Margaret and others excelled in this line of work. Lace began to be worn in the 15th century. Many kinds now exist, but Valenciennes, Chantilly and a few others have become specialties in Brussels. Belgium provides lace for the entire universe and all great foreign lace merchants depend on Belgium, of which Brussels is the chief lace manufacturing city, for their supplies in this precious article. "Brussels point," the finest lace, is made in this city. There is a beautiful love story of a princess who loved a gallant

prince and her father objected and was bound she should marry one of his own choice. This legend is attached to the discovery of lace. I must not tell it now. But the discovery of lace was by a royal princess, who watched a spider weave its web and imitated the little hero. How much we may learn from the most insignificant sources!

Some things about town are worth our mention, if we cannot enter into detail.

One of the finest buildings in Brussels is one built of gray granite and entirely modern—the National Bank Building.

The *Colonne du Congres* was erected to commemorate the date of "Independence," 1830-31. The view from the summit of this building, so gracefully and magnificently columned, is a commanding panorama of the city.

The church of "S. St. Michael Gudule" is the largest and most beautiful one in Brussels. It is of fine Gothic architecture, and though begun in 1226 its construction was a struggle for centuries, and it seems to me a somewhat useless one. To impoverish everyone, and to hold the poor enslaved that magnificent temples may be builded, is perhaps the most devout cause for which a people may suffer, but I doubt if this may be just.

The "Bourse," or Stock Exchange, is an im-

posing edifice and vast in its proportions. And if I am any judge of such places the Belgians are wide awake in the business of stocks. The building is none too large. And the shrieks and tumult of the exchangers seemed to outdo the vastness of the great building. The crowd was indeed large and fierce for a six-foot minister, since his ears could hear the whole din of battle without a muffle.

Just across the street and we find Grand Place, one of the finest medieval squares in Belgium. The guild houses are richly furnished with sculpture. "The Maison du Roi" is a gem, with its galleries, bell tower, turrets and statues of gilt. This is the house where Napoleon had his "Grand Ball" on the eve just before the battle of Waterloo. In his gayety he little knew his coming fate. Here also the famous "Hotel de Ville," one of the most famous and beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture in the world, is located. Its facade and fine spire, ending in a gigantic figure of the arch-angel Michael, in gilt, is very imposing. Its halls are indescriptively rich, and it is an emblem of the old Flemish commons.

If I could tell of this town's Halls of Justice, equal to those of much larger cities; its Sablon and church; its Houses of Parliament, massive and of most beautiful stone; its Royal Art Gallery, Museum, Parks and groups of statues, you

would think with me and wonder how this ever raised or supported such a large number of costly buildings.

The view of the "Battle of Waterloo" grounds was the first thing I wanted to put my eyes on when I reached Brussels. Early the first morning I put out for Braine L'Alleuh station, twenty-two miles out, and viewed with a guide this mysterious and wonderful battlefield. Upon Mt. Lion, in the center of the field, I could see that clear morning every point of the field, and some of the wrecks of that awful field of blood. General Gordon's monument occupies a conspicuous place on a mound of the field. The enumeration of the forces here gathered, their movements, the heroic manner of combat, the characterizing resultant principles gained, leave space and opportunity for a book. I purchased an ash cane cut on this field of battle stamped with the words "Souvenir of Waterloo," and some day, if I am called to, I can paint the battle. I saw it at a glance and brought an illustrated plan of it with me for future study. Coming back to the station, having a little time before the train arrived, I walked to the church used as a hospital in this battle, where many of the fainting soldiers were revived and fed. But this station, town, and its people, gave me some idea of country life in Belgium. Brussels is an

extra clean city. Its people are neat. But Braine L'Alleuh is very untidy. Coal dust, grease, tobacco, whiskey and human filth on the walks of the streets, and dirty, half-witted baudies, galavanting and treading the cobble-stone streets, with wooden shoes, too large and worn out, made me sorry the train was late for Brussels, and made me remember that all Belgium was not a paradise, like Brusssels.

"Ah, what a warning for a thoughless man,
Could field or grove or any spot of earth,
Show to his eye an image of the pangs
Which it hath witnessed,—render back an echo
Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod."

"The course of nature is the art of God."

COLOGNE.

It was on Friday night, Feb. 28th, I reached this famous cathedral town, and well known German city, from its perfumed name "German Cologne." Now my railroad travel is a happy part of my life. From Brussels to Cologne you go through tunnel after tunnel, along the mountains, and between are beautiful valleys, looking out on either side to great hills or mountains against the clear sky. Seeing the fat, well-groomed oxen, and well-fed horses, turn over the rich green sward on the steep hillsides, is a picture of real rustic nature which makes one

worship God, who holdeth the mountains and hills as unconsciously in his hands as an unburdened boy does his toy top.

Cologne was once a gallant Roman colony, from which circumstance it derived its name. Agrippina, daughter of Germanicus, and wife of the Emperor Claudius, was raised here. She built her temples, acqueducts, theatres. It was the capital of Romish Gaul until 330 A. D. Then through many scenes of costly war she passed into the hands of the Germans, 870 A. D. This was one of the powers of the "Hanseatic League," and it carried on a commerce with all the commercial peoples of the earth. She did not even allow English ships to carry merchandise on the Rhine past her city. The old "Cologne University" was then esteemed the highest of any in Germany. To-day, a little distance out of town, Cologne has a fine college. In the year 1794 the French took the town and held it for twenty years. Its buildings have seen much of the ravages of war, poverty and waste, but by skillful German hands it has been made a prosperous and fine city.

The Cologne Cathedral is a work on the exterior of finest art. It is bolder, more graceful in design and accomplishment, more perfectly executed than any in Europe. The plan and airy grace of its minarets and turrets, in spite of its

bulk, impresses one with the thought of angelic sublimity and beauty. It is mighty, yet not massive. It is strong, yet abiding with airy grace and simplicity. It is of cunic form, has three naves. The main facade is formed by two towers, one at the north and the other at the south end. The towers are four stories and reach a height of 156 metres. The post windows are 44 feet broad and 128 feet in height. Five figures of life size over the middle entrance represent Christ and the four evangelists. The tympanum contains "The Passion" in bas relief.

The inner length of the Cathedral is 540 feet, the breadth is 376 feet, the height 244 feet. The most beautiful stained windows date from the 16th century, and were a gift of great cost from the city of Cologne, through the influence of its archbishops. They represent grand scenes of art and books of history, in their designed modeling. The inner furnishings are quite disappointing. Somewhat so, perhaps, in contrast with Westminster and Notre Dame. There is another large Catholic church within a short distance of the first, older, and not so artistic and neat. It seemed to me unnecessary.

But there is one thing I never can forget about Cologne. Saturday morning I was awakened by the sweetest sounds I ever heard. I thought I must be dreaming of heaven's chimes of melody.

But no! I was myself. The music was real. Something was touching the tympanum of my ear with more sweetly mellowed sounds than ever before. It still glided on, carrying tones into tune too sweet for mortal ear scarcely to endure. And I said, I am near to God and next to heaven. And this text came running through my thought: "And I, John, saw a new heaven and a new earth." You may hear from this text some day. How I wish that you may hear the chimes.

Eau de Cologne manufacturers are known throughout the world. And this excellent perfume, distilled from a great number of fragrant plants, was invented by an Italian "Farina." "The Mary Clemantine Martin Nun cologne factory" has acquired a reputation throughout the world and has been crowned with first prizes at all great exhibitions; and the American people have and do add their excelsior to its meritorious aroma.

In Cologne, as well as in Brussels, they guide their two-wheeled carts by shafts, and dogs snatch the heavy loads through the streets as if it were their vocation. I did not know that dogs possessed so much strength, but they pull like oxen, and are much livelier. They breed the larger kinds here, muzzle them and tie them up

to the carts to draw heavy burdens. Shall I bring home a pair for the carriage?

"The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, see, they all bark at me."

Heidelberg.

CHAPTER VII.

HEIDELBERG.

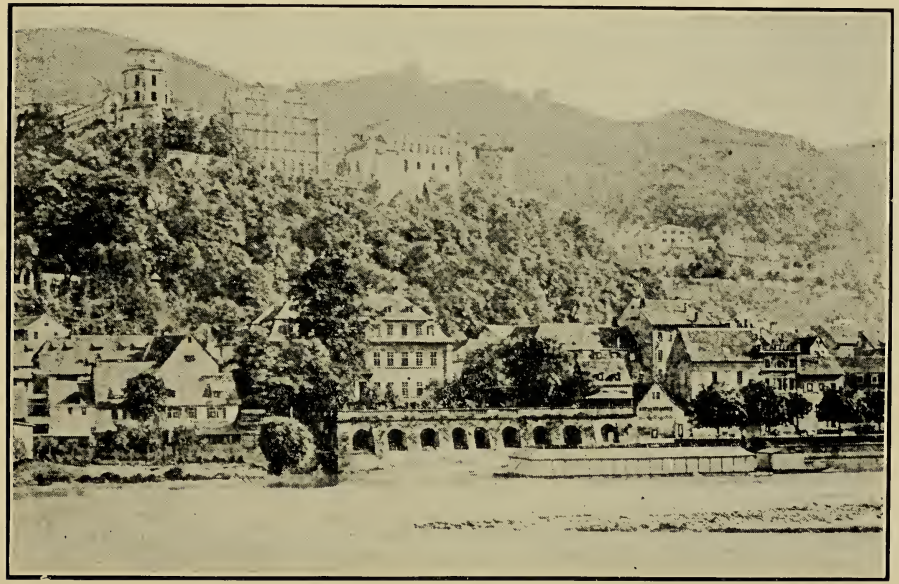
Arrival—Sunday's Rest—Nature's Tribute—Poem—Seat of the Reformation—The University—The Schloss—The Mountain.

IF this valley in which the sage city lies is called the garden of Germany, then the city is a pearl with its stately castle. Arriving here at five o'clock Saturday evening, I ran up one of the principal streets until I had seen that old and famous, world-wide, University of Heidelberg. Then as it was growing dark, and the street was forced to bend with the high mountain on the bank of the Neckar, a tributary of the Rhine, and joining it at Manheim, a few miles below, was not so easy to trace for "Innocents Abroad," I sought my roomy home at Grand Hotel. But I saw the faces of students, professors and citizens which bespoke an intelligence, thrift and determination, such as I had not seen in faces for some days. I had something to think of over night. In a sentence, it was this: Great schools of a town not only write some worthy marks of care on the faces of its people, but honor, gentility, geniality and humaneness on the soul, beneath the marks of labor. Sunday I rested, and it seemed a blessing indeed to me, for I was traveling by rail or foot almost constantly, and at no

meager pace, every week day. I attended German service in the morning, and was surprised that I could gather so much of the minister's sermon. He spoke on the death of "Queen Victoria," and the text was "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" He spoke directly, concisely, without a note, but his discourse was full of holy truth.

Nature has almost exhausted itself, and offers everything from the surrounding mountains, rich valley and classic river besides its beautiful landscape, to make Heidelberg glorious. This city has always been a favorite place for poets—Michael, Behaim, Scheffel and others. From the latter flows the following:—

"Old Heidelberg, thou beauty
With many honors crowned;
Along the Rhine and Neckar
No town like thine is found.
When from the South is spreading
Spring's smile o'er hill and lea,
He out of blossoms weaveth
A bridal robe for thee.
Thee as a bride I fondly
Enshrine within my heart;
Like early love, sweet echoes
Thy name doth joy impart.
Become life's cares to burning
And all around looks bare,
I'll spur my good horse homeward
To thy Neckar vale so fair."



HEIDELBERG
VIEW OF CASTLE

This city claims 35,000 inhabitants and about 1,600 students in college, from all over the world. This college is a "special" in the departments of law and medicine. From the first to the third century, Heidelberg was a Roman settlement, this colony being taken by the Alemagnes in 260. Again these were defeated in 496, and then this town and section belonged to the Frankish Empire. Frederic Barbarossa became emperor in 1155. He built the famous castle on the spot. Under this castle's protection the town arose, developed and gained its name in 1196. Ruprecht I. reigned with his brother II., and founded the university in 1386.

Here the Reformation first found followers. I saw here near the university grounds, the famous "Holy Ghost Church," where Luther held his first Protestant service, and here the historic disputation, 1518, on the question at the occasion of the Augustine friars took place. Precious to Luther's memory is a bold granite monument on the top of the mountain across the Neckar, opposite the church. At one time a wall was built through the center of this church and Protestants worshipped on one side of the wall, and the Catholics on the other. But under the French rule the wall was taken down. Then Heidelberg was burned, and everything but a part of the castle was razed to the ground, save

the Holy Ghost Church, 1693. The town began to build again after the treaty of Ryswick, 1697. And now under Kort Frederick, the town and University flourished. The wall is again replaced in the church, for the fight is still hot in old Europe between Protestants and Catholics.

We reached the Castle after about twenty minutes' walk from the University, along the steep mountain side, by the way of the Serpentine road. It is about 200 feet above the sea, and 125 feet above the Neckar. The old part was blown up, but relics remain and a part of one tower which was built 1294, and to this has been added, according to the fancy of the rulers. During the thirty years' war, the castle was rendered simply uninhabitable. But Carl Ludwig restored it, 1649. The French repeatedly demolished it, and in 1693 destroyed the great ornamental buildings by magazines. Again in 1764 it was struck by lightning and the whole interior became a prey to the flames. Great care has been taken of this vast mountain side containing forty acres of terraces, gardens and mammoth buildings, miles of winding stone walks up the mountain side, with occasional stone and iron settees and grottos. And now the whole castle is being restored, the gardens magnified, the grounds enlarged, the fountains and old buildings made new.

Moneyed men from America and every nation of the world have put up summer houses on the sloping mountain sides above, which are a pride to Western eyes. There is to be made here one of the finest resorts and retreats in the world. I found an old wine vat in the huge cellar of this castle, built of oak, hooped with wood, which holds over 300,000 bottles of wine, and brought away a piece of the oak, which represents 500 years at least, of soundness. There were many other vats, stout and strong, hundreds of years old. I climbed the mountain side above the castle for 600 feet, and the views were simply indescribably grand and artistic down the winding river, through the town. The sun was shining, the air was clear of fog and smoke, and it seemed a vision too beautiful to comprehend. Looking up 1,000 feet more, we could see walks and railings, restful retreats, and fine graveled roads winding around the mountain like the thread of a bolt. This was all crowned with nature's unequaled plumage of balsam, pine, hemlock, birch, boxwood and ivied laurel. So now I lay down my pen which has led you to a long task of following, and let you rest, assured that my notes cannot picture the scene.

At this state I am becoming stronger and can fit myself for traveling with quite a careless ease. My joys increase as I reach the southern summer

land. My faith in God is being strengthened, and with happy heart I march steadily up Mt. Pisga's lofty height into the land of Beulah and sing, "I am the child of a King." It was here at Heidelberg Castle, Goethe loved to sit and muse and sing his rapturous verse. We must love every foot of this earth and let its toils, cares, loves, joys, friends, music and song weave a poem of rhythm for the world's Christ constantly.

"There is nothing makes men rich and strong but that which they carry inside of them. Wealth is of the heart, not of the hand."

Lucerne,

CHAPTER VIII.

LUCERNE.

Trip to Lucerne—Its Mountains—Its Lake of Charming Beauty—The Lion of Lucerne—The Panorama of Lucerne—Lucerne.

THE trip to Lucerne was more exciting than any yet experienced. We flew along the banks of the Rhine like doves in the air, and then dove into the bowels of the mountains like vultures for prey.

We were for one moment in sunshine, and in a moment the dark recesses of the mountains entirely hid the sun. The Rhine river is heart and lungs and the spinal cord of Germany, and the mountains are the spinal column and muscular power. This beautiful river makes for Germany not only a water way, but two railways, one each side of the river. It would be well nigh impossible for railways without the banks of the river to grade down, and build upon. The river means then, Germany's commerce, power, locomotion and pleasure.

The Black forest mountains scallop the river bank on the left as you come down and the uncertain, uneven Germanic mountains ruffle her right bank. But reaching a beautiful city of

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hot springs (150 degrees and 180 degrees F. and these are courteous life-givers to invalids), called "Baden Baden," we have the Vosges mountains on the right. Some of the tunnels are one-half mile long, and many shorter. But these steep mountain sides are terraced by stone walls, and planted to grapes, of rarest varieties, even to their boldest summits. How they culture, harvest and wine them into three of the best brands of wine the world knows, is a human miracle. The wines of this section bring more in market than others because of their delicate flavor. Growing uphill makes a man vigorous and sweet flavored; why would not the struggle for growth on a perpendicular mountain side make grapes vigorous and sweet?

I will never forget my approach to the beautiful city of Lucerne, situated so modestly in the defiles of the mountains. We came steaming in at 11 p. m. in the bright moonlight. The grass was green at the foot of the mountains as we wound in and out along the lake. The azure colored lake mirrored in our faces the mountains snow-peaked and hoary. Up a few hundred feet the white snow skirted the mountain side with an open lace work of white; farther up their shoulders seemed draped with an overhanging bridal veil, nicely pleated, formed by the ravines in the sides of the mountains. And on their

summits lay drifted, hoary crowns of snow, heavy with age.

Neither will I forget the sun tipped peaks of the following morning, as God favored us with a golden day. By both evening and morning view, I seemed hushed and sweetly awed, into reverence, worship, song and praise. Some may love the summer scenes of Lucerne best; but I love the winter mountain scenery of clear and snowy white.

The lake consists of four cantons, naturally divided by the irregular and abrupt mountains into four sections. Its water front and harbor, framed with a rich stone railing, and many medium-sized steamers and gondolas entering into the picture with the beautiful azure blue of the water as a background, demands your love at once. This lake never freezes but in the tightest grip of frost, and then, as if enraged, scales over.

Tell's Platt lies on its border and makes a fine resting place ere you reach its limited length of twenty-three miles. This historic place has lately been restored by a little rustic palace chapel, called Tell's Chapel. This is where William Tell, of "apple" fame, escaped from the boat in which Gesler was conveying him to prison. And people throng to this place by myriads.

Whether Tell was to be imprisoned in the octa-

gonal tower which stands in the center of the famously painted bridge, I cannot tell. But I suspect this old tower of 500 years, which is now the treasury of Lucerne, but then contained the cells and beheading block, and reaches the height of fifty feet, furnished sleeping apartments for William Tell.

Kappell-broucke Bridge, mentioned above, is one of the wonders of Lucerne, and a historic curiosity worthy of notice to all the world. It is roofed and butmented, sided and planked, with unpainted wood, and runs across the Reuss river diagonally. Some old painter, it is not known who, caused 121 boards to be sawed in triangular form so as to fit the peak, and elaborately and artistically had pictured on these boards one hundred and twenty-one battles and struggles of the Swiss people for civil liberty, and named this panorama the "Dance of Death." Being five hundred years old they are quite distinct paintings, in spite of time and atmospheric action.

Wordsworth writes of this bridge as follows:—

"Long may these homely works, devised of old,
These simple efforts of Helvetian skill,
Aid, with congenial influenee to uphold
The State—the centuries' destiny to mould;
Turning for them who pass the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold;
Filling the soul with sentiments august,
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just!"

Meyer's Panorama, some fifty feet in diameter, represents in large view General Burbakie's army, in retreat into Switzerland, 1871. The artist has so arranged the scenery that at one glance we see volumes of history, feel pricked to the heart in sympathy for the starving soldiers and their steeds; and wrought upon in thought, for the dexterity and skill of the general in the management of unsuccessful attack.

The Lion of Lucerne, sculptured in high relief upon a great rock, now appears in a beautiful nook close by. The people of Lucerne were early a very war-like people. France maintained a guard of honor chosen from the yeoman of Lucerne because they were simply dauntless. In 1792 the Swiss Jacobins were courageous against the approach of the Austro-Prussian army, and stoned the Tuilleries in the defense of the king. In a fierce battle, two battalions of Swiss were overpowered entirely, and soon the remainder of the army fell in death at duty's post. This lion lies crouched in the mammoth ledge of rock, with spear pierced through the vitals of his enormous body, but yet although heart thrust, holding still by his firm grasp a shield against every approaching enemy. This is a memorial monument to these faithful guards. And above the lion in large letters you read "Helvetiorum fidei ac virtute."

Lucerne contains about 35,000 people, not so well dressed, nor neat of stature, or keen in face as might be thought. They are civil, courteous, but not too polite or well-bred. They live in the midst of nature's sublimities unexcelled; are quite fond of the artistic and rusticity of life. The city contains many fine hotels and has a great many fine homes. The mountain sides are fringed and peaked with massive summer homes of people from all sections of the earth. This place affords a climate favorable for invalids and weakly people to grow strong.

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Milan.

CHAPTER IX.

MILAN.

From Lucerne to Milan—The City—Milan Cathedral—Cathedral of Santa Marie Delle Grazie—Da Vinci's "Last Supper."

I WISH my powers of description might be so vividly aroused that you could gain a real vision of this mountain journey. We climb the mountains in tunneled coils of railroad iron instead of wire coils.

Now we are flying over bridges and trestles, looking down hundreds of feet into a valley of rocks and seeing bounding brooks formed from the mountain shed, while here and there a stone hut with real stone roof appears. And only a distance of 100 feet or more up the mountain side is a covert in a grotto, with children playing at the door. Here husband and wife are training grape vines on a little plot of ground 200 feet square, if they have been industrious enough to wall it in so it cannot slide down or wash away. But just a little ahead at the right or left, and in the bottom of the valley you spy a railroad track going into a mountain. You are frantically wild that they should build so many railroads in such a rough place. But

conversing with those riding in the car with you, it is explained that there is the place you entered a tunnel six or eight minutes ago, and for all that ride in the darkness, you are just square over the spot you started one-half hour ago, only some three hundred feet higher. You conclude you are at least going up and content yourself with gain in latitude if not in longitude. Making some dozens of quirls in the mountain similar to this and buzzing on, bridging torrents, scaling heights and spanning chasms, as the mountain stream forms a brook or creek, a river or torrent, and we find ourselves having surmounted the mountains by a gigantic, systematic invention of that incomprehensible being, man; and we stand wonderingly, some sixty miles away from Lucerne, 4,000 feet higher at the gaping mouth of the world-wide known tunnel, St. Gothard.

We passed through this tunnel, which consumes some thirty minutes, and is said to be a distance of over four miles. This railway tunnel is 26 feet wide, double tracked, 20 feet high and cost $12,000,000. 25,000 men were employed daily for eight years, before the electric tongue of fire announced to the world the stupendous completion of this monstrous construction. We are seeing daylight and the hot sun streams upon us as we leave the tunnel's mouth. We wonder

if we have found another world. And on we speed and twirl, and spin down, down, into the welcome valley that leads us to Milan. And soon we are here in the city so famous for its "Cathedral," and one world-known painting, the "Last Supper."

Milan is fortunately situated in a richly cultivated plain, connected with the rivers Olono, and Lambra, by the Grande Vargario and other canals. It is the principal city of northern Italy in activity, neatness, enterprise and wealth. It has beautiful gardens planted with elegant trees between the canal and wall. The wall which surrounds the city was built by the Spaniards in 1555. The city proper is eight miles in circumference, and its streets, like all ancient cities, are very irregular and narrow. There are, however, some good, genuine thoroughfares here, and this city, awake to its opportunities, is fast increasing them. A goodly number of buildings are kept in the twentieth century repair, and tastily decorated. The city has a grand barracks since it was the capital of the kingdom of Italy from 1805-1814. Here stands a beautiful marble arch in honor of Napoleon. The city has ten gates for entrance, and its indwellers number 500,000.

The Milan Cathedral astonishes and enchants the beholder. But you are not disappointed, for the grandeur more than eclipses your expecta-

tions. It has a whole forest of pinnacles and a wilderness of tracery up against the blue sky, rendering it a beautiful sight. It is constructed, in entire, of white marble from the quarries of Gandoglia. It is 490x352x180 feet, and contains 4,500 statues and has room for more. The view from the tower is enchanting.

"All its hues
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse;
And now they fade; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains. Parting day
Dies like the dolphin, when each pang imbues
With new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest 'till—'tis gone and all is gray."

Its interior is imposing. It contains double aisles, clustered pillars, lofty arches and lustred walls, with niches filled with marble figures. A pavement composed of red, blue and white mosaic is arranged in tasty figures. One reputed nail of the "Cross" hangs in a casket over the altar. This is at certain feasts carried through the streets with attendant ceremonies. This Duomo contains also the linen towels with which Christ washed the disciples' feet. This, of Gothic edifices, is the finest in Italy, and ranks next to St. Peter's at Rome as a church. It contains many monuments and tombs. "Giovanni Giacomo de Medici" by Michael Angelo is here; also the statue of Governor Caracciolo of Milan.

Santa Marie Della Grazie is a cathedral visited by everyone, and dates in real age from 1463. The interior has a fair appearance, though dilapidated. On the wall of the chapel is the magnificent Cenacola, or "Last Supper," by Da Vinci, thirty feet by fifteen. It was Da Vinci's first work and engaged his time for sixteen years. His success is beyond all criticism and many have copies of this original hanging on the walls of their beautiful homes. There are many other churches, but this must suffice.

"And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light."

Venice.

CHAPTER X.

VENICE.

Trip — Venice — Grand Canal — St. Mark's Square—St. Mark's Church—Doge's Palace—Its Art.

THE trip to Venice was of some interest in revealing now and then the appearance of a fort on the walls of some little village rising mountain high. This reveals the northern war-like spirit of Italy in days gone by. The landscape is generally level and closely crowded wil well tilled vineyards. Some thirty miles from Venice we came in sight of the mountains, but again they soon disappeared, since there is no place in Venice for mountains.

The word Venice is from Venetia, which once was a northern kingdom of Italian Lombardy. This city is so different from any others in the world that it has no rivals. But it is a queen. It is a beauty. Its situation is a marvel. It stands on a bay, near the Gulf of Venice, and consists of 115 islands. Its islands lie among its innumerable lagoons. We approach the city by a bridge two and three-quarters miles long and thirty feet wide. It is a magnificent structure of

beautiful white Italian granite, strongly built on piles. Ships cannot come near the city because of sandbars and numerous islands in the bay. A special pilot must conduct all ships that near this city.

Grand Canal, which passes through the city in the form of an "S" is called the Serpentine. One hundred and forty-six other canals exist, over which are stretched some 367 foot bridges, raised and steep for the convenience of the gondolas' sub-passage. There are no horses, mules or cattle in Venice. There are no streets, but numerous alleys. Some of these are two feet, some three, some six feet wide, laid in marble. They catch the snow and rain and seem to lack drainage. There is no mud, but sometimes two inches of water on these pavements. Landing in a gondola at 7 o'clock on a beautiful moonlight evening, to be feathered along at a very easy rate for a mile, to the Hotel Victoria, was a golden experience, and one of the most inspiring scenes I ever expect to witness. The city in water, beautifully lighted, filled with glitter, mirrored shadows, and looming with grand palaces and arc lights, the "Aion! Aion!" of the gondolier, and the music of youngsters mingled with now and then a violin or distant sounding piano, was a romance equal to a fine wedding celebration.

The gondola lands you. In it you go to visit

your nearest neighbor. And these twisted, black things you learn to love as you would a pet horse, for they move you so easily and smoothly from place to place. You walk out to see the sights in a gondola, you attend church, opera and shop in these easy rocking creatures, rowed so gently and swiftly, by the man with a long oar. The little cabin in the center of the gondola becomes your palace, lighted well at the sides and in front by glass windows. You sit on easy cushions, with comfortable coverings and chat with some three or four friends; or meditate, and gaze on the beauty of some structure.

The Grand Canal is the main street of Venice and along its banks are some noted and luxurious palaces and most comfortable homes, built of Italian marble, three and four stories high. One special feature is the great number of palaces, and the grandeur of their architecture. Venice is noted for its architecture. Among the palaces one "Palazzo Foscari," erected in the 15th century, and this is noted as having lodged Francis I. The history of the Doge and his son is familiar and Byron writes of the palaced city:—

"My beautiful, my own,
My only Venice—this is breath! Thy breeze,
Thine Adrian sea breeze, how it fans my face.
The very winds feel native to my veins,
And cool them into calmness! How unlike
The hot gales of the horrid Cyclades,
Which howled about my Candiote dungeon,
And made my heart sick."

At one of these mansions along the canal was the home where Shakespeare and Byron sat and looked into the mysteries of this freak of a city, and then unraveled them in poetry. Shakespeare found here setting for many important scenes and acts of his miraculous verse.

St. Mark's Square is one place in this city where we may feel secure. You can here give your aching feet their shuffling freedom of a natural walk. This is God's gift to the strong, and an antidote for many ills. Here Venice seems to center its trade, fine manufactures, and displays its praiseworthy and especially fine wares. Here is the center of law, of politics and religion. Nature, through man, has seemed to plan this for the street parade circle. It seems the isle of Paradise to this magnificent city and 300 feet by 500, will cover this whole area of the square.

St. Mark's Church stands here, and is Byzantine in style. Its founder was Doge Giustineiano Partecipazio. It was greatly damaged by fire 977. It was again restored by Doge Orseolo. He introduced the costly decorations of marble and mosaic and ordered from Constantinople the first Paladoro which we admire so much on the high altar. This was originally the Doges' chapel, and has an entrance from the Palace through which the Doges came to mass and all religious services.

ST. MARK'S SQUARE

Here on the gallery above the central door stand the four bronze horses of such historic fame. They are the ones which decorated Nero's or Trajan's triumphal arch in Rome, and had been thence removed to Constantinople. * * * * Now here, these present a masterly and not an unfitting approach to the "Holy of Holies." The arch of this door contains a modern mosaic of the "Last Judgment," and needs no comments. Nearly all of the arches are decorated with mosaics of the 13th century. In one place we saw three pieces of red marble. It marks the spot where Pope Alexander III. placed his foot on the neck of the kneeling Barbarossa, and thus he became reconciled to him. The top of the baptismal altar is covered with a slab of marble from Mt. Tabor. The treasury contains a crystal vase, reputed to contain some of the Saviour's blood. But tradition in this country is sometimes wild from the real facts.

The Doges' Palace, as has been mentioned, is just at the right of St. Mark's and contains in its structure and history volumes of gold, cruelty and severest lordship. We stay our pen and enter not upon the history of blood. This palace was the seat of government, is immense in structure, and older than St. Mark's Temple. When the body of St. Mark was brought into the city, it was laid in state within this palace. Here in the year

814, this palace of strong walls became a secure place for the Doges who were exposed to the two factions of government. The faction of the East true to their Emperor or not; and the one on the West true to their Emperor or not, as their interests seemed hindered or advanced.

The building contains on one side 107 columns of Italian marble. And here, between the two red columns the sentences of death were legion. The capitals of the lower colonnade, for here are two broad ones, are decorated with branches, figures of men and beasts. Among them is one, "The Judgment of King Solomon."

Nothing can be found finer than the facade of the main entrance. It represents perfectly the age of Renaissance, and is the work of Antonio Rizzi, 1485. The staircase has as its landing Sansovino's colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, and thus it holds the name, "The Giant Staircase." None in medieval days could pass up here unless they were registered as nobles. This leads to one or two finely decorated halls and rooms, and then to the Grand Council Chamber of 163x82 feet, with a ceiling of fine paintings 17 feet above the floor. Here none could enter unless their names were enrolled in the golden book. And they that were twenty-five years of age and over came in hither to vote on the 4th of December of each year.

I wish I could name the pictures here by the famous painters, Paul Veronese and Tintoretto. Such pictures as: "Lera Stormed by the Crusaders," "The Surrender of Lera," 1202. Room after room decorated and adorned beautifully with art, and then we pass to the awful prison cells, the beheading frame of stone, see the door out through which thousands of bodies were slid into the sea decapitated. Then we have passed over the original "Bridge of Sighs," leading from the Judgment Hall by a secret door to the cell of execution. The bridge itself is not very much. But it is easy for even a visitor or reader to sigh here for the thousands that died here wrongfully. When will it be counted, known or sensed by mortals, the exceeding sacrifice of human blood and flesh for our present days' joys? This letter was written while leaving Naples for Brindisi for a bon voyage. I was regular at my meals and slept like a palaced king.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

In Beautiful Italy—Florence.

CHAPTER XI.

IN BEAUTIFUL ITALY—FLORENCE.

Cities Tribute—Plaza Della Signoria—Uffizi Gallery—Pitti Palace—Six Bridges—The Park—Michael Angelo's Home—Cathedral Santa Maria—Campanile—The Baptistry—St. Croce—Church of the Annunciation—Church San Lorenzo—Santa Maria Novella—People of Florence.

ROMAN Florence, the city of winter flowers, art, natural scenery, for situation the most unique, crowns both banks of the lovely Arno, and could I attempt a feeble description of its faultless merits it would take years to complete the work.

It is the home of such men as Michael Angelo, Dante, Savonarola and Galileo. It is filled with the works of their tireless, faultless heads and graceful, perfect hands. Each life, each work, could use the spare moments of a traveler for a life-time. But while we mention a few of this city's merits we hope only to stimulate your natures for further investigation, and amuse your thoughtful minds for the moment.

Plaza Della Signoria is the historic, as it is also the center of Florence. Here, in 1498, the dauntless and faithful friend of all Christendom.

"Savonarola," was cruelly hanged, his body burned, his ashes scattered, that every vestige of his life's influence might perish forever. But you cannot destroy a human life. It was born to be eternal. Its influence outlives martyrdom, and *ascends,* by the lawless treatment of mobs, when linked with Jesus Christ. Here stands the old capitol, a striking example of the Florentine castle of the Middle Ages. At its entrance is Bandinelli's group of "Hercules and Cacus." The court is magnificently columned with tasty art, and here stands a fountain, with a figure by Verrocchio. The hall contains the statue of Savonarola, and is frescoed by Vasari. This, however, is only a type of the plazas, or squares, of Florence, but it must suggest them all in this brief review. Here you find the master statue of the prodigious Angelo, "David." It rivals, in my mind, that masterpiece in Rome in the church of St. Pietro in Vincula, "Moses." But the build of David's head especially excels the head of Moses. Rogers said:—

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth,
None is so fair as Florence. 'Tis a gem
Of purest ray; and what a light broke forth,
When it emerged from darkness! Search within,
Without all is enchantment! 'Tis the Past
Contending with the Present; and in turn
Each has the mastery."

The Uffizi Gallery, its approach, corridors and all, seems the palace of art, and it is. It is the richest and most varied in the world (except, perhaps, the Royal Gallery at Madrid). Hawthorne says of it, "The Tribune seems the sanctuary of this temple." It contains the "Venus de Medici," the "Dancing Faun," the "Apollino," "The Wrestlers," and other masterpieces of sculpture; and here the best works in painting by Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian and Correggio, are represented.

This gallery forms a rectangle with one end left out for an approach and is three stories high. And to walk through it at any kind of a moderate pace without stopping to admire any special pictures or statues, would consume two hours at least.

Ascending three flights of stairs we enter a hall and find the busts of ten of the Medici family. Here is "the Florentine Boar," and the two "Wolf Dogs" sitting one each side of the door of entrance. The corridors are picture galleries and filled with sculpture. On we move to the room of the Tuscan school and find the "Drunken Bacchus," "The Faun," "The Wounded Adonis," and an "Apollo," all by Michael Angelo. Then running by a populous city of paintings and statues, we glide into another room and find the "Adoration of the

Magi," "Potiphar's Wife," by Lippi; also his "Judith Slaying Holofernes." Still advancing we find a precious "jewel box" of rock crystal, an exquisite piece of workmanship, by Vicentius assisted by his daughter, representing the events of the "Passion." Still on and the Museum room represents to the beholder the "Medicean Vase" found at Hadrian's Villa near Tivoli, and the "Infant Hercules" struggling with serpents, and the group, Cupid and Psyche, which is everywhere present.

In the Hall of Baroccio we find "Bacchus," surrounded by nymphs, "The Madonna del Popolo," "The Infant Savior" in the manger, and by it a beautiful mosaic table. This table cost twenty-five years of labor, and twenty-two workmen were engaged upon it. In another hall we find Henry IV. at the Battle of Ivry, his entry into Paris after the battle, by Rubens.

These names may have tried unartistic students, but we have left out thousands which might be cited, and their mention would make the blood tingle in your veins with new life and inspiration. "The Massacre of the Innocents," "Resurrrection," "Hercules," "Between Vice and Virtue," "Descent of our Savior into Hades," "The Last Judgment," etc.

The Pitti Palace was the former residence of King Emanuel. It contains over five hundred

paintings. Here we find the "Assumption," "Death of Abel," "Fra Bartolomeo" and "St. Mark," by Angelo; "Rebecca at the Well," "Cosimo Guided by Virtue and Glory," "Cupid Born of Venus," and "Vulcan," by Salvator Rosa; and many great landscapes by Rubens. This is a beautiful palace dedicated to the public interests. The gift of a great man. Its surroundings, gardens, fountains and flowers, represent the wealth of one whose good works and wishes still live and here is the product of the labor of many helpful hands.

And then I have left out the "Academy of Fine Arts," the National Museum, the libraries, public and private, The Tribuna, dedicated to Galileo, The Egyptian and Tuscan Museum, the Majolica and some dozen other places that are a glory for anyone's eyes to look upon.

The six bridges crossing the Arno are four of them stone and two suspension bridges. The floods of the river have undermined the stone bridges, since the Arno is abundantly supplied by the mountain streams and often fills its banks to overflowing and keeps muddy almost always.

The Eastern "Ponte alle Grazie" has many small houses built on either side of it and they have so well braced it, that it has always stood secure. It was builded as long ago as 1237 by Lapo.

The "Ponte Vecchio," built the second time in 1078, is a real jewelry shop or suite of shops from one end to the other. And above this runs a gallery connecting the Uffizi Gallery with the Pitti Palace, a very fortunate construction for tourists.

The beautiful bridge "Santa Trinita," by Ammanati, was built so slender that carriages were not allowed; but of late years it has proved stronger than it was thought to be. Teams now cross it in safety. This bridge is elaborately decorated with statues, which represent the Four Seasons. The effect is very attractive and they give much pleasure to its weary art-loving pedestrians.

The bridge for carriages has several times given away. Ammanati restored it, and invited the whole populace to come upon the bridge and witness a theatrical celebration of the infernal regions which was given from rafts below. The people came. The bridge was filled. It gave away, and many doubtless experienced what they came to see, for multitudes went down and were crushed forever from this earth into eternity. The host must have suffered painful pangs for the invitation he gave.

The Park is the Casino of the Florentine people, and is the finest promenade and drive in all Italy. For the space of two miles from the Leg-

horn railroad on the bank of the Arno, is laid out a nice walk and graveled carriage pavement, almost overshadowed by lofty shade trees of various kinds. In the middle of the park a circle is arranged, where the band executes fine music several afternoons in the week, and all Florence that makes any pretension of being anybody, is supposed to be present. Their equipages are of all kinds and are stylish and rich. Many of these excel any city of the world save, perhaps, Paris. Around the music the carriages congregate. The gentlemen descend and visit their lady friends, gossip, flirt, or promenade along the river, frequenting the little leafy grottos for solitaries and lovers, as they are supplied in abundance. Carriages, horsemen and footmen each have their separate avenues.

The fashion of Florence cares not how you dress, nor much who you are as to culture or capital, if you drive your turnout in the Casino, and attend the opera. It costs about $120 a month for your turnout and from $4 to $5 a night for five or six nights at the opera; $150 a month might pay for your fashion and pleasure in Florence, with one-half of your time thrown in.

"He is only fantastical that is not in fashion."

"Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting hath betrayed
him;
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion."

Michael Angelo's home is one interesting domicile in Florence. It is on Palazzo Buonarotti and entertains visitors free on Thursdays. Here you find his sword, canes, a portrait of himself, a small figure of Christ by Cellini, and many other things dear to this god of sculpture. He lived from 1474 to 1564, and of designers he was the greatest that ever lived. When asked why he did not marry, he coolly answered, "Painting is my wife, and my works are my children." Then his greatest child and his beloved wife are both wrapped up in his "Last Judgment."

"To live is Christ and to die is gain."

The cathedrals of Florence are very numerous, kept with pride, immensely decorated with select paintings and thickly inhabited by marble statues and tombs, of great interest to every lover of thought and artistic beauty. To every true worshiper of art they give solemnity and sublimity to the place and find their common center in the God of Righteousness, love and light.

"Santa Maria" is the largest cathedral and its architecture is interesting. Arnolfo originally designed it because the Florentines wanted to excel all others that had preceded it. Arnolfo died and Giotto was requested to finish it. He died and Brunelleschi was obliged to complete it. Its size is 501 feet by 388 by 342 feet wide. The dome is the largest in the world, 138 feet in

diameter. It is grand in its style of structure and served as a model to Michael Angelo for St. Peter's at Rome. The various colored marbles comprising its pavement have a most delightful effect. The stained glass windows of the 15th century are very choice in color. It contains the marble monuments of Giotto and Brunelleschi, its architects, by Bugiano, a pupil of the latter. Those who ascend the dome itself, find a most charming place to view the whole city.

The Campanile is its bell tower, 275 feet high, and 413 steps, quite easy of ascent, lead up to the six large bells. The largest bell has carved on it the Medici arms. At the side of this tower are two fine statues, one of Arnolfo, the other of Brunelleschi. To say the least they are models of recent Italian art. The latter is represented with the plan of the cupola on his knee, looking up to the realization of it. In the wall is a stone set in, called Dante's seat, where he used to sit and contemplate its prodigious finish.

The Baptistry on the west end of the cathedral is elegantly constructed. It is builded of black and white marble taken from the Temple of Mars. It was first built open at the top, like the Pantheon at Rome, but in the 15th century the dome was closed with a lantern. The original building is said to be of the seventh century, and it was surrounded by graves up to the 12th century. Its bronze doors are its charm, one of

which gives an allegorical history of John the Baptist. Throughout all Tuscany a carnival was celebrated at the finish of this wonderful door. Michael Angelo, in speaking of these doors, said: "They are worthy of being the gates of Paradise." They contain such subjects as these: "Creation of Man," "Pain and Labor after the Banishment from Paradise," "Noah after the Deluge," "The Promise Made to Abraham," etc.

Dante happily alludes to this building as his Mio bel San Giovani. And though he broke one of the baptismal founts in saving a child from drowning, he was always delighted with this ornament of the city. And more than 4,500 are baptized here annually.

The Church of St. Croce is, in my mind, the most important in the city. It contains the monuments of the most celebrated men of Italy. Byron mentions them in "Childe Harold" in most unique verse:—

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier; dust which is,
Even in itself, an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past and this,
The particles of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos; here reposes
Angelo's, Alfero's bones, and lies
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose."

DANTE'S TOMB
FLORENCE

Arnolfo was its architect and it is 460x135 feet. Here the initials "I. H. S." originated by St. Bernardino. After the plague of 1437, he had these initials inserted to denote the mission of Christ, and they stand for this, Jesus Human Savior, or Jesus the Savior of Mankind. Here is the tomb of John Ketteric, the great bishop. The monument of Michael Angelo is elegant and its position in the church was selected by himself. Alfieri's monument, by Canova, and the colossal monument of Dante, that of the noted Machiavelli and Lanze, writer on Italian art, Nobili, the philosopher, Targoni, the naturalist, Galileo, the astronomer, Lami, the historian, grace the holy place. What a book it would be that could fully portray the worth of these to the world! The pulpit is of red and white marble, and is a charm in itself. In the piazza is a great statue of Dante set up by Victor Emmanuel in 1865. It stands on a lofty pedestal engraved with these words, "Dante Alighiori."

The Church of the Annunciation is one of charming interior, and somewhat original, especially in the ornamentation of its walls. It was built by seven Florentine gentlemen and dedicated to the Virgin of Annunciation. It contains a miraculous fresco of the Annunciation, upon which immense wealth was expended, and a "Madonna" by Andrea del Sarto, for which he only

received in payment a sack of wheat, but the worth of which cannot be estimated, since no price could buy it.

On the plaza of this church you find the splendid Foundling Hospital and in it an inspiring "Adoration of the Magi," by Ghirlandaio. On this same square are two beautiful fountains designed by Tacca. The equestrian statue Ferdinand I. cast from cannons taken from the Turks by the Knights of St. Stephen exalts this place.

The *Camine* contains two frescoes at its entrance, which gave Raphael his inspiration for his "St. Paul Preaching at Athens," and "Loges." They are "Adam and Eve Driven from the Garden," and "St. Paul Visiting St. Peter in Prison." Here is a "Virgin and Child," said to have been painted by St. Luke.

The Church of San Lorenzo is coarse without, but on the inside it is filled with eminence in its decorations and ornaments. For these Michael Angelo obtains credit in part. The Medici here receive renown, a family which practically gained control of Florence and held it for some years. Cosimo, with the title of "Pater Patriae," ruled it as a republic for some time. Giovanni and his wife, Picarda, here have their tombs. And here is erected by Lorenzo and Guitiano de Medici an elegant monument to their father's

memory, and the church contains their own tombs. The work on these monuments is considered fully equal to any work of this kind in Italy. The monuments and the chapel, which they grace, were executed by the clever hand of Angelo.

The Medicean chapel is here and for its frescoes and mosaics is considered the greatest in Florence. The chapel was built for the special purpose of containing the "Holy Sepulchre," which the Tuscan ruler was to steal from Jerusalem. But his treachery was found out when his servants began detaching it from the church. The expense of the marble inlaid walls of this church, decked with many precious stones, is colossal. The mosaic art displayed and the rivaling frescoes of the ceiling, representing the leading events from the creation to the last judgment, are full of value.

The Medici library contains 900 volumes, which rank with any, even those of the Vatican. Here are preserved Dante's most sacred manuscripts, and the finger of Galileo, stolen from his tomb, is here preserved in a bottle.

We must pass by the church of San Marco which contains the celebrated "Crucifix," by Giotto, which attracted all the concourse of people when it was arranged in this chapel. It gave to Giotto a lasting fame.

The Church Santa Novella must be mentioned, since it was called by Michael Angelo, his betrothed. This was once the finest church in Florence, but the restorations have so disfigured it that it has lost the gilt of its charm. Especially it is noted for its fresco paintings by Girlandajo, Michael Angelo's master. One of the chapels contains the crucifix by Brunelleschi, who rivalled Donatello; and the latter seeing it, let his dinner fall from his apron and remarked, "To you it is granted the power of carving figures of Christ, to me that of peasants."

In the church of "San Michael," "San Spirito," and others, there is an intense interest. But in the church of Ognisanti is the tomb of Americus Vespucius, the discoverer of the unrivalled, now unequalled and eagle-crowned America of which we sing:—

> "I love thy rocks and rills,
> Thy woods and templed hills,
> My heart with rapture thrills
> Like that above."

The inhabitants of Florence are a strange mixture of a few in the height of wealth and fashion, loving display and gorgeousness; and a numberless lot of famishing men, women and children existing on crusts and living in alleys. They beg of travelers, and persecute you sometimes till you think the beggar is master over

you. We find cleanliness, but, oh, the cesspools of filth bespeak their poison by their odor. The city is queen in art, and indeed crowded with luxury and beauty of which poets may sing its worth. But the scavengers' banner floats in the midst, with a dirty raggedness, which cannot fail to reveal the real spirit born in its common people. And yet we regard them with Christian kindness and long to see Christ rule here. This city is besieged with little, skinny donkeys, hitched to large, two-wheeled, unpainted carts; and with little, bony horses tugging heavy loads. My visit in Florence was very delightful. Here I met an English family from Devonshire, which had preceded me in the city five days. They made the hotel hours at the "Washington" bright and instructive. This city contains as much to interest the traveler as populous, crowded Rome.

"Contentment and aspiration are in every true man's life."

In Sunny Italy—Mystic Rome.

CHAPTER XII.

IN SUNNY ITALY—MYSTIC ROME.

Impressions of the City—Parliament—Wandering in Rome—The Colosseum—The Forum—The Senate House—Julian's Rostrum—Arch of Titus—The Capitol—Pantheon.

THE land of Romulus and Remus is no longer a fable. The seven hills of Rome are no clouded dreams. The Appian Way is no more a web of thought. Its myths have vanished.

Its dreams are well-wrought mountains. Its Appian Way is a traversed highway. Our eyes have seen, our feet have trod its narrow alleyways. We have scanned its more modern lofty mountains of God's masonry, paraded its much improved, broader, more airy avenues of the 20th century and wondered at its relics of the past.

The capital of Italy, the home of their king, and the chief city, is situated sixteen miles from the mouth of the Tiber and seven bridges here unite its banks. The left bank bearing ancient Rome, the right one holds the modern city. But it is all one in law, customs and order and disorder of its achieving classes.

Its people are of sombre hue, but scheme and

craft hold no second place in their active brains. They look for progress, they seek for enterprise and civilization of the best sort. They will find it, though through a course of many years, for the burden of their population has been, and is, somewhat engrossed in frivolous satiety and deranged belief of satisfaction. Here is grouped a strange mixture of wealth, of purity, of beauty, of good sense, of exquisite taste, and lofty thought; with less separation from the low, the ignorant, the depraved, the vile and insolent, than in any city I have ever known.

You will find an extravagant silk merchant's palace on one of these narrow lanes, surrounded on all sides by lowest hovels of vice, drinking brothels, and an almost naked, starving population. A nice, up-to-date millinery establishment amid a string of lowly kept tenements, is not a novel arrangement in Rome.

In winter time there may be some allowance made, but Rome has none too much pride in the condition of its streets, its habits of gentility, and broad-cultured spirit of assistant friendliness. But some of her inhabitants are superb in business, classic in taste, manners, and well-rounded manhood. That these may increase most rapidly is an anxious wish of Italy's sturdy friends. And we shall wait for their steps to climb upward with the progress of nations, for

once glorious Rome was sunken in the depths of her own sin and corruption. And the resurrection of a nation is much slower than its rising from defeat.

Its schools of Protestant light, and churches of broader view, are finding here toleration, and also real peace and patronage.

The Parliament buildings were the first we found on our initiative walk. They are of fine limestone, large and high, standing on a rise of ground in open space, with wide streets, and it really seems palatial for the crowded city. Then winding through one of the gates of walled Rome, I found something of the boulevards without the city, and the manner of life of some of the poorer classes outside of the walls. I was aware I was alone in a strange world, and that the animated gaze of old and young was turned on me from the repeated remark "Englisee" and "Americano."

The streets of Rome grew, and were not formed happily for a stranger to make his way in. So passing the Exchange building, wandering on through a park and thence seeking my weary way back to the "Marini Hotel," I found large numbers of students wearing the low-crowned silk hat, like the priests, tramping through the streets as though they owned the town, much as our American boys do. Their air

impressed me. "You are alone in a strange city. You ought to have a guide. These walks are not for you." But born with the belief that an American boy has rights anywhere, I showed a little of American independence, and soon I was given my share of the walk and gentlemanly treatment. They looked for fun elsewhere, and meeting afterward each day courtesy continued. But it was growing dark, and the marketers and promenaders were hustling home, some in attire "elegantee." The Italian woman can outdo the American women in gay street dress. Whew! They love it more. It is their ambition to dress. May the good sense of Americans prevail, and spirit, character and comfort always domineer. But I did not reach home. I inquired of several policemen the way to "Hotel Marini," and they smiled and said, "nain tello." A hundred cabmen wanted to take me. They, the policemen, knew where "Hotel Marini" was. But if I had lost myself, I was sure and determined to find myself again. One hour passed and I came to "Plaza Populi," and I found myself, for this is only a little distance from "The Marini." I had been within two rods of the hotel twice on other streets and asked a policeman on the corner for direction. He would not tell me, for he stood in with the cabmen and guides, to extract change from strangers. They think a stranger

has no business to undertake to do Rome without cabmen and guides at their purse strings. But when you know what you want to see, they are very often a nuisance, and one might as well learn his way at once.

Morning came!

"I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once, I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? what has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind; a thousand images,
And I spring up as girt to run a race.
Thou art in Rome! The city that so long
Reigned absolute, the mistress of the world;
The mighty visions that the prophets saw
And trembled; that from nothing, from the least.
The loveliest village (what but here and there
A reed-roofed cabin by a river side.)
Grew into everything; and year by year,
Patiently, fearlessly working her way
O'er brook and field, o'er continent and sea;
Not like the merchant with his merchandise,
Or traveler with staff and scrip, exploring,
But hand to hand and foot to foot through hosts,
Through nations numberless, in battle array,
Each behind each, when the other fell,
Up and in arms, at length subdued them all.
The city that by temperance, fortitude
And love of glory, towered above the clouds,
Then fell; but falling, kept the highest seat,

And in her loneliness, her pomp of woe,
Where now she dwells, withdrawn into the wild,
Still o'er the mind maintained from age to age
Her empire undiminished.
There as though
Grandeur attracted grandeur, are beheld
All things that strike, ennoble from the depths
Of Egypt, from the classic fields of Greece,
Her groves, her temples—all things that inspire
Wonder, delight. Who would not say the forms
Most perfect, most divine, had, by consent,
Flocked thither to abide eternally,
Within those silent chambers where they dwell
In silent intercourse?''

From 1814 to 1848, the popes had power. Then Pius XI. was obliged to flee from Rome. For a year a republic was declared. In 1850, Napoleon III. established papal power and placed an army there for the defense of the Pope. The Italians sought to make Rome the capital in 1860, but the honor was conferred on beautiful Florence. After the war between France and Prussia, 1867, the Italian troops, after five hours bombardment, marched into Rome, and since this time the states of the church have been incorporated at Rome, and Rome has since been the charmed capital.

The Pope, however, has not felt his former freedom since the annexation, and lingers in the Vatican. The former Catholic festivals at St.

Peter's have many of them lost their influence and use. The autocratic spirit is lessened, and it must needs continue to lessen, for breadth of culture demands freedom. Men will be guided, but not controlled. The one Saviour and Intercessor for each of us; seeking to cleanse and lead each individual, is the goal of all enlightened and thus all present and future human beings.

The Colosseum was the first building of Rome's old and tyrant fame, visited. How much the simplest boy and girl have heard and read in story, novel and history, of this bloody place. Our minds are set against its ferocious crimes, cruelties and merry mad-made sports. And you approach the place with the feeling of gory awe. But those days are gone. We must cover their mortal death with a glimpse into future glory, and study things as they are, if we would make the mortal of to-day, and the spirit of coming endlessness to blossom into full richness and fruitage.

Of ancient structures this amphitheatre is the greatest. To honor Titus it engaged 60,000 Jews ten years. But they were disturbed by the feuds of the Middle Ages. When it was consecrated as holy ground, then the ravages of men ceased to annoy the promoters of the enterprise. It was inaugurated in the year 819, and accommodated 87,000 spectators. It is circular

in form, with vast brick, stone, and marble walls, with great massive arches, running three stories into the amphitheatre and absolutely roofless. Underneath are the dens for the starving wild beast's confinement before the contest. Great prisons of stone, barred with stone and rugged with iron, are these. The first story was above these dens and was of Doric architecture and contained eighty arches of gigantic space and thickness. Here the nobility and those whose names were enrolled in the "Golden Book," sat, being protected by a slanting wall extending upward from the arena some twelve feet in height. The second story is Ionic in style and here the knights and their families were seated. The third was Corinthian in construction, and here the common people sat and cheered on the games. Still above the servants and slaves and barbarous crowd could crouch and stand. The outer wall was 157 feet high. The arena where the contests took place is 277x177 feet; and the whole area of the building is six acres.

The arena pavement is caved in now, but over some parts of it the ground is kept as it used to be. Broken columns are lying here and there. The walls are crumbling and have been restored from time to time. The state of the ruins seems to rightly indicate the dying out of the gladiatorial spirit, as well as the almost forever fading

spirit of martyrdom and Christian persecution from our atmosphere of Christian love and self-forgetfulness. Here, where at the dedication of the great building 1820 years ago, 5,000 animals and 10,000 captives were slain, under the cheer of multitudes, is marked to-day with desolation, deathly stillness, mossed and crumbled walls, ghostly dens of emptiness, decaying marble, and no inhabitant but the curious visitor and the prattle of now and then a school boy or girl who through instruction comes here for happy, innocent pleasure. We cannot stay here. We must pass on to some other skeleton of the past, and thus know the present and future more clearly.

"Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
But the bloody gladiator's circus stands
A noble wreck of ruinous perfection,
While Cæsar's chambers and the Augustian halls
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay."

The Roman Forum occupies the ground which was a market place before the founding of mighty Rome, B. C. 853. Here Romulus and Tatius concluded a peace and connected their two cities by a road which became the "Sacred Way." Tullus built a stone senate house and Marcius built his prison, which is now called the Marmatine, adjoining it. This was the Forum's beginning, and primarily its length was three

times its breadth. Butcher's stalls sprang up along the way. But these in time gave way, for the arches and temples which were constructed.

The temple of Castor and Pollux was perhaps one of the finest edifices of this great senate seat. But three columns are now standing of this grand colonnade which was erected 482 B. C. These three columns are the first and most beautiful in Rome's past or present history. It was built on a more lofty foundation than the others and its porches became the platform for speech-making. And here Marcius attacked Sylla and Cato and Metullus and they here had their debate. Here Cicero tells us the steps were torn up for missiles in 58 B. C., when the strife of words became actual warfare. These old orators stopped for nothing. They sought their ends at any cost.

The Temple of Saturn has a singular history. Before the siege of Troy, when unfaithful Jupiter had defeated his father, Saturn, and the Titans in battle, Saturn and his followers threw themselves into the sea to escape Jupiter's victorious band. James, the man of peace, here found Saturn and made way with him, for which reason they were called Latins. The Greek followers of Hercules built an altar to Saturn, and the sacrifices offered here initiated the Greek

carnival "Saturnalia." This temple was built over the altar, a part of the Forum. It was restored from fire by the Roman people, but now only eight columns with their capitals and architraves remain. The front columns are fine gray granite; those at the side are red.

Of the Temple of Vespasian, erected 94 A. D., only three columns remain. The old rostrum in front of this temple was where the orator addressed both Plebeian and Patrician. And here only the old platform remains, where the Patricians and Plebeians carried on their war of words, in the early Republic. Here the heads of Anthony and Octavius were hung up; the bodies of Sylla and Claudius were exposed. Cicero delivered two of his orations to Cataline here, and in the same place his own head and hands were hung up.

The Senate House, built in 680, B. C., for the Patres Conscripti, on the spot where Tarpeia met Tatius, was changed into two churches. Formerly it was an oblong hall, containing rows of seats and a presidential chair. Down these steps Superbus flung the body of Servius Tullius. Here Julius Cæsar was assassinated. No fire was ever built in this senate house. Cicero tells us that at one time it was so cold the senators could not meet. Some old friezes and the foundations of this historic oratorical place still remain.

The Rostrum of Julian is at the end of the Forum proper, and in front of the temple is the tomb of Julius Cæsar. Now the foundation and a ledge of marble only remain, nearly two feet in elevation. It was here that Mark Anthony exposed the dead body of Cæsar when he made that speech, the fame of which will never cease, because it was immortalized by Shakespeare: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!" It seems real and right to linger here a moment. For many times these ringing words have coursed through our beings and set all our nature on fire. Near here Julius Cæsar was cremated, and his ashes seem to have been scattered world-wide, and their fire will ne'er go out.

The Arch of Titus is now standing at the summit of the Sacred Way. And it is memorable in this, that it was erected to commemorate the taking of Jerusalem by Titus. The bas reliefs remain, representing the spoils of the temple, which were the seven golden candlesticks, the golden table, the ark of the covenant, etc. But no one knows where these are, for finger thieves have carried them about from place to place.

"Arches on arches! As it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her trophies in one dome."

The Capitol, founded on the ancient citadel of Rome, has a fronting towards the Forum, quite

well preserved. The present structure is modeled by Michael Angelo, and in its tower, where no one can now enter, hangs the bell which announces the death of the Pope and the call to carnival. Other buildings lie here, and also steps leading down to the Forum.

In its museum we find the bronze group of the wolf nursing Romulus and Remus. Many antique marbles and bronzes appear as you pass on. In the court yard is the colossal statue of Oceanus, and on each side an ancient Egyptian Lion. Hercules' colossal Mars and Jupiter are here. Sarcophagi are found within. One contains the skeleton of a young girl about to be married. The wreath is on the head, the necklace and three rings on the finger, as well as the doll which is usually buried with brides.

Here is the hall of Portland vases, the hall of the Faun, the hall of the Centaurs, and the hall of the Emperors. The "Venus" of the Capitol is one of most exquisite Parian marble, ranking with the best art the world has ever, or ever will, see. Cupid and Psyche, Leda and the Swan are here.

The Hall of the Dying Gladiator is in this museum. The statue stands in the middle of the hall and is really a dying Gaul. This is a Greek work of great worth. The naturalness of the shrinking limbs, relaxing muscles, failing

strength and anguish of face, speak to you in life-like touch of pity. Some one wrote of this fittingly:—

"I see before me the Gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand his manly brow,
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low
And through his side the last drops ebbing flow—
From the red gash fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him; he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won."

Here also is "Juno." Michael Angelo said of this piece: "It is the most beautiful thing in Rome," and here close beside it the noted "Faun" of Praxiteles.

The Pantheon perhaps deserves our earlier attention, since it is one of the most intensely interesting places in all Rome. The Pantheon, built in the year 27 A. D., is in almost complete preservation. Its odd form and its strange bachelor window in the top, and its simplicity of construction altogether give one a complete surprise. Its circular form, called rotunda, is 132 feet in diameter, and its height measures the same. It receives light only by the round aperture in the center of the roof which is never covered from stars or storm or sunshine. The bronze doors are the heavy ones that served it

formerly. The portico was added after its completion, and is 110 feet long, 44 inches deep, containing 16 magnificent columns of granite. This building was intended for the statues of great men. It is not used as such. It would have been better had it thus continued. It now gives one the impression of being a church with its numerous altars and crosses, the women kneeling before these altars, and the one chief platform directly opposite the entrance has the finishings, the paintings, the frescos which give you that feeling. But the tramp on the huge blocked, marble floor, the careless speech of visitors, the rain pouring through the open dome and the general unfitness of things with no regular ordained service, speak otherwise. And it is not a church. It is not a pantheon. For it lacks the representations of the earth's greatest men; and yet, it is to us all, a gem. It is a sacred place. Here we worship in a human sense the immortal "Raphael," whose bones lie in the third open chapel from the door in a marvelous tomb. In 1833 the tomb was opened, the identity of the remains proven, and a cast taken of the skull and hand.

Also Victor Emanuel was laid here in a beautiful tomb Jan. 20, 1878. And, too, the lately murdered King Humbert, of Italy, was entombed here August 9, 1900.

The frescoes are very scarce, the sculptures very few. But one stands over Raphael's tomb. It was his precious gift to this historic place. It is the "Madonna," executed by Lorenzette for him.

We must say finis, but will continue in Rome.

"Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear.

"Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more."

Still in Mighty Rome.

CHAPTER XIII.

STILL IN MIGHTY ROME.

Paul's Prison House—St. Maria Sopra Minerva—St. Pietro in Vinculo—St. Maria Maggiore—St. Paul's—St. Peter's—The Vatican—The Catacombs—Appian Way.

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not flee;
He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew."

IN this city we are sharply reminded, by sacred writ, that the majestic divine, scholastic master, St. Paul, had many struggles, contentions and imprisonments. And so, much of sacred story has here its center. While in prison here the first time, about 62 or 63, Paul wrote the Philippians, the Colossians and Ephesians. Second Timothy and the epistle to the Hebrews were written from Rome, and likely while Paul was dungeoned here the last time. Rome was Paul's enemy. It was the place to him dear, also, from the mighty outpourings of divine wisdom as well. It was a city which he did not hesitate to attack, and trust the divine hand to work out His own glory and Paul's secure safety. It is here that

impulsive and aggressive Peter was crucified, head downwards. We have marked some of these points. It is a privilege to be in Rome and tread reverently over these places of past heroism. But we must now turn to our continued letter.

Rome is a city of churches. They contain much of its best art and sculpture. But one Gothic Catholic church is found here.

St. Maria Sopra Minerva is builded in sight of the temple of Minerva and contains many things of interest. In the first chapel at the right stands the baptismal font of Baciccio. Beyond is the chapel of the "Annunciation," which was designed by Maderno and is richly decorated and very graceful. The altar pictures are from Angelico's pupils. "The Last Supper" by Baciccio is one of this group. At the left of the high altar stands Michael Angelo's famous "Christ," with drapery very modern. On the opposite side stands St. John the Baptist, by Obici. In the corridor leading to the church are several monuments of cardinals. The structure is ancient, neat, airy, light, and altogether presents a pleasant view.

Saint Peter in Chains, built in 442, but restored in 1705, has three aisles, twenty Doric columns of Greek marble and two of granite which support the center arch. Here in the right aisle

as you enter is the celebrated masterpiece of statuary, "Moses," in sitting posture, by Michael Angelo. It is said to be the best sculpture in all the world. But it is laughable to see the imitation of "Moses" on one of the fountains of the city. The unsuccessful effort warns us to beware of imitations. But here we saw the chains which are said to have bound Peter. But tradition makes many boasts here, and this is not a day of traditions, but facts. But these are kept in a special closet, carefully guarded, and help to make this place important to tourists.

St. Maria Maggiore was built in 432 and was enriched with marble and stuccos, the front having been restored by Benedict XIV. The two orders of columns are first Ionic and then Corinthian. It has three aisles and 36 Ionic columns of white marble. It contains a beautiful statue of Pope Leo, by Guidi. But the ceiling of this church is the pride of Rome, and a lasting joy to all Americans. It is of fine gilt, made from the first gold ever sent over from America by Christopher Columbus. He sent it to Ferdinand and Isabella. They presented it to Pope Alexandria for this purpose. It was very delightful to hear the guide explain this to a man with a soft hat, and then to have him ask you if you were not an American. "Backsheesh, eh?"

The fine American church covering one of the

central and principal corners in the city, makes an imposing appearance in Catholic Rome. You wonder how it was ever erected there. All at once you feel at home. And looking back upon the Methodist and all other friends of the institution you thank everyone for every penny of self-sacrifice given to this noble structure. And you prize more than ever the faithfulness of the missionaries as well as their sagacity. It is doing the work assigned it, and is bound to revolutionize more rapidly than in any other way, the old stoic Catholicism of Italy and Europe. It gives Protestants a sure footing. It commands the respect of the Romans.

St. Paul's Church, founded by Constantine, rebuilt by Valentinan II., Theodosius and Arcadius, burned in the year 1823, Leo II. ordered it to be rebuilt and made Poletti the architect, who with some others, brought the great building of Greek columns to completion. The bell tower of travertine, its northerly facade of mosaic, with figures seven metres high; the pediment containing the "Saviour on the Throne," and seated at the base, St. Peter and St. Paul, the frieze where it represented the Divine Lamb and some sheep, etc., remind one of its greatness. And here we must leave it, referring the reader to Piale's book for special study.

St. Peter's is the church of Rome. It needs

hours of careful writing to give it decent courtesy in description. We cannot take time nor space. The approach is most imposing. Great colonnades with hundreds of columns open to you in shape of a horse-shoe and on beyond on the toe-calk of the shoe you see massive steps leading up to its great, grand entrance. It must be forty rods from where you enter the bending, four-rowed colonnade ere you reach the steps which lead up to it.

It stands on the old circus ground of Nero. The arena could not afford him enough of cruelty, so the tyrant had private grounds, and massacred here thousands of Christians. In a grotto underneath lie their bodies and St. Peter's remains are deposited with them. Will Nero and his Christian martyrs have justice shown them? Will the resurrection of the just and unjust be the same? Is there punishment for the wicked? Is there mercy for the just? These are some of the questions that came pouring through my mind as I approached the place.

In memory of Peter, Constantine built here a temple or Basillica with five aisles, and in the 15th century it approached ruin. Nicholas V. decided that for the prince of apostles he would build a magnificent temple. He trusted the work to Rossellion and Leon Batt. This Pope died and the work was passed on to several others

until it came into the hands of the world's wonderful designer, Michael Angelo, who adopted as a model the Greek cross and designed the cupola, likely after the Pantheon of Rome; for it is of the same dimensions as the Pantheon. Angelo did not live to complete it. C. Maderno finished it in the form of a Latin cross. The facade and portico are by Maderno, and are a work of no meagre architect. This building was 176 years in building, cost $50,000,000, requires $30,000 a year to keep it up, covers an area of 240,000 square feet. The facade is of travertine with eight columns, four pilasters of the Corinthian order, seven galleries, six niches and an attic terminated by thirteen colossal statues representing Jesus and the Apostles. This, when lighted by 5,000 torches on the evening of Easter, must produce a most beautiful effect.

The celebrated fresco called the "Boat of St. Peter's" meets you at the entrance of the church. On the bronze doors you find a representation of the tradition of Christ handing over the keys to St. Peter. The interior presents three naves 613 feet long and the transept is 417 feet wide. The middle nave is 82 feet wide and 142 feet high. There are four magnificent arches on each side of the principal nave. These are profusely decorated. The pavement is of inlaid marble of different designs. Just before you reach the con-

fessional you find a statue in bronze of St. Peter. Beneath the dome of the confessional you find the tomb of St. Peter.

In the chapel of Piety you find the Madonna with the dead Christ in her lap, by Michael Angelo, and many others we cannot mention.

In the Sebastine, you find on the altar the martyrdom of St. Sebastian in fine mosaic. In the chapel of the Holy Sacrament you find the picture representing the Trinity.

The Gregorian chapel was dedicated to the Virgin and was designed by Michael Angelo. Here lies the body of Gregory, and here is found a beautiful picture, "Michael, the Archangel," from Guido Reni. The chair of St. Peter, the adornment designed by Michael Angelo, is behind the confessional. Four gigantic statues in bronze bear up a bronze chair within which is enclosed the supposed chair of St. Peter.

On the left we find the Clementine choir. And then the Presentation and Baptismal font chapels which contain elegant frescoes, statues, tombs and sacred ornaments of untold worth.

Down in the crypts are numerous relics and treasures. The Vatican Sacristy is elegant. The cupola is marvelous in its altitude, its decoration. It enchants the eye. It expands the mind. It lifts the soul. Forgetting the earth, we rise to heights sublime and sit down sixteen

in number in the little bronze ball, and our wonder is complete and a thought of satisfaction sweeps over us.

"But thou of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee."

* * * * * * * *

"Enter, its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal and can only find
A fit abode wherein appears enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow."

The Vatican is so full of chapels, filled with so many beautiful pieces of statuary and painting that here I must curb my pen, lest I tire you. This was commenced in 352, when the Pope built a house where once stood the house of Nero, the hero in "Quo Vadis." Charlemagne in 800 and Celestine III. 1192, pushed on the work, and it became the official home of the Popes at the return of Gregory XI. from exile in Avignon, 1377. The halls and buildings were extended from time to time to the castle by Alexander V. and his successor. The Popes availed themselves of such men as Raphael, Logori, Dom, Fortuna and Bemini and added to the pile of buildings

until it has become a stupendous palace. It has over 4,000 rooms, eight grand staircases, not including the "golden stairs," 200 small stair cases and twenty court yards.

We will now open the immense bronze doors and view the magnificent equestrian statue of Constantine, and now the royal golden stairs are at our feet. Turning to the right we enter the Sistine Chapel, built by Sixtus IV., 1473, from the designs of Pintelli. Michael Angelo depicted on the vault "The Creation," "The Fall," "The Deluge," "The Brazen Serpent," "Punishment of Haman," "David and Goliath," "Judith and Holofernes," with the work of many worthy artists in between is finished with a climax of the "Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo.

The Sala Regia is fine and the Pauline Chapel by Paul III. follows, which contains the six grand frescoes by Michael Angelo. But these are much damaged. They represent the "Conversion of St. Paul," and the "Crucifixion of St. Peter," etc.

We now skip by five fine chapels, and at the "Stanza," we enter four large halls decorated with large frescoes by Raphael and his pupils. "The Dispute" is probably his chief work here. In the Hall of Signature we find Raphael's "Theology," or Dispute of the Holy Sacrament, also "Parnassus with the Muses." The Hall of

Heliodorus contains the finest frescoes in the world. That from which the room takes its name represents Heliodorus driven from the temple for sacrilege. This was designed by Raphael just before his death and had to be finished by his pupils. Here in the Loggie of the Vatican are forty-eight Old Testament subjects by Raphael.

The gallery of pictures formed by Pius VIII. contains a valuable collection. Among these are "St. Jerome," by Leonardo da Vinci; "St. John the Baptist," by Guercino; "The Annunciation," "Adoration of the Kings," and the "Presentation," and the one celebrated "Transfiguration" upon Mt. Tabor by Raphael.

The Library of the Vatican is quite large, containing 130,000 books. The Hall of the Greek Cross contains the two magnificent colossal statues from Egypt of red porphyry. Then there is the hall of the muses, of animals, of statues, of busts, of cabinets, and of masks, and on and on, almost without number. One could not take in what these chapels contain in a life time. What a grand covering of cheer these old halls seem to be for this awful place. They are so elevating, we forget about the blood of thousands, staining the soil for fathoms deep beneath, who fell by the tyranny of Nero. But yet the blood of Christ speaketh better things, brighter scenes,

and a complete absorption of the guilt of the soul.

"All things that strike ennoble—from the depths
Of Egypt, from the classic fields of Greece,
Her graves, her temples—all things that inspire
Wonder; delight!"

The Catacombs are one of the freaks of the early Romans, but the separate ones comprise a commonality such that if you have seen one you have seen all. I visited three, and it was time well spent. Two of the smaller ones were the tombs of Scipio and Sebastian. They contain depths of numerous burial places. But they lack steps, good walls and have their descent by steep grade. There is little regularity and they are not kept in repair.

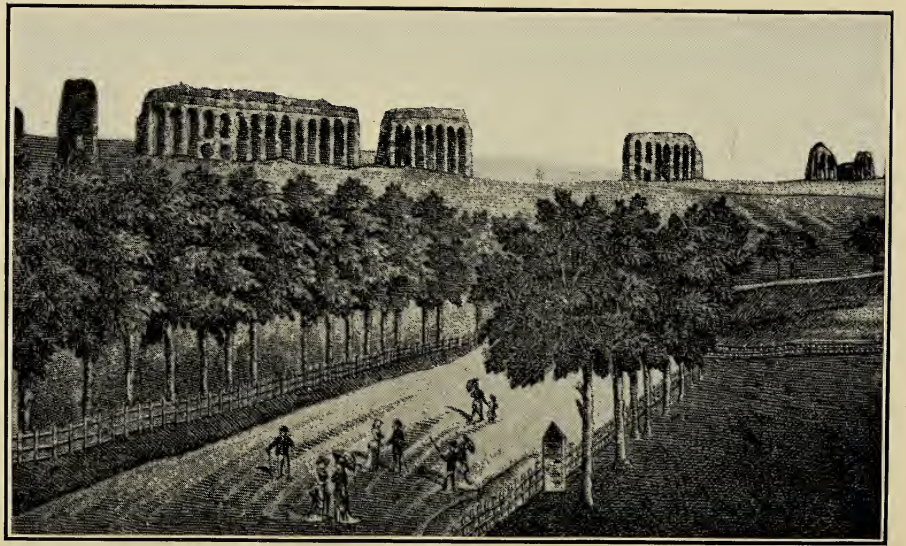
But the Catacombs of St. Callisto are the largest. They are laid out like the streets of a modern city, every tomb in its place, and all the place is crowded with tombs both for adults and children. Fourteen Popes and 17,000 Christians are buried here. St. Cecelia has a beautiful marble sarcophagus, with elegantly raised relief figures surrounding it, of angelic nature. On the cover is her large reclining statue, clean and bright, by the master sculptor. In all of the tombs are twelve illustrations of the Sacrament, in very crude red and blue penciling, but thou-

sands of years old, they are yet quite distinct in outline.

This city of tombs is three stories high and covers an indefinite area running up into the acres. The early Christians, when persecuted, assembled to celebrate the mysteries of religion and to dedicate themselves in prayer. They buried their dead and deposited their martyrs in large spaces made in the walls on purpose, and near each body in the excavation was found the instrument of torture by which they were forced to cruel and innocent death.

Perhaps a moment will make clear to you the shape and location of the tombs. Imagine yourself by the side of a stone wall seven feet high on either side, with three feet of walking space; the walls of division for a large chapel tomb for a family divide these spaces every seven feet. At the bottom is a space five and one-half feet long, one and one-half feet high, and two feet deep, sealed with a marble slab inscribed and figured. Above this another and another until all the space is filled with bodies. This covers acres of ground, and is three stories deep, one city above another.

The largest tombs of wealthy people, which are made of finest marble, grandly covered with figures in relief, lie in one of these chapels; their hair and ornaments appear and they are yet un-



APPIAN WAY

known. But some genius will yet discover their names. For we live in an age when, if one sets himself determinedly to find out things, somehow, after hard, continuous labor, it springs into life and definite knowledge.

I was on the gaudy "Appian Way" with a fine turnout, one afternoon, in solitary lordship. The very stones beneath my carriage wheels were as gold, and the stucco walls at my right and left were as enclosed drapery; the golden sun was gilding everything with brightness and a glowing warmth. The fresh breeze, freighted with enough of moisture, and tinged with enough of the Arctic to give one vigor and erectness, was a princely pleasure for one half day. One eminent thing that met our eyes was the little stone church called "Quo Vadis," from which the famous book was named. The English people are just awakened to the value of this book and are reading it in many of their homes.

"A talent is perfected in solitude; a character in the stream of the world."

"I have a room wherein no one enters save I
myself alone;
There sits a blessed memory on the throne,
There my life centers."

Naples.

CHAPTER XIV.

NAPLES.

THE trip from Rome to Naples was very slow, winding up and down the mountains, but the scenery is full of changes and delights. I was happily located at Parker's Hotel, on the sublime heights of Naples, above fever or pest. Here we were highly entertained, and by their freedom and cordial welcome, you knew you were an honored American guest.

At the table I met four American ladies from St. Louis and there seemed to be a kindred spirit at once. This I can say, American girls honor Americans when they meet abroad. But as soon as dinner was over, a "bon journey" was the traveler's farewell salute, for I left the next morning for Brindisi ere they could see daylight. But now music of tambourine, guitar, banjo, mandolin, violin and voices were heard in the spacious landing halls and parlors. Out of the dining hall the large number of guests meandered, and for one straight hour we were entertained by natives in costume and movements grand. Their singing was Italian songs, in Italian style, and yet very good vocal harmony.

But this first night and day in Naples I did

not gather a very good opinion of the people or city. It was rainy. The cabmen tormented me to death in teasing me to ride. They cracked their whips loudly on every side; they stop on the street and banter with each other and yourself on prices. Their horses are little runts, but fitted for the hills and stones of Naples. Every child wanted backsheesh. And coaching men on the street wanted to run you into every mean hole in the city. Some of the women on the street were very solicitous and I wondered where the modesty and dignity of my own mother and friends could have been so beautifully fostered as to have evoluted to such complete womanhood. America has her evils, but it is on the incline, not on the descent. The true are brave, the untrue are marked by public scorn. The low are lifted by the Christian counsels, which act as our Saviour spoke, when he said, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

But come to find out, this was a holiday at Naples. Every day is not like this. And I was very glad to visit the place again in April, on my return, for three beautiful, sunshiny days, and find the atmosphere much better morally as well as the city itself.

I found many views that were glorious and grand. The Heights are simply elegant, with

the coiling roads leading one up higher and higher among magnificent hotels, grand residences along an electric street car line, with a most charming view over the nicely sheltered bay of Naples. Then to watch from the heights the unceremonious belching forth and the curious smoke of Vesuvius, one seems never to tire. The old convent, now a castle, at the summit of the city, always charms the eye. The Museum has a grand display of things of wide interest. the Aquarium has some of the rarest specimens of fish I ever witnessed. Vesuvius and the climb to the crater are ventures one delights in. Pompeii is a wonder before you have seen the ruins in Egypt and Palestine. The ruins of this city hold in their wreck so much of history and story and tragedy that we visit them and hate to turn away. Pompeii has a museum of curiosities, and a depth of study in its excavations, but there is not much variety or grandeur in its walls or temples. No one who sees Naples should fail to see Pompeii. And no one who sails the water's coast of Naples should fail to see Capri and its rainbow cavern.

Naples, like other Italian cities, has some fine buildings and avenues. But its streets for the most part are narrow, dirty and poorly populated.

"In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee."

"Knowest thou a land where the lemon trees bloom,
Where gold orange glows in the thickest gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from blue heaven blows
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?"

Greece the Mother of Arts—
Athens.

CHAPTER XV.

GREECE THE MOTHER OF ARTS—ATHENS.

"Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence."
"The olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick warbled notes the summer long."

IT may be in place to mention a few facts of Greece. All of Greece embraces only 19,945 square miles, about the same area as Vermont and New Hampshire combined. Along the coast snow is seldom seen and the winters are of very short duration. The storms are rain and wind. The soil is very mountainous and stony, and for the most part untillable; yet they raise the finest of olives, oranges, lemons, figs, bananas and grapes for wine. Many bees are kept, and an abundance of beautiful honey is found everywhere.

Here we find a population of 2,000,000 of people, 500,000 of whom reside in Athens and vicinity. So Athens, Piraeus, Corinth and a few other towns constitute its inhabitants. The inland is so mountainous that no one but a few old soldiers, clad in their war dress of white tights, with short, white skirts, being supported by the government, dare attempt to eke out an

existence here. They raise now and then a stray lamb or chicken and bring it to market alive, with its legs tied, strung over their shoulders. It seems most crude and cruel, but this is the way pigs, calves, turkeys, etc., are brought to market, in Piraeus and Athens at least.

The history of Athens is the history of Greece. And it contains much that is most emphatic in history, art, philosophy and science, poetry and war. Socrates, Plato, Pericles, Demosthenes, Themistocles, Homer, Sappho and Athena would rival the world almost. And thus their history, after an evolution of nearly 3,000 years, seems to us a miracle.

When sculpture and painting and oratory were the roads to success, then the men of Greece pursued this line of work to the bitter end. Now that business and intrigue are the road to success, the Grecians push their way unsullied and unscrupulous.

The Old Stadium of the Grecian games is receiving a thorough and unique restoring, through the generous gift of M. George Avevoff, an old Grecian, who elsewhere made his fortune. Here during the ancient Athenian festivities, the Olympic games were held before a crowd of 60,000 people.

Two long, parallel hills, meeting at one end, form this natural amphitheatre, around which

in regular order the wide, marble seats are builded, leaving in the center the play ground. The Stadium was placed in Athens in the year 350 B. C. by Lycurgus, the great orator. The games for many years were not held here, and this Olympic field seemed to decay. In 1896, the famous games in which our own American boys took part and carried off the majority of the prizes and glory, seemed to inspire a new spirit and restore the athletic soul. And now every four years they have the international games, and every four years the national games alternately, giving thus an extensive exhibition every two years. The rally of 1896 called forth the spirit of one of the old residents and friends of Greece, and now many thousands of dollars are being given for the renovation and complete repair of the amphitheatre in solid marble. The old sports, consisting of discus throwing, weight pulling, lifting and wrestling are made modern and adapted to the twentieth century needs.

The Temple of Jove comes next in regular order as we are winding around from the Stadium to the Acropolis. At a remote period, the Athenians built a temple to Jupiter Olympus, which, according to Thucydides, was situated on the south of the citadel. The temple was Ionic, builded by Dacallion of Thessaly, who was son of Prometheus, who by tradition, was warned of

Jove and miraculously saved from a deluge in his own boat, erected this temple in Jove's honor, 530 B. C.. The building now presents a few peristyle columns which give the visitor an idea of what the building must have been. It was 359x178 feet, having a double file of sixteen columns on the side and triple eight columns on the ends. These are fully twenty feet high and six feet in diameter at the base, and of solid marble. This is a magnificent relic of the ancients' devotion to the unknown gods.

We reach now the Triumphal Gate of Hadrian. Its beautiful Corinthian columns are fallen, but inscriptions written on the support of the pillars mark the division of the city of Theseus from that of Hadrian, and serve to recall the many noble deeds of Hadrian of Athens.

To the memory of Lysicrates or "Lamp of Demosthenes," we come next. It is in the street of Tripods at the northern end of the Acropolis. Here it is that the victories were gloriously celebrated. And in whatever combat they strove, in dancing, music, wrestling, oratory, they had dedicated here a Tripod. Offerings were sometimes put on houses or on monuments, but Lysicrates' monument is the only one left in this place and was erected 355 B. C. by himself. The architecture and sculpture of this is very excellent and on the top is an urn which used to be

called the "Lamp of Demosthenes." This is an octagonal marble temple and is about twelve feet high and five feet in diameter.

The Theater of Dionysius, or "Bacchus," we next approach just under the brow of the Acropolis. The ancients here sang songs and drank their wines, entering into untold festivities and debauches. This theatre was begun by Pisistratus, and was only finished by Lycurgus 120 years later, 336 B. C.

It is a circle, seated with poric stone and could accommodate 3,000 people. The stones are inscribed on the inside of the circle with the names of deities, and priests worshiped there. The reliefs are facing the orchestra and represent Satyrs, and immense marble blocks sustain the sides, making a wall no less than five feet thick.

In this temple are the relief statues of "Atlas" bearing the world on his shoulder, and the statue of the clown, or fool, who was always present at their theatricals. Tragedies and comedies were largely attended here and in history Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes have their names largely represented as actors as well as attendants.

The Aesculapian Temple is near at hand, and here this hero and ancient physician was worshiped, and serpents and symbols of a new life were largely represented.

The Odeum of the Herodes lies now in our way, a temple built in honor of Regilla, his deceased wife. Herod amassed great wealth for his times and generously bestowed it on his own house and the public buildings in Athens. This structure is of massive marble blocks, with mosaic floor, having a diameter of 240 feet. It was covered with a roof of cedar, and used for song and theatricals. It contained most elegant statues of Herod and Regilla, which are now broken and extinct.

The Acropolis is the highest part of the town, as the word signifies, and is in elevation 150 feet. It is an immense, almost solid rock of limestone. It was the whole city, or nearly, at one time, and was always, as now, the defense of the town. All its sides are abrupt by nature, except one, and this is made so by a mighty wall. The approach, propylæum, was formerly 160 feet wide. Pericles put here a magnificent structure, forming a safe and divided gateway. Five gates were here for entrance. The center one for the royalty, one on either side for the dignitaries of the common people, and the others on the outside for the servile class. Six Ionic columns, double-rowed, elegantly divided the entrance.

On through these gates, and you find another, fitted out with six immense columns of Doric style. This entrance, with its gorgeous steps

ACROPOLIS

leading upward, is imposing and royal in its grandeur.

The royal entrance passed by the temple of Athena on the right and Erectheum on the left, just as you pass the gateway and enter upon the broad, rocky platform of the Acropolis.

The Parthenon stands at the landing, imposing, and taking the chief place of the citadel. It is built of large blocks of Pentelic marble carefully laid, not one of its foundations even to-day are an inch from plumb line. It is 227 feet in length and 110 feet in width and its columns six feet at the base, rise 34 feet high. The columns are Doric, forming a corridor, and number sixteen on each side and eight at the ends. But at both extremities there is an inner row of six columns, rising from the end of the cella, and forming with their prolonged walls the first entrance.

The Parthenon was erected by Pericles and finished in the year 436 B. C. Enough of it now remains to fill the mind with wonder and give an unerring idea of its form, appearance and grandeur. It cost nearly $3,000,000. This structure was cut into two divisions, the lesser called the episthodome, where was kept the public treasury. The other part has for many years been destroyed, but was supported by sixteen gigantic columns. The friezes on the ends represent the races, faces of heroes, gods, ceremonies

of the temple, battles, chariots in race, etc. In the center stood the colossal statue of beautiful and great Minerva, covered with gold and ivory, the temple being dedicated sublimely to that goddess, who was the tutelary deity of the Athenians.

The Parthenon remained in good repair until 1687, when occurred the Venetian siege. Then a huge magazine in the center of the building tore its roof and laid low a great part of this costly temple. Then they began to carry away its contents, Lord Elgin taking 200 feet of the frieze to the British Museum as a later steal.

One is not disappointed in this historic place. It is better than the descriptions, grander than its embellished pictures by artists, more historic than many books. It is more sublime than the goddess' son of its merits.

The Erectheum is a building decidedly irregular, but elegant and grand in a marked degree. The perfection of its outlines has been the admiration of all ages and it continues to-day to charm the eye of the beholder, and deck the collection of views of the camera fiend. The date of its erection is unknown, but it was most likely commenced between the Persian and Peloponnesian wars, and was burned by the Persians and left in its original form. But this present temple was gracefully builded on the

first foundation and was finished 408 B. C. One thing peculiar to this temple is its three porches, graced by three colonnades, finely pillared and decorated, looking in different directions from the border walls of the Acropolis.

The part forming Athena Polias is most important, since it contains the wooden statue of the goddess Athena in a sitting posture. No statue in all Athens is so venerated with both age and worship as this stupendous, charming figure. It has a majesty surrounding it which in part explains its great attractive power, since no one knows where the statue came from. Alas! How many on earth might be wonders if mystery might surround their origin!

Here the sacred lantern of eternal light was kept planted in the plan of Athena's olive tree and now luxuriously grows the olive branch from the old root before the perishing statue.

The northern portico is beautiful, indeed, graced with columns of peristyle virgins standing in different postures, some few of which have been restored. The third entrance on the south is composed of figures of marble women, dressed in long garments, bearing up the immense roof. These carry pitchers of water during the Panthenea procession, representing the daughters of Metics, whose custom it was to bring parasols and pitchers of water to these sacred festivals

These six caryatides represent the most beautiful women of Caria.

The sacred olive tree above mentioned was found in the division of the temple of Pandrossos, and marks the historic strife of Athena and Poseidon for possession and rule of the city.

Poseidon offered a flowing fountain as his love for the city, and Athena offering the evergreen olive-tree of life, as a token of her love, gained the crown which, though imaginative, still lives in the hearts of the Athenians. Her statue was built up into the vault seventy feet high and her long spear and helmet could be seen at great distances, to remind the people of their protecting goddess.

The interior of the Acropolis was filled with innumerable statues of gods and goddesses, and every corner contained the monument of some great and royal deity. Pericles, visiting the city, exclaimed in his royal pride, "O, Athens, divine city of our glory.!"

From this majestic, god-like summit, one beholds the whole city at his feet, sees the swaying crowds course the main thoroughfares or wander in its crooked lanes. You behold its modern university with pride, its fine hotels, the president's palace, and the late palatial homes of Greece's moneyed men, with pleasure. You look upon the old and common clay hut of the major-

ity of its poor and comfortless population, glad to know the truth, though it quells the city's present glory in your loyal estimation.

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of love and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung,
Eternal summer gilds thee yet,
But all except their sun it set."

"And where are they? And where art thou,
My country? On the voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?"

" 'Tis something in the dearth of fame
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear."

"Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we blush? Our fathers bled.
Earth renders back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartans dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylae!"

The Areopagus, or "Mars Hill," from whence Paul gave that wonderful address, which of all sermons is most eloquent, opportune and fitting, is now opposite the citadel's gate, and north of the Acropolis a stone's throw. Here

the mighty Jew and transformed Gentile was ordered by the judges to appear and speak for himself as to his new doctrine of Christ, and the miracles which had caught the people of Athens and secured a few followers. And he spoke as if sent from God, boldly, wisely, tactfully. Acts 17:22-31: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For, as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, 'To the unknown god,' whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship; him I declare unto you."

I climbed the stone steps over which he had passed and stood in the place so sacred to the memory of all Bible students, where Paul gave the gospel in reply to the Sophists of Athens. And places are nothing. Associations make places. This is also the point where the Persians attacked the citadel. It also served as the camp of the Amazons while they were attacking the fortress of Theseus. And yet it is only a steep, bold rock of hard granite, of irregular shape, and just as nature formed it save some ugly steps leading to it. It contains a surface of one acre perhaps, and here the Athenian women climbed up and spread their clothes to dry on the very summit as I was going away. It is thought nothing of here. It is treated as a common field, with not even a wall or fence to protect it.

But its commonness made the place seem more beautiful to me. It represents the real.

Near here is the Pnyx hill which bears the ruins of an ancient forum where Demosthenes delivered his speeches of eloquence and wisdom. The famous platform is still to be seen and consists of a stone block eleven feet square, and along the sides of this hill are the cave prisons of Socrates, in which he is said to have been imprisoned, and guards keep the doors and shield the crude but sacred places of the man's suffering.

The Temple of Theseus is below the Acropolis, down in the border of the city dwellings, on Gramecus Hill. It was built in this hallowed place by the Athenians out of their respect for this god hero. Centuries after his death his ashes were brought to this beautiful, strong temple, deposited, the doors walled up and none are able to enter since. The temple was builded 464 B. C., and is magnificently well preserved with its columns, friezes, domes and prodromes.

The metopes are covered with warlike deeds of Theseus and Hercules. The latter has in these the first place according to the constant wish of Theseus towards his dear friend.

It is carnival time in Athens now, the last of February. The people are preparing for one grand promenade for each Sabbath, and on

every side you hear drums and tambourines and see flocks of girls and boys, young men and women, masked in all colors, of all kinds of cut and figured garments, false faces, formed for drill, preparatory to the Sunday jubilee march. Each night the dance halls are crowded, with masked and unmasked people dancing to the most hideous music, more poorly played, with little or no order anywhere. But crowds sit in the galleries and throw rolls of various brightly-tinted paper, decking and entangling their friends as they glide about in time with the music. Athens is full of people for this two weeks' religious carnival and you meet on every side masked couples and companies going to and fro, in and out of the restaurants, carrying out all things in high glee.

Athens is fast becoming Americanized or Europeanized and Americans are at home in this city. Several Americans have stores here. The hotels are "Anglican," and cater to the English almost exclusively. I found the "Angleterre" a fine, home-like place, and the service was not only first-class, but English enlarged. I met here several newly-made friends from England, America and Scotland. These proved to be not only pleasant but very profitable in imparting knowledge and directing our sight-seeing.

Among my newly-made acquaintances was an

American fellow in love, and vice versa, with an English maiden, who was attended by a widowed mother. They sat directly opposite, and when the tide was high they had no use for me and the fine English gentleman at the head of the table. But when the tide was out, as it always happens with such dead lovers, they had no use for each other, but fled to us for refuge from the embarrassing silence. Well, I have learned from travel that one love-couple can furnish merriment for the whole crowd, and the crowd are delightfully fond of the entertainment. But "there are others" who entertain themselves and furnish very little folly for the world's watchful eye.

"When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith."

"But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The petty follies that themselves commit."

Constantinople.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Voyage from Athens—Picture from the Sea-Stroll in Pera—Mosque of Saint Sophia—Cistern of a Thousand Columns—Hippodrome—Fountains—Obelisk of Theodoseus—Serpentine Column — Museum of Janissaries — Bazars — Museums—The Last Afternoon in Constantinople—The Pony Ride.

THE voyage from Athens to this metropole city was full of interest although our ship fought gallantly with the seas for some thirty hours.

We passed by the ancient and famous literary city of Rhodes so beautifully situated on the classic island. Ephesus was so far to our right that we could scarcely discern its outlines, but we were reminded of its Pauline scenes, the great "Diana of the Ephesians," and other historic imports. But with a glance, we were compelled to move on and could not anchor at Smyrna, because of the quarantine for the plague. We passed in good view of the important island of Patmos where John had his vision and wrote the indisputable and miraculous book of Revelation. Then driving on in the midst of the storm we could see Mytelene, the birth-place and home of

Sappho, the greatest of Grecian poetesses, and I thought of some of her wonderful songs of courage and love for her countrymen. The skies cleared somewhat as we entered the Dardanelles and came to Abydos, of which Leander and Byron had some strife, and the latter sang this humorous verse:—

"If, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember)
To cross the stream, broad Hellespont."

"If, when the wintry tempest roared,
He sped to Hero nothing loth,
And thus of old thy current poured,
Fair Venus, how I pity both."

"For me, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch
And think I've done a feat to-day."

"But since he crossed the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo—and Lord knows what beside,
And swam for love as I for glory,"

" 'T'were hard to say who fared the best.
Sad mortals! thus the gods still plague you;
He lost his labor, I my jest,
For he was drowned and I've the ague."

Still on we swept as the drenching morning rain poured down in torrents upon the gay city of minarets and towers. Now we see the city noted for its approaching beauty in its several

divisions, Stamboul, Scutari, Galatia and Pera. Scutari is in Asia Minor, and presents a most imposing picture from the Bosphorus. You would imagine from its receding elevation and its towers, its forest of white, graceful minarets and imposing mosques that you had reached the city of splendor and perhaps a modern Paradise. But when you land in a pouring rain you think the city built on the slant of hills is a wash-pot of filth, a narrow-laned, packed sham of a city. You will continue your latter decision to a considerable degree even when the golden sun has decked its minarets and shed its pure rays through the cracks of its wooden, out of plumb, unpainted homes. Yet some fine public buildings stand in this improving city.

After some hours of searching by physicians to see if any plague existed, we landed at Pera. "The Cooks" had to take time, but sent us through the custom house and passport office without a search or scarcely a look. A shilling saves dollars' worth of annoyance and delay here. Landed in a carriage with a gentleman born and brought up in the Transvaal of Africa, we rode in our carriage to our palace. I counted 150 yellow, grey, scavenger, scurvy canines on my way to the Bristol Hotel, three-quarters of a mile. All of the journey was a steep uphill, down which narrow streets the water was

pouring, as in a raceway. Reaching the main street on the top of the hill the scene was changed. Pera is European and many of its people are English and American. Its buildings —like its people—are modern, neat, convenient, and apace with the times. Here the foreign embassadors have their palaces and gardens, and they are not only numerous but make this part of the city real and undisappointing. The fine hotels look from this lofty point over the city with a panoramic scope. They afford comfort, light, large rooms, fine service, good food and pure air.

Here we were situated on the second floor of the Bristol in its front room, which separated the rooms of the Transvaal friends who came from Athens with us. They had weeks to spend here for hours of my own, so although I felt comfortable and much at home, I had no time for friendship's golden hours.

Indulging in the extravagance of a fine guide by the name of Joseph de Paruta, who in two days conducted me to every quarter and every important place in this immense city, founded in 658 B. C. by Byzas, and largely continued and builded long after by Constantine, which now numbers nearly 1,000,000 in population.

Pera, Stamboul, and Scutari are three towns quite distinct, situated on three promontories,

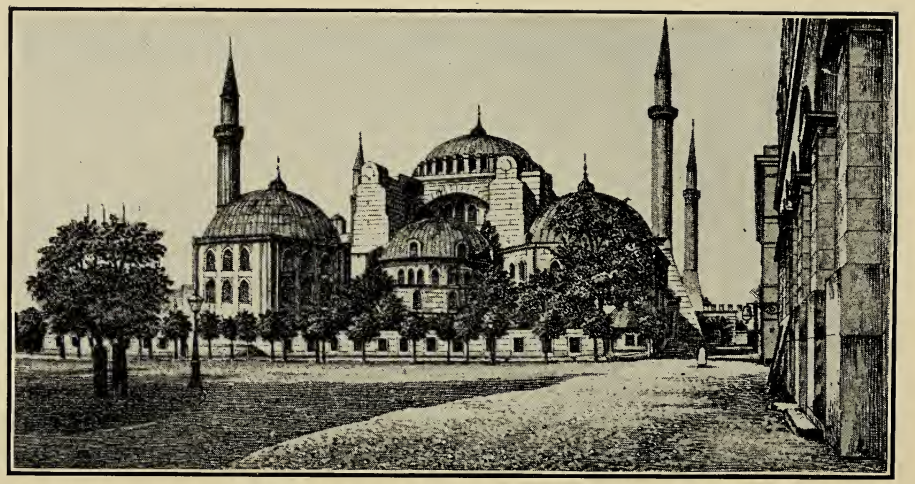
which are separated by the Bosphorus, the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, but together with Galatia, constitute the city of Constantinople. Scutari is almost exclusively populated by Mussulmans. Stamboul is on the European shore, south of the Golden Horn, on the spot of the ancient city of Byzantum, possesses a mixed population of Turks, Greeks and Armenians, among which Europeans are quite rapidly introducing themselves. Pera lies on the European side of the Bosphorus and is the commercial banking establishment of the European commerce. It contains the hotels, concert halls, consular bodies and European classes. These places, four in number, comprise this splendid, growing, and fast becoming cosmopolitan and modern city. The Sultan must soon let go his conservative grip or his own young Musselmans will break his clenched fist and the Ottoman empire will be no more.

A stroll in Pera down Grand Rue de Pera, or Main street, is quite exhilarating to both body and mind, because of the ups and downs of the cobble stone pavement, and the jolting of the crowding passers-by. The beauty and modern growth of this particular street appeal to your intellectual tastes. The people treat you with the utmost cordiality and civility and in no way intrude upon your rights; unless from some lack

of training they forget to give you one-half of the road in passing. There is no danger in this city. One feels as safe as if in his own town. But caution may be wise, since freaks sometimes seem to sieze these people and they appear quite desperate. Here are beautiful homes, important shops, and opposite the Grand Hotel de Londres is the municipal garden of the Petits-Champs, extending the whole length of the Mezalik street, called the boulevard of Petits-Champs. In this, amid well shaded and neatly arranged walks, rises a pavilion used as a theatre or coffee house, which would grace any city park. At the end of the garden is a wooden structure for summer theatricals. And from the beautiful terrace a view of the Golden Horn, Stamboul and Kassim-Pasha bay brings all of the high life of Pera assemblies to notice.

On this main street we find the famous Galatia Tower, once called the Tower of Christ, which, in climbing, one finds himself one hundred and sixty feet high, in the observatory of the city. And the watchmen of the citadel here give the fire alarm at the first outbreak. A coffee house halfway up can serve you with fine Turkish coffee and seven other landings give you rest and pleasure in ascending.

"The Sweet Waters of Europe," a charming valley extending to the Golden Horn from



MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA

Khia-ghad-Khane, lie in the route. The beautiful kiosque of the Sultan, villas, groves of luxurious foliage and flowers are along the way, and in summer steamers will take you the round trip for 50 peras in one and one-half hours.

The cemeteries are much alike, and for the most part, irregular, old and moss covered. The tombs contain the most grotesque hieroglyphics, and the epitaphs would shock a sheik. Every person's occupation is illustrated by the carvings on the slab. These cemeteries are many, but a few years in the future will see this aggressive city extending over many acres of these poorly marked and ill-carved graves.

The Mosque of St. Sophia followed next in order of sight-seeing. It presents a surprise, indeed. The keeper met us at the door with slippers, for none can enter bootclad, and we were ushered over the matting into the corridor, and thence into the great auditorium of prayer mats. Every person has his or her own mat spread on the spacious floor where they make their forehead pressure and humble body devotion as well as Mohammedan prayer. This temple is immense in its capacious space. Emperor Justin commenced it in 531, and it was completed in the year 538. By seven years' labor of 100 architects, 100 master masons and 10,000 assistants, supervised by the Emperor

(under the instruction of an angel), for a fabulous sum of money, and the sacrifice of many precious lives, this 180 foot central domed shrine was erected.

It stands over an immense cistern. A bed for its foundation had to be built twenty-five feet deep. Its walls are of brick and many of them are inscribed with this motto, "God founded it; God will bring it aid." The interior is covered with precious marble slabs, joined by iron clamps. The cornice and capitals are gilded. It contains 170 marble columns brought from every ancient temple in Europe and the East and they are of finest design and workmanship. One column is called the "sweating column," being by its position and foundation in the cistern, always damp. Into a little hole in the side of this column the Musselmans put their fingers and they are forever healed and protected from disease. In this superstitious place I put my hand and since I am no worse than usual.

When Justinian had robbed the town and bankrupted his people in its completion, he shouted in its inauguration, "Glory to God, who has judged me worthy of accomplishing this work; I have vanquished thee, O, Solomon!"

In the year 1453 at the moment of the conquest of Constantinople by the cruel Turks, many priests, women, children and men fled to this

church for refuge. Suddenly Mohammed II. rode into the edifice on horseback, and alighting on the altar, cried: "There is no God but God, and Mohammet is his prophet!" The people fled, the priest rushed out through one of the doors as if to escape with his life. This gate or doorway was immediately closed by stone securely, and remains closed to-day. The place is guarded, and the Mohammedans believe if this should be opened the Christians would again enter and take possession of the city. But they will enter. I can see them coming now under the mighty sway of Christianity and the Christian civilization and the all-possessing Christ. And this spot, on which Constantine in 325 made the first edifice for Christians, will be the stronghold of our Christ, forever generaled by Jehovah's Son. Mark it! Twenty years will have seen the work well begun if not completed. Already the Musselmans are wavering under the Anglo-Saxon rapid stride of Christian enterprise. Notwithstanding the prophecy, I am aware that four years ago in a few hours, 4,000 Armenians were horribly butchered. But the young Musselmans are fatigued with the Sultan's heavy hand against progress, and are ready almost in the present light to rise up against such oppression and superstition. The young men,

with the rest of the world, are crying "hands off," and "progress enthroned."

The Cistern with a Thousand and One Columns is named Phyloxenus, from its builder, who constructed it under Constantine in the fourth century. It is now used as a shop for silk spinners. It has 224 columns joined in three shafts by sleeves with square marble capitals, set in fifteen rows. This cistern could contain 400,000 cubic feet of water, enough to supply 360,000 souls for twelve days. The water filters down through the top of porous stone and afforded in the past fine, pure water for the city. But the present water supply is magnificently arranged from the Sea of Marmora. Many are the enormous cisterns, covering acres of ground, similar to this, which are now approached with great difficulty; but some are still in use, the water being drawn up through holes by buckets.

The Hippodrome contains many things of interest and is supplied with numerous fountains for drinking water. The Ahmet fountain is a fine specimen of this kind of Turkish art. Built square and entirely of white marble, it is flanked at the corners with projecting rotundas open and elegantly bronzed. The roof turns up on the edge like a pagoda and extending far over the sides, makes a Gothic style and reproduces the building's outline. Small columns mark the

broad openings, and these are charity stands, where water is given to passers by freely. The friezes and mouldings are gaily painted and gilded and the arabesques in the midst of white marble make this an ornament indeed, to the inscribed name of Sultan Ahmet III. The Obelisk of Theodoseus stands in the Hippodrome, and is one-half of an obelisk. It was erected first at Heliopolis, in Lower Egypt by Pharaoh, in the year 160 B. C. It is one solid block of rose granite, cut from one of the quarries of Aswan, 40 feet high, 2 1-2 feet at the base. It was erected by Theodoseus I. 390 A. D. He alone daring to undertake the work, accomplished it in one month. The hieroglyphics are well preserved, for the climate spares it from the frost. It is one of the children of the decaying Obelisk adorning Central Park in our own lovely city of New York, and was cut from the same granite mine.

The Serpentine Column also stands just near this Obelisk. It is made of brass, consisting of a coil of three serpents extending upward only six feet high. The heads of the three serpents have been mysteriously broken off, one of them being in the Museum at Constantinople. This column was erected B. C. 478 in front of the temple of Delphi in Greece, to celebrate the victory gained by Pausania and Aristides the Just

over the Persians. Constantine brought it here to his new capital. And when Mohammet rode triumphantly into the city he smote this column on the necks of the serpents and the traditional Turks are suspicious that this caused the loss of their heads. But the heads were stolen. The age and history of this column alone give it much prominence.

The Museum of Janissaries at the end of this square contains a multitude of wax men clothed in their representative garb with letters of introduction, seeking office and promotion in office, from their appropriate officials and chief rulers.

The Burnt Pillar, once 120 feet high, standing in Adrianople street, is great for its antiquity, and received its name from the repeated conflagrations which have burned it. This was erected by Constantine, and now, having suffered from earthquake in 1150 is only 85 feet high.

The Hippodrome was formerly much larger. There the horses were trained, coursed, trotted and run, and the people flocked with anxious eyes and extended purses to witness and pool in the races. Here the emperors and rulers rode in a charmed state and the wealthy nobles spent much time in turnouts. For in its palmy days, Constantinople both bred and imported fine horses. Some lingerings of this good trait remain, and to-day she shames the southern coun-

tries of Europe and all Greece in her possession of fine horses. But America eclipses Constantinople by far.

The Bazars are the very finest I saw on my trip, and are said to far excel the world. They are much like our booths at fairs, but more closely crowded. They cover acres of ground, and extend from the center north, south, east and west, for at least one quarter of a mile from the center. They grade from this size down, and are neatly, civilly kept. You are well treated by these traders and can by persistency pass along without being caught, blocked or persecuted. The ladies crowd these bazars, so one ought to be safe here, even though jostled and tumbled about by surging crowds. If you leave your pocketbook at the hotel it is also safe. The Jewish bazars are the finest, I think. The Armenian bazars are dirty. The Egyptian part is far worse, the Russian is in order, the Jewish-American eclipses all. Rugs, neat silk needlework, and the like, are found here of very high quality, and by bantering until you loathe yourself, are obtained at very reasonable prices.

In the Museum here, we found many things of great interest. A few of these things which make up the great collection of the two departments we mention. One of the buildings is new and modern, the other is ancient. Almost the

first thing you meet in the modern museum is Alexander's sarcophagus or tomb of finest marble, most cleverly sculptured with masterly relief. This was found by excavation about thirteen years ago and brought here from Sidon. People travel miles to study this work of Polychrane, which belongs to the fourth century B. C.

Next we come to the tomb of the Queen of Babylonia, which also came from Sidon, and is of about the same style. Here is a Satrap entombed, the sarcophagus being discovered some 40 years ago. Then we found church columns of Byzantine style, the Lead tombs, a Roman tomb of Samaria. Here we found bone pens of elephants' tusks, documents and papers, a printing roll of 300 B. C. The treasury of the old Sultan is here, the Koran book, complete, 3x2 1-2 feet, with table especially for holding the mammoth volume while reading, prayer carpet and altar of the old Sultan.

The old Byzantine hall contains the statue of the "Virgin Mary," 50 A. D., "Apollo," Phoenician gold excavated by Dr. Schliemann, "Statue of Agulus," "Bath of Molech," "Achilles" in bronze, with beautifully curled hair, etc.

The last afternoon in Constantinople was one never to be forgotten for its delightfulness, sporting pleasure and scope of good things taken

in. The dragoman asked me if I could ride on horseback? I answered, "Yes, sir!" When lunch was through, he said: "Put on your suit, for the ponies will soon be here." Out I came, ready for the ride. In front of the door stood a beautiful Arabian horse, and his eye flashed with metal undaunted. A little farther on stood another pony, something similar in build, but he lacked the game eye and sharp ear. My guide said: "The first one is yours, mount him." The footman held him as best he could, I got astride, slipped my feet into the fine stirrups by the time the pony had flung his feet in the air twice or three times. My guide was not ready and I attempted to wait for him, but the attempt was fruitless. For when the footman held his head, into the air went his heels; when he let go his heels filled the air. But being on to stay, the man shouted, "American good man!" and motioned to let him go. Well, I held him in till my guide came. We went down steep hills and he held me safely but at every level place he showed how proud he was and how fine he felt. The guide led, saying his horse was much the best runner. We came to the toll bridge of one-half mile in length, and rough covered in its divisions with strap iron. I managed to stop my pony so that I was not arrested, and while the guide paid toll, he had it out in kicking as high and as hard

as he could at the tollman, until he said, "He is a dandy, let him go!" Well, he single-footed and pranced, the guide tried to quiet him, but flying across the crowded bridge we never touched a thing, then on until I saw the street quite clear and a steep grade for at least a half a mile. I was tired of his maneuvres and said, "Go!" If any deer could fly more nimbly than he over the flashing cobblestones, you would have to wear electric spec's to catch a glimpse. That is just what the pony ached to do, and this task being accomplished, I had the proudest horse in the city, and one which carried me with delightful ease and extraordinary safety in most miry clay, and down steepest rocky inclines. My guide said no more about swiftness. But being quite a horseman and full of sport he tried my horse often enough to keep things lively indeed. But no word did I speak, but clung to my reins, and the guide could no more pass me than he could pass the "flying cloud." There was no bounding up and down. He simply shot through the air like a lightning flash, and we were there, not having a jolt or knowing how or why we were so happy.

We went slowly through the Armenian quarters and took a thorough view of the ruined homes where only four years since 4,000 of these would-be faithful ones were butchered, massa-

cred and burned. What is left is a horrid spectacle. What is gone, to human sight, was unendurable and with pen cannot be well reiterated or pictured. Here are many Armenians yet, hungry, footsore, weary, dirty and dissipated. I pity them, but they could use more water, they could sweep out the street so you could pass. They might find some dumping ground besides the main street. They might hide their nakedness and repair their shelters.

We entered the Russian quarter, and it was better kept. These people are better clothed and fed. Their training and education is superior. Their homes are loose and stand at all slants, ups and downs, and crosses imaginable. Deliver America, even "Chinatown," from such indecency and cuspidore filth.

Then riding on to the Seven Towers, we saw the old walls and relics of the past which point out by picture much of history. Constantine the Great strengthened these city walls and restored the towers. These were the prisons of some unfortunate Venetian ambassadors as late as 1741. Byron, the poet, was once imprisoned here for the night, and bailed out the next morning, for attending too strictly to some other man's family. Here thousands have been slain and their blood has poured down from the beheading block high above into the horrid, but

often seen "Well of Blood," which is in the cellar of the main tower. Here the heads of the Janissaries were piled up, until a mighty court of an acre was piled full above the lofty walls of the battlements, which are 30 feet high at least. This happened when the Turks came into possession of the city, and later it was called by its use the "Royal Shambles." Seven sultans have ended their lives in these bloody walls. They likely deserved to die in pain here for the intense, reckless suffering they had heaped upon other innocents. The towers are falling down, and in spite of restorations they will be used for building purposes, the soil will be cultivated and Constantinople unlaced shall spread, being rid of its corruption and filth to beautify, unify and dignify the nations of the whole earth.

I marked the Harbor Gates. The "Odun Kapai," or wood gate, is so-called because the wood for fuel is landed here.

Third, the "Yali Kiosk Kapuse," named after the handsome Kiosk of Shleiman the Magnificent, who once stood on the quay a little to the west, where he gave audience to his chief admiral, when starting on a great naval expedition.

We passed the "Gate Veteris," or the cattle gate, where cattle and vegetables are landed.

The "Garden Gate" comes next, or the princi-

pal harbor of Byzantium, ancient Constantinople.

The sixth gate is the "Fish Market Gate," for here they are sold and at this point the ferry boats cross.

The seventh gate marks the place of an old prison, and is called the "Prison Gate."

Eighth is the "Timber Yard Gate," where masses of timber are stored.

The ninth gate is the last one erected in the harbor walls of Constantine, and is called the "Gate of the Holy Well."

On our way home we came through the "Egyptian Bandit Quarter," where are robbers and toughs that are as rough as their quarters. These streets can only be traversed on horseback, on account of filth and mud. The women, uncouth and unclad, are more dangerous than the men, if possible. The children are frightful animals.

We were not disturbed at all in our ride, for they knew my guide, and in appearance we were attending strictly to our riding. Also our horses were ready at a move of the reins, to spring for dear life. None could have caught or touched them.

We rode through the Jewish and European quarters sprinting our steeds whenever the guide tried to pass my model pony. Just as we came to

the long bridge on our return, he excited my flyer and I flew across the bridge like a flash. The guide managed to stop his and pay the toll. The bridge was left with flying sparks from our horses' shoes, the guide was bound to pass me. I was moving so rapidly that I did not just locate Hotel Bristol. But soon I saw our horsemen standing in the broad street with hands outstretched to stop us. I glanced, saw the sign Hotel Bristol, and said, "Ho, my boy!" and we were at a standstill before our horsemen could touch us, and my pony was and would be always ahead. The livery man said, "That's right, my boy, don't you be beaten with my horse." And off he went. We had made some 18 miles inside of four hours, and had seen many things not mentioned above. I was not lame, nor very tired from the exhilaration. I have been feeling better ever since. But I did hate to say good bye to that pony.

"He lives to build, not boast, a generous race."

"Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he that runs it well, runs twice his race."

"I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, inexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat."

Egypt.

CHAPTER XVII.

EGYPT.

From Constantinople to Alexandria—Athens Carnival—Pilgrims on Board—Landing—Alexandria—To Cairo—Cairo—Museum—Pyramids—Sphinx—Trip up the Pyramids—Luxor—The Hotel—Temple of Luxor—Extent—Workmanship—Statues—Children Chanting the Koran.

THE trip from Constantinople to Alexandria was as peaceful as sleep. For the sea was a mirror of calm, with scarcely a ruffle on the so often turbulent Mediterranean. Being nicely embarked on board the Russian steamer "Tychchichoff," on the 20th of February, by the courtesy of the "Cooks," we set sail. This steamer is quite large, the cabins spacious, the dining room very neat, and the cuisine healthfully distributed and in good proportions.

At once friends were found. One gentleman from France, another from England, who were large traders, were bound for Alexandria, Cairo and back to Rome. There seemed to be something congenial in our make up, although they had their social drinks, and wondered at my refusing; they declared I would be sick without wine and whiskey. But after one day, they

spoke well of steady habits and became close friends and anything they could do for the "Doctor," as they called me, was done. As they were full of mirth and jollity, the time passed swiftly away.

The sea was as level as a plain and of a beautiful green color, until we reached Piraeus, the port of Athens. Then from there on it gradually gathered a deep sky blue.

But these gentlemen wanted me to go to Athens for the Carnival show and urged me to go with them. So, boarding the train, it brought us there after their very slow fashion. We came into the city, saw some of its gaiety of Carnival season, and returned to our solitary bunks on shipboard refreshed from the monotony of steamship life.

Here at Piraeus the next morning, some friends from England, a Mr. Howell and his wife, came on board the ship. I had met them very pleasantly at Athens when traveling towards Constantinople. These, introduced to the gentlemen friends, and we had a fine addition to the agreeables.

So on we went over the silent, sky blue sea, with no annoyances, except a young Polish woman who could not speak a word of English, who wanted to get acquainted with the American minister. And this made so much fun for the

crowd that she was forgiven. She was beautiful, bright and full of fun. The captain, to annoy me, would teach her some very warm-hearted English, and she, not knowing one word of its meaning, would greet me with it. She welcomed the minister every morning when he came on deck with this phrase, "Good morning, darling?" "I love you much!" "How are you?" etc. Being modest in my nature and calling, you can imagine the consternation.

On we sped, and no nymph of the spray, nor patriarch of the nations was ever sailed over a calmer sea for two days than our crew.

But on the bow of our boat, fenced in, was another scene. A band of pilgrims from Northern Russia, mongrels, from Siberia, were on board. They are up early mornings, washing their hands and arms to the elbows, their forehead, ears, tongues and feet, and praying that Mahomet will cleanse each of these members from all taint of sin and keep them from evil. Then they kneel facing Mecca and work their body into contortions, bowing their heads to the boards and calling upon Mohammed. These people are covered with crawling things but scantily clothed with pads, bed quilts and masses of bulky, old cloth. Their hair is clipped closely and this saves them trouble. They eat, sleep, drink and pray in the quarters for cattle. Their

food is poor, furnishing their own. They are perhaps more ignorant than American cattle. They have saved a little money, more than enough to pay their fare on the steamer, and will walk overland when they enter into port. This money, meaning their little all, they will pay to Mohammed at Mecca, and through him be absolved from all account of sin. Some having been there once, wear a green handkerchief around their head, and are high officials almost sinless. When they have been to Mecca twice they cannot sin. And the third time they are as safe as if heaven had possessed them. So it is their religion to arrange a kind of sleeve in an old quilt, wrap it around them, leaving the breast bare; put on their thick felt boots with leather tops, covered with heavy rubbers, and tramp and sail 4,000 miles, and make their bodies rigid (with prayer shall I say?), rather movements; their minds become feeble by exhaustion and superstition; their heads scabby with insects, their skin poisoned with diseases and running sores, and they call it devotion.

Just how to judge them we are not able, but we are disposed to be charitable to the poor self-sacrificing people, and very severe with their prophets and priests who keep them in ignorance and teach them lies, when they know themselves

it is humbuggery, and a hoax of sinful ignorance toward the people.

We landed in Alexandria at 6 o'clock, and after our ship had been thoroughly inspected, the Cooks were the finest and first crew on board to give us a welcome and a safe landing. We were taken through the customs in short order and landed at the "Khedevial Hotel." This is a good place for Alexandria, but anything goes here.

Alexandria is a fine port, just opposite of the island Pharos. It was founded B. C. 332 by Alexander the Great. It contains a lot of dirt and a multitudinous mixed people of all races, and many backsheesh beggars. I rode about the city, saw its bazars and streets. There is nothing here worth one's time if he is traveling, but Pompey's Pillar. This is one of the seven wonders of the world and is of solid column granite 70 feet high, hewn out of the rose granite quarries of Aswan, 800 miles up the Nile. It is an important town, being the all-importing and exporting town of the East. Its commerce is immense. All travel and traffic up the Nile and to the Holy Land enters through her gates.

The train route from Alexandria to Cairo was full of interest. Constantly new sights full of interest met our view. The land, the crops, the men, the women, the dress, the machinery, the

animals, took my attention for some six hours, or for 130 odd miles. The land is a barren waste but for irrigation, which makes it directly the opposite. As green and flourishing as a garden plain it becomes when its thirst is quenched by the silty Nile. The grain or grass springs up in a night almost and three good crops without fertilization of soil comes from this singular and dead-looking sand. The men and women are ill-looking, but strong to endure the heat, mud hut, and filth intolerable. Their dress would be plain but for the different hues of dirt which adorn all alike. Their only machinery is two wooden wheels cogged with wooden pins, and a coarse, crooked pole for a sweep. They call it an "asakia." The cattle are huge, black buffaloes and buffalo cows. The cows give thin, strong tasting milk, and run the asakias, answer for the riding horses, and carry the burdens from town to town. The donkey is a great beast of burden also. The homes are mere clay and brush inclosures, some of which are indulged with a corner brush roof. They do not need roofs so much in Egypt. They have no storms, except for a month or two, in the whole year. They never know what cold is.

"The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;
The poets in a fine frenzy rolling,

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

At Cairo, myself and 320 others of the Cooks' party were received with a welcome that really seemed homelike. The company's dragoman and assistants all demand your confidence, and they assist you as if you each were kings. All your needs must and are attended to at once.

We were taken to the Continental Hotel, a fine large, lofty, up-to-date, Europeanized palace. It is about on a line with "Shepheard's" and this hotel was full to overflowing.

My ship from Constantinople was one day belated at Piraeus and the steamer thinking I was not coming, started Monday night for its golden cruise up the Nile. But like the Cooks, they paid my extra hotel bill, sent the conductor with me to the Pyramids and Sphinx; showed me about the beautiful Americanized city of Cairo. Tuesday night they put me in a sleeper, sent me by rail to join my party at Luxor. And I arrived at Luxor almost a whole day ahead of the party. Anchored here was another boat of the company called "Rameses II." Here I was beautifully kept by this boat's captain and shown about the temple ruins.

Cairo is a city of no mean people. It is full of Europeanized enterprise, clean for the East. Their mammoth hotels, large broad avenues, modern blocks and clean, broad streets make you think of Paris or New York. This city now possesses about 600,000 souls, and is fast running up toward the million line. Here you find a mixture of all races and tongues. No wonder Cambyses called it Babylon, for every race of every tongue is found here. The city was likely first founded by Assyrian captives in the age of Rameses II. about 1360 B. C.

The city of general importance has some special things of significance. The Tombs of the Khalifs, beautiful buildings, situated on the eastern side of the city, contain the burial places of the families of the Mameluke Sultans, and are special things of significance. The Tombs of "Yusuf" and "el-Ashraf" are to be seen by special permission. Within the tomb-mosque of Barkuke are the tombs of Sultan Forad and family. The minarets and limestone pulpit show great skill in stone sculpture. No history has preserved the names of the builders of these tombs, but looking around you their works impress you deeply.

The Museum of Cairo contains many important relics of history and emblems of the early skill of the ancients which we may mention

CITADEL OF CAIRO

farther on. But especially here we wish to mention the mummy of Rameses II., or Pharaoh of the Exodus neatly preserved. I conclude that naturally the Egyptians must have looked after the body of Pharaoh in the drowning flood of Scripture. They preserved it in a great tomb near Thebes, and now here it lies a testimony of the truth of that historic fact. Time will solve the mystery, and solve it justly, but this mummy is certainly very similar to the hundreds of stone statues of Pharaoh I saw up the Nile.

The Pyramids of Gizeh are located twelve miles north of Cairo on a high, rocky site mixed with sand, which drifts like snow. They evidently were not built for meters or astronomical purposes, but simply as tombs for the kings.

The pyramids at Gizeh were first opened by the Persians during the fourth or fifth century before Christ. And now in a line stand three important pyramids, perhaps one-quarter of a mile apart, at the end of a magnificent carriage drive beautifully paved, kept and shaded. This drive has running along parallel with it an electric car line of modern enterprise, twelve miles from Cairo up the Nile. The description of one pyramid explains them all, which are alike, except in size and name.

The largest and most historic pyramid was built by the second king of the IV. dynasty,

"Khufui," or Cheops, B. C. 3733. His name was found engraved and written in red ink upon the blocks of stone inside. All four sides measure alike, in greatest length 755 feet each. It is built of blocks of stone three feet or more in height, each layer laid in toward the center three feet more than the layer beneath it. At the top it reaches a height of 451 feet, and has here a flat surface of 30 feet square. The smaller stone contain more than 30 cubic feet, and are 3 1-2 feet high. This great tomb was begun by Cheops in the first year of his reign and one layer was laid for each year's reign, or nearly so, until his death. It was finished by his successor.

The entrance is from the north side, like all other pyramids, and about 45 feet above the ground. The passage is 320 feet long, 3 1-2 feet high and 4 feet wide. Inside are chambers of considerable size for the king and his family. The king's chamber is alone and considerably above the queen's. It has a separate passage leading up to it.

Cheops chamber is 140 feet above the base of the pyramid, and nearly 35x19x17 feet, containing an air chamber for ventilation, which is connected with the main ventilator of the structure. The stone for this great monument came from the limestone quarries of Arabia, and it took about

100,000 men 10 years to drag the stone to the Nile, raft them to Gizeh, and construct a road two-thirds of a mile long and 60 feet wide, up from the Nile to the position of the pyramid. More than twenty years with 100,000 men was consumed in its construction after the road was built and the stone were landed up the river: 100,000 men would work three months, and then another shift of the same number took their places. Those who built it had no pay, but were fed on garlic, onions and bread. Many died in the task of unhuman slavery imposed upon them. The toil was especially irksome in a land of no machinery, and the stones containing 160 or 200 cubic feet caused many a man to take his last lift. But these stones have stood there now 5,634 years without any restoration whatever, and seem yet unharmed. They will at least stand as much longer. How mighty was the superstition of those old Bible times that made our kings cause all this labor to preserve the body, thinking it was the only way to preserve the soul. Now some wickedness abounds, but even Egypt has arisen from such stupid ignorance. And the soul of Christian progress is ever marching on and climbing out of the dark pyramids of superstition and damp stone walls of horror into Christ's marvelous light and flowery pathways.

The Sphinx stands a little distance from the Pyramids, but belongs to a different age. Its workmanship is different. The age of this curious wonder is unknown and at present is past finding out.

The story is that one of the kings, Harmacis, appeared to Thothmes IV., and promised to bestow on him the crown of Egypt if he would hew his image out of the sandstone. But I am sure the king received no flattering image, and I doubt if the sculptor obtained the promised reward. However, this image is wonderfully well preserved, after bearing all of the wear of time. The face has a much disfigured nose, but an artistic, almost perfect ear. The brows and eyes have yet a dull, heavy life in them. The neck is worn and eaten by the weather. In our climate it would not stand long without letting the head fall. This is one of the relics which has never been restored and it stands in its original form. It is hewn out of one solid, natural rock, naturally placed. The body, 150 feet long, is quite shapely. The paws are 50 feet feet long, and the head 30 feet long and 14 feet wide. From the base of the monument to the top of the head it measures 70 feet. The Mohammedan rulers have abused the face of this antique monument, and disfigured it badly, much to the disgust of more thoughtful people.

When returning from the Sphinx three different boys accosted us, and said with honest face: "We ran up this pyramid and back in seven minutes for Napoleon. We run up for Americano the same price, two shillings, two shillings." I remarked that they were not born when Napoleon traveled here. And my conductor interpreted the meaning to them. They looked confounded. But in a moment they smiled sweeter than ever and teased me to give one shilling for this run up and down these 3 1-2 foot steps. I told them I would not be cruel enough to pay them for such a feat. And to my friends I want to say, it does not pay to climb this ugly thing, and spend one week to get over the hurt. Some truly never recover from this needless task. I stood it fairly well, but some of the party are not free from the injuries yet.

At Luxor, 450 miles from Cairo, I found myself at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, February 27, after dining with a fine doctor from Baltimore. The ever alert Cooks on board the Rameses II., having received word from the main office of my coming, welcomed me on board this boat into a party of sixty Englishmen. They treated the imposing tramp with much kindness and courtesy. And with them I forgot that I was lost until Thursday morning after breakfast the captain of Rameses II. pointed out my ship, the

"Tewfik," and said, "You need not mind leaving us unless you choose."

But there is no place like home, even among strangers, and quickly I found my way to the safe and neat Tewfik, and entered my stately cabin, reserved next to the California banker.

The Luxor Hotel is full of interest, being elegantly kept. The flower gardens belonging to it are most delightful. Its orchards are trained by servants. At this time, profusely fragrant blossoms filled all the air with aroma, the eye with delight, and the birds sang their sweetest songs in sublimest strains, catching the sensitive ear of many American and English guest. I found six blossoms of different varieties for pressing and gave the servant a penny for the steal.

The Luxor Temple has not seemed important compared with Karnak until the recent excavations. Now many courts and chambers once buried are uncovered and its importance is much enhanced. The excavations were begun only as far back as 1883. The work was carried on so rapidly that the natives revolted at the removal of the earth which supported their huts of mud. Maspero, Grebant and Grand-bey, assisted by English capital, continued the clearing in 1887 and 1888. They unearthed mammoth pillar after pillar, and wall after wall, of great stones,

TEMPLE AT LUXOR

written with hieroglyphics which explain volumes of history. The temple fills a large area, and is built of dark sandstone on the foundation of another old religious edifice. It belonged to the old and the mighty city of Thebes and was dedicated to the heathen god Mut. It was called the House of Amen in the south Apt, by its own inscription. It was built by Amennophis III., 1500 B. C., as the grandest temple then in Egypt, in length 500 feet and width 180 feet. The temple has a paved way approaching it some 2,000 feet iu length. After the builder's death his son destroyed it, but Rameses II., or the Pharaoh of the Bible, built a large colonnade and magnificent courtyard and restored it generally. The Persians raided it, sacked and burned it. In 27 B. C. the fearful earthquake greatly mangled its tottering forms. The Christians came in, and turning certain parts into churches, they dashed down mighty statues, disfigured bas reliefs, and wrecked shrine after shrine. Then building churches of their own, the people of the town began to build mud huts on the ruins. These fell down and filled the space and others were built on the ruins and fell, and so the famous temple was buried from sight, and modern Luxor was built upon it, no one knowing what was beneath.

Here is a fine, rose-granite obelisk, 82 feet in

height, and weighing 250 tons. Its twin brother now stands in the Place de la Concorde in Paris. These are solid columns, hewed out of the mines at Aswan, 133 miles from the temple. The front of the temple was ornamented with six huge granite statues of Rameses II. Rameses' name is inscribed in Arabic on each statue. These are broken, thrown down and marred, but are here yet, monuments to every traveler's eye to the sculptor skill of those days. Two seated statues, one on each side of the door, are of black granite, and many others all about us are red.

The pylon bore on its faces the history of its builder and the sketch of some victorious warfare. The victory of Rameses I. over Kheta, and the strife of Thebes in a festival, etc., appear.

Some of the reliefs on the walls of this temple date from 1500 B. C., many from 1300 B. C., the period of Rameses II. In the northwest corner are the figures of 17 sons of Rameses II., making offerings at the ceremony of dedication. The court contains 72 fine columns at least 6 feet in diameter, decked with beautiful lotus capitals. The walls throughout this lofty, roofless temple bear a multitude of graven images of gods and goddesses in sacrifice, offering the key of life to the soul, and pouring out incense for prayer. Also the faces of the walls where images are not

engraved, bear inscriptions readily interpreted by scholars of the language and are valuable beyond all books for the unbroken and connected history which they contain.

In one corner of this temple in a walled chapel 20 feet by 10 feet, I heard a chant of many voices. Walking to the temple's border, I found that underneath the brush roofed cell 20 by 8, hot and foul with human rubbish, some twenty-five unclad and very rarely clad children, with matted hair and dirty faces, were chanting the Koran. An American child could not stand such treatment for two hours a day for one week. An American doctor who would allow such a state of sanitary conditions for two weeks, in the United States, would have committed an unpardonable sin against his fellow's poor children. But this is not one-half of Mohammedan desolation. Their beds are damp, dirty rocks, covered with mud huts. The rocks are spread over with one thickness of stalks or rug, too foul for a porker's habitation, too much inhabited for any animal's approach, and here they sleep—father mother, brother and sister, to the number of from ten to twenty, scrawny, black-eyed, animal natured, and worse than animal treated human souls, journeying fast to the judgment. Who shall declare their generation, or answer for their degradation?

Well, the Luxor temple is dedicated to the

worship of the old Pharaoh of the Bible, and marks his history. It did not pay Pharaoh to worship the true God, so he made of himself a god, for the people to worship. The people were led to bow down to him, to sacrifice to him, to pay their little all to him, that he might become rich. Here in his numerous statues erected in this temple is a whole revelation of Pharaoh, of the intelligence of a lost people, of a lost God, of a lost religion, enslaved and sent to all these years of dark perdition and ignorance of this time by one man, that his selfish love and pleasure might be gratified. My prayer is for myself and the readers of this sketch, Lord make us above the sin of self-righteousness.

"There is a land where time no count can keep,
Where works of men imperishable seem,
Where through death's barren solitude doth gleam
Undying hope for them that sow and reap;
Yea, land of life, where death is but a deep,
Warm slumber, a communicable dream,
Where from the silent grave far voices stream
Of those that tell their secrets in their sleep."

"Land of the palm tree and the pyramid,
Land of sweet waters from a mystic urn,
Land of sure rest, where sun shines on forever,
I left thee—in the sands a heart was hid;
My life, my love were cast upon thy river,
And lo! to seek Osiris I return."

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free."

Egypt Advanced.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EGYPT ADVANCED.

Luxor—Karnak—The Ramesseum—Religion and Gods—Modern Egyptians—The Copts—The Nubians—The Egyptian Races—Karnak Temple.

THE first morning after boarding the Tewfik, we started across the Nile, which is at least 1,500 feet broad at this point, to visit the ruins and gorgeous temples at Thebes. About thirty of us packed into two things they call boats. Their boats are heavy, clumsy, awkward and slow. We were rowed across, but when in midstream I heard a noise as of a coming earthquake. But looking around I saw three boat loads of donkeys before us. They were to meet us on the other side. The king donkey only brayed, so joy filled the hearts of the party, for they knew no harm would come unless it was from deafness. And even deafness was preferable to such sounds galore.

Before we reached the plank extended for our landing, a multitude of donkeys and boys crowded around it like sheep. We did not know their use, and we wondered at the curiosity of the natives. As soon as we stepped on the plank

there was a rush of those enthusiastic boys to put you on their donkey. In spite of one policeman to pound them and our dragoman to rawhide them, they took one man of 180 pounds, and began to carry him by force to the donkey. But being able to help himself and wishing not to come in contact with the natives, for sufficient reasons, one telling blow was struck and the clutching grasp was loosened, and again he was not a captive but a free American. Soon all were seated gracefully on their donkeys and off we went with a whirl. A friend of mine weighing 225 pounds was whizzing up the sandy bank on a little skeleton of a donkey and off he went over the bended knees of his donkey in a football pile. All eyes were turned toward him in pity, because of the mishap. But bounding up like a football touchdown, he remarked, as always, cleverly, "It never touched me!" The laughter of the company so shook the sides of the donkeys that they bounded on at a greater pace than ever. And soon passing mud huts, naked boys and girls, and fording a stream, we came to the first temple.

Kurnah is a temple of Egypt built by Seti I., in honor and memory of his father Rameses I., and completed by his son, Rameses II., or Pharaoh. This temple had two pylons or entrances and joining them was a beautiful avenue of Sphinxes.

The temple was located on the edge of the desert that it might be more central and convenient. Within the several chambers are indicated their manner of worship, their different shrines, libraries, etc. We must remember Egypt was not in those days what it is to-day. But it was far superior. On the walls are engravings which represent Rameses II. in the act of offering to the gods. Rameses II. and Seti II. are among the gods. One of the inscriptions reads, "Seti went to heaven and was united with the semi-god before the temple was finished. Rameses II. made and fixed the doors, finished the building of the walls and decorated the interior." This is enough to give you an idea of this old beautiful sandstone ruin which has only been unearthed for about fifteen years. And the above piece of inscription will show how important the volumes of history written within every temple and on every old wall of Egypt are. The columns of these temples are huge blocks of elegant sandstone, of gray tinge, having elegantly carved capitals, sometimes Ionic and sometimes Doric. The walls are heavy, thick, firmly builded. The whole temple is a huge old remnant of wonderful workmanship and skill, revealing by sculpture and hieroglyphics, the culture, superstition and religion of the ancients.

The Ramesseum, located in the same vicinity,

belonging to the same city, of Homeric fame—is another magnificent temple, the work of Rameses II. Two pylons stand in front of it. The first court has single rows of pillars on each side. There are fine steps remaining, up which you pass to the second pylon, and still there is another row of round columns on the east and west sides. And on the north and south sides is a row of pilasters with the large figure of Rameses II. or Pharaoh, under the form of Osiris attached.

Beside this great temple of granite stood a colossal statue of Rameses II., sixty feet high, of solid, hard, red granite, which was thrown down by Cambyses, turned over on its back and the head mutilated. It lies here now, and the head, the arms and legs and hands are more than gigantic. This statue would have cost millions had not slave labor done much of the work. And the sculptor, though living in 1300 B. C., was indeed an artist. You can here again read the spirit of Pharaoh building statues to himself.

Within the temple are sculptured scenes of the battles of Rameses II., and volumes of other history of immense value. Now to rest your mind from the lately excavated ruins of old temples, we must give you as best we can a little picture of the modern Egyptians.

The religion and gods of ancient Egypt are indeed yet difficult to understand, and in my mind

will ever be unknown, since the people themselves never understood them. And much less did the gods know the people. But generally speaking the gods of Egypt were the everlasting and unalterable powers of nature. "Day and night," "light and darkness," etc., were their deities. Amen-Ra was said to be the maker of all things, and other gods as Horus and Atumen were mere forms of him. Ra was self-begotten in their minds and one of their hymns will illustrate their worship of him as elaborately as this book can afford.

1. "Hail, prince coming forth from the womb!"
2. "Hail, eldest son of primeval matter!"
3. "Hail, lord of multitudes of aspects and evolutions!"
4. "Hail, golden circle in the temples!"
6. "Hail, lord of life for all eternity!"
7. "Hail, lord of myriads and millions!"
8. "Hail, thou who shinest in rising and setting!"
9. "Hail, thou who makest beings joyful!"
10. "Hail, lord of multitudes of aspects and divinities!"
11. "Hail, thou lord of terror, thou fearful one!"
12. "Hail, thou who art crowned with the white crown; thou master of the unerring crown!"
13. "Hail, thou sacred baby of Horus, praise!"

14. "Hail, son of Ra, who sittest in the boat of millions of years!"
15. "Hail, restful leader, come to thy hidden places!"
16. "Hail, lord of terror self-produced!"
17. "Hail, thou restful of heart, come to thy town."
18. "Hail, thou that causes cries of joy, come to thy town!"
19. "Hail, thou darling of the gods and goddesses!"
20. "Hail, thou dipper in the sea, come to thy offerings!"
21. "Hail, thou who are in the Nether world, come to thy offerings."
22. "Hail, thou who protectest them come to thy temple!"
23. "Hail, moon-god growing from a crescent into an illuminated disk!"
24. "Hail, sacred flower of the mighty house!"

This hymn is not finished and consists of hundreds of tributes to something, to someone of greatness. But where and who is who? was the awful blank in their whole-hearted devotion.

Modern Egyptians numbered in the census population of June, 1897, 9,734,405, among which were 112,526 foreigners. But because here an increase in population means also increase in taxation, likely the census is not exact. In David's time the question of numbering the people was very unpopular in the East. It is

EGYPTIAN NATIVE

so to-day. In the early Pharoahic times there was no definite enumeration of the people, although some have dared to say 8,000,000 existed then. While the French occupied this country, 1798 to 1801, the population was only 2,500,000. Between the years of 1821 and 1846 the population almost doubled, making it 4,476,440. In 1882 there were nearly 7,000,000 of people. The increase in population since 1882 has been nearly 40 per cent. The Muslims number 8,978,775; Jews, 25,000; Christians of all classes, 730,162. The males and females able to read and write are 467,886;, and 9,266,519 are illiterate. The Fellahin, Copts, Bedouins, Jews, Turks, Negroes, Nubians, and people from Abyssinia, Armenians and Europeans, make up the population.

Of the Fellahins about four-fifths of the population is made up. These, if they are following any good pursuit it is the agricultural, guided by some master mind. Their complexion is dark, like the ancient Egyptians. They have straight eyebrows, flat noses, with rather low bridges, jaws slightly protruding, broad shoulders, large mouths and full lips. As you go up the Nile or father south they become darker. And Egypt's increased cultivation and irrigation of the soil is entirely by this people. These people seem to be of very patient disposition, slow of anger, harmless. They flare at each other sometimes in

words, but not in blows. If struck hard they will smile at you and say thank you! "Very nice, very kind! I thank you very much," or something similar. They will step back a little from the policeman's blow, smiling as if it were only a joke. And in this way they seem to be a puzzle to the policeman. For even a policeman cannot bear kindness without returning the same, if one persists.

These people run the shadoff for irrigation, which is a novel institution consisting of a series of skin buckets attached to something like an old well sweep and a series of holes and ditches leading back to them, rising one above the other from the Nile river. The first man dips from the river into a hole or basin on the bank, with a ditch slanting back from it averaging about the height of his head, the next man into the one above him until the water is raised on a level with the surrounding soil and is led to it by ditches somewhat shallow and numerous. One man receives about thirteen cents for working twelve hours at this labor, in the hottest sun. He constantly is straining himself, and irrigates not an acre a day. They sow the beans, the barley, the wheat, the peas, the sugar cane, which grow stout, tall, thick and well laden. They harvest the crop and pay the taxes. But many

of them are very indolent and prefer to beg, starve or strain out life, rather than labor.

For comfort, many of their children go naked entire, until quite mature. And besides the comfort to the children, many mothers seem to take pride in exhibiting their children's shining skins to travelers. A week or two of this life and no one minds the rudeness. And the cultured lady remarks, "Isn't that a darling beauty," and all is smoothed over and lost to thought.

The donkey boys can run on foot six or eight miles an hour, spurring on the donkey, and crying "Ah, eh! Ah, eh!" with a gutteral vehemence that would almost start a train of cars. And the boys seemingly do not mind the task. They are the most obliging fellows you ever met and seemed at once to fall in love with their donkey's rider and you go, or haw, or gee, at your liking.

The Copts in Egypt to-day are estimated to number 608,000, and are descendants of the ancient Egyptians of upper Egypt. They were noted for their skill in trades, of goldsmiths, clothesworkers, clerks and accountants for the government offices. They are clever with their fingers and gain instruction very rapidly in almost any line of work. But beyond a certain point in their education they have no power to assimilate.

Their heads are larger and the whole body is of finer type that the Fellahin.

The Copts are famous for their zeal and doctrines of Christianity. As long ago as St. Mark preached at Alexandria the Copt monks threw over their confused religion to embrace and promulgate the Christian religion. They received this teaching of St. Mark and of Christ as the "veritable gift of God." But at the time of Ecumenical Council at Constantinople, A. D. 553, dissensions arose and they never have bothered their minds much about theological matters since. I saw but one Coptic church, and entering found it full of beggars and a sincere people who knew much of the Bible and were trying to follow its teachings.

The Bedouins are Arabic Mohammedan tribes who live in the desert wastes each side of the Nile, and number about 250,000. They are a bold, treacherous race when found in the deserts, but when they settle down to village life they lose their bravery and finest independent qualities of manhood together. They are neither loved by tourists or the natives of the country. They are rather feared than shunned.

The Nubians are very black, and are rather greasy-looking men. They live in the poorest mud huts between Aswan and the Asfoath cataract. They can be trusted as servants, but they

love the war dance and finely braided, long, greased hair, with cold, white lard hanging to it in lumps.

The Turks are few in Egypt, but the government is employing many who have fitted themselves in Beyrout college for these places. They are able to handle the items of business with skill and are active for the East. But nothing is swift here but the buffaloes and camels. I was much surprised at their swiftness, as one day at Luxor we witnessed their racing.

The Egytian races occurred one afternoon to entertain the three boat-loads and the hotel people which then, altogether, numbered about six hundred. At sight seeing we could not endure much over one-half of a day in this hot climate, where all the meats lose their taste from the lifeless atmosphere. Word was brought for us to attend the races and in company with my most jolly companion, the California banker, R. J. R. Aden, we started. The most of the people rode, but I had ridden through the sand some twenty miles, and I preferred an easy half-mile stroll. But my donkey boy wanted me to ride and persisted until really I had to flail him with my umbrella in order to have my way. He was anxious, anxious, anxious for his American to ride. (The donkey boys soon learn to not only love their rider, but are as proud of him as Lucifer.)

And a penny now and then tightens the wedlock of love. But in spite of my decision some of our party going in carriages insisted on my riding. We landed safely after a most reckless driver had frightened us several times by nearly capsizing us and really running over one donkey.

Arriving, we were charged fifty cents for a reserved seat on a bamboo hencoop, with a mat stretched back of it just high enough to keep off all the air and permit the golden sun's rays to shine over. And the managers were in no hurry to begin. They can't hurry. And when they were ready they could not clear the grounds of the natives with twenty policemen. This was fun alive. The poor fellows don't know what a kick is. And the more they were beaten and threshed the more their enthusiasm over the races was aroused, and they would not back for another lashing. One man seemed to be chief of police. Inquiring, I found he was the Presbyterian minister at the head of a fine American mission at this place. He was the originator of the races and the chief pooler for the cause of missions.

Three-quarters of an hour wasted by the natives and the races began. The first was a horseback race, in which six horses were led out into the field sixty rods or more and made to canter in

by kicks, blows, a-a-ah's, that would arouse all of the energies of a fleshless casket of bones.

Then a foot race came on, then an egg race on horseback by some English women guests of the hotel. Lacking one lady they called on the minister. I felt insulted. I wonder if ministers are sometimes womanish. Lets be men and manly no matter how ministerial we may become.

Then a real buffalo cow race came on. In this, boys stood at one end of the field, and the buffaloes were held by men at the other end. The signal was given and the leaders started with the buffaloes, and the boys ran toward them, and meeting, the boys mounted the buffaloes running at full speed and rode them to the goal. Only two boys got on and they hung their arms over the buffaloes backs only. It was a mix-up, fall down, and a walk over.

Then those huge camels that always need a hogshead of perfumery and the use of a broadaxe to hew them down comfortable for people to sit on, were led to the other end of the field, and their drivers gave them the gad and in they came like a lot of frightened deer in full flight. Don't tell me a camel can't get out of his slow pace. He can beat a good horse for a half mile. He can groan out the most horrid tones, too, when he is through the race and asked to kneel.

Then to see the war with the natives to clear

the rope for the tug of war was a revelation of their patience and persistence. The whole flock of 500 natives were all bound to be in the tug, and it took at least forty minutes of real clubbing to make them let go of the rope and stay away. Rapped on the shins they smiled at the policeman and said, "Thank you, sir!" and grabbed the rope again.

Well, to see the demonstrations of the natives, their tug of war and all, was a paradox of laughter better felt than told. And then to think that your fun and dissipation was all for missions made us wax fat with inner mirth.

Now once more I must bring you back to one of the temples which was so interesting to me. We will pass by "The Colossi," "Mendinet Habu," "Der-el-Bahari" and the temples of Rameses III., which we visited from Luxor, and ask you to see Karnak.

Karnak is the greatest ruin of old temples in Egypt, both in size, grandeur and history. It was connected with the Luxor temple by an avenue of 6,500 feet long and 80 feet wide. This spot was very holy ground from the early centuries. The kings of Egypt from Thothmes III. to Energetes II., lavished much wealth on temples and built this shrine of Amen in the Apts magnificently. And this temple was standing 1600 B. C. Before 1600 B. C. Rameses II. erect-

ed two obelisks in front of Karnak of elegant granite, and the temple must have stood there then. The avenue from Luxor to Karnak was nearly one and one-fourth miles long, sixty feet wide, and lined all the way on either side with stone sphinxes. Then another long avenue extended from the Nile to the temple on the east. It was elaborately paved and lined with ram-headed stone sphinxes. Enough of these avenues and sphinxes remain to-day in position, some of them well preserved, to not only satisfy one of their reality, but to open one's mind with wonder at such tremendous outlay.

The gateway of the temple as you approach from Luxor is a most imposing, delicately sculptured structure, and is to-day well preserved. The court hall has a double row of pillars, and the entrance from either side is corridored with thickly rowed columns. The twelve columns forming a double row in the middle are sixty feet high and thirty-five feet in circumference. The others, 122 in number, are forty feet high and twenty-seven feet in circumference, beautifully capitaled. Those set up by Seti I. and Rameses II., are some of them standing to-day, and excavations are now going on as well as restoration, to preserve this relic of better times.

The tablet of ancestors is now in Paris, where King Thothmes III. is making offerings to a

number of his royal ancestors. On the north side of the temple the chamber still remains where he made these offerings. And on the north side was the lake filled with infiltration from the Nile. You can gather some idea of this mammoth temple from the above. I must now let your imagination work until I see you.

There are many theories how this old temple came to be buried there, but there is only one that seems feasible. The banks of the Nile and the change in its course, all point to burial by flood or overflow. For the Nile overflows its banks two months in the year some 10 or 16 feet. The immense volume of filth submerged the temple.

The Lifting of Rameses II. at Memphis.

"When with the breath of fire upon his face,
And scarce escaped Pelusium's treachery,
To Ptah the king his statues twain would place,
He thought not here to lie
A burial hulk, to cover up whose shame
Each year the Nile with strange compassions came.
Did something of the sorrow of a king
Cast down, dishonored, enter heart of stone,
That when we strove to raise the battered thing
And set him on his throne,
Face downward still, for all our wish to save
Our oaken beams and ram—he sank into his grave?
But slow and sure against his royal will

Moved by the lever's pulses fiercely piled,
The giant statue yielded to our skill,
We turned him on the side,
And saw upon his belt and on his hand
The words our day can dimly understand.
First favorite of the Sun, Light, Strength and Truth,
Rameses, beloved of Amen, so we read
The royal titles that the Memphian youth
Spake low, and bowed the head.
The sun shines still, Truth stands, and God's light grows,
But power has passed from off these marble brows.

Egypt Concluded.

CHAPTER XIX.

EGYPT CONCLUDED.

Tombs of the Kings—Discovery by Karna—Seti I. Tomb—Onward March of Egypt—Edfu and its Temples—Aswan—Evergreen Elephantine—Philae—The Barrage—Arab Mohammed—Song on the Nile.

WE must introduce you to the tombs of the kings, which being of importance, are also dangerous. One woman entering, in going down the steep, smooth descent with nothing to cling to, disfigured her nose and face greatly. And in a true American spirit I offered simply my arm to an old maid to steady her down the decline, and she shook me severely, as if I were a flea. But after repenting and trying to smooth over the unlady-like manner, because the company and dragoman resented her behavior, with a smile "I passed by on the other side." So the tombs are deep, dark, slippery places, likely to destroy the body, and have no power to restore the soul. See to it that you enter carefully, patiently, with smiles upon your face and Christian love in your heart.

Discovery of the tombs was by an Arab, Karna, in the year 1871, or thirty years ago. He

found a large tomb filled with coffins, and many of them indicated royal personages. The native knew he had made a valuable discovery. So secluding the bodies he sold scarabs and ornaments for some ten years, much enriching his store of earthly possessions. M. Marriette of Paris, bought a Suez papyrus, which contained a text concerning these buried kings. M. Maspero catching the idea of the existing tombs, made his way to Thebes, purchased some ornaments, and made successful investigation in 1881. He had one of the scarab sellers arrested and under the most bitter threats he would not reveal the secret. Entombed in prison for two months he was released, and finally in discussing with his friends how he might manage, they revealed the secret and Karna revealed his discovery.

Research disclosed not only one tomb, but many, and doubtless to-day there are others to be excavated as soon as means can be furnished. Already they have found the enormous tombs of Seti I., Rameses III., IV., VI., IX., and I., in order, also Thothmes III., Amenophis II., Rechma-Ra and Nekht. These tombs have such a sameness that a brief description of one must give you thought for the others. They are on the west side of the Nile, opposite to Luxor in the ancient city of Thebes.

The Tomb of Seti I. was built B. C. 1366.

And from it has been secured a most beautiful alabaster sarcophagus, which is now preserved in the Sloan Museum in London. It was found lying in the chamber at the bottom of the tomb. The inscriptions and scenes found on these walls are numerous, and form parts of the "Book of Being in the Underworld," which cannot occupy much space here. The paintings and sculpture contain an excellence and beauty remarkable. The writings with these point out that the whole series refer to the life of the king in the underworld. The entrance of the tomb is by a good-sized door and two flights of steps, at the end of which is a passage terminating in a small chamber. This leads to a great six-pillared hall with vaulted chamber, where stood the sarcophagus of Seti I. And here is an inclined plane which reaches down into the mountain at a sharp incline without steps, some 250 feet. The whole length of the tomb is at least 500 feet. The walls are elegantly ornamented, and the designs were first sketched in outline in red, and the alterations by the more skillful artist were made in black. The mutilations of this tomb for the last twenty years have been many and now protection is furnished. Please remember all of this space of the tomb is hewed out of the solid rock of the mountain, and then try to count the cost; the years of hard slave labor for the pres-

ervation of the king's body. Then thank God you have learned the body is perishing, but that He giveth to the soul eternal life, and you can feed on Him "who preserveth both soul and body unto everlasting life," for Christ is the hewn rock of our safety.

The Onward March of Egypt under British rule is phenomenal. Seventeen years have so advanced its material progress that you can hardly understand its famished, bankrupt condition at the time of Arabi Pasha's war. For every beast then in the fields, there are fifteen now. And the peasant farmer no longer fears the crushing weight of the arbitrary tax gatherers who would sell not only the produce, but the peasant himself for rent. The cities and towns are repaired and new buildings modernized are making the towns and villages look like full blown flowers. A little paint and whitewash indicate some cash in store without the income of revenue. The water supply is allotted and regularly the land owner receives his share. It is not as once, when the land owner used all the water to his neighbor's poverty and famine.

Forced labor upon canals and rivers being abolished in 1889 was indeed a great blessing to this people. It costs the government at least $2,000,000 a year to do without forced labor. But the cost is ten times repaid in the elevation

of the nation. Under the former system, shameful abuses crept in and hundreds of officials had their houses built, canals cut and lands irrigated at public expense. And the poorest paid the extravagant's bills. Egypt and all nations can thank Viscount Cramer for the Christian and brilliant achievement. The doing away with compulsory labor has stricken from the public rolls 50,000 slaves, and increased the public revenues $1,000,000 in ten years. Also the taxation in ten years has been materially reduced. Railways, telegraphs, customs, imports and exports, postoffices, schools and the missions, have been healthfully creeping in. One mile of the railway in my mind is worth more to Egypt and its people's needs, than all the pyramids of ages. One school means more than all the gods and goddesses of the past. In 1889, 1,063 studied English in government schools, and in 1899, 4,401 students of these schools took English, meaning 78 per cent. of all in attendance. Soon the Anglo-Saxon tongue will ring with liberty and freedom throughout Egypt and all Africa.

The peasants now till the soil, irrigate it and sow the seed, and gather their share in the harvest. All the sandy desert of Egypt will yet be one field of golden corn from irrigation of the Nile. But we must record our trip to Edfu.

Edfu is 66 miles up the Nile from Luxor on

the west bank. Formerly it was a great place for crocodiles and here they were worshipped. Now you are no more likely to see a crocodile in Edfu than in America. When westward civilization flows in they with other nuisances take their final leave. The temple here occupied 180 years, three and one-half months in building. It was begun under Ptolemy III., B. C. 237, and finished B. C. 57 Its construction is fine, but its leading peculiarity is its high towers of 112 feet, making its general magnificence very striking. It measures 450 feet by 120 feet. Its entrance is by a court galleried on three sides by thirty-two pillars. The temple was dedicated to Horus and the pylons are covered with battle scenes. The walls are inscribed with a list of its chambers and a list of names of places. The name of its architect is inscribed as Imonthis. This, like all the other temples, was covered with debris until M. Marriette unearthed it. About forty miles from here is the village of Redesiyeh and another temple of Seti I. The temple at Edfu is well preserved with mosaic floors and strong, densely crowded columns, running to a pleasant height, from which one obtains a broad and charming view of the little town and the massive fields around about it. Our next place of charms was Aswan.

It is 538 miles from Cairo, and about 750 miles

from the sea where our boats took anchorage before turning homeward. This town marks the place of the First Cataract and a few years ago was the extreme of traversed Egypt. But a few days make years and the world of Egypt now lies beyond. This town on the east bank of the Nile, years ago obtained great notoriety among the people, because Erot Erotosthenes and Ptolemy considered it to lie in the tropic of cancer. It contained a famous well where at the summer solstice the sun's rays fall vertically and illuminate it in every part. Thirty-seven degrees, twenty-three minutes north of the tropic this town lies. The Romans held Egypt by garrisoning three places, Aswan, Cairo and Alexandria, and three legions of cohorts were stationed here. Its ancient size must have been considerable, since it has been described as a flourishing town, and history speaks of 20,000 people being swept away in one plague. The Persians, Arabs, Turks and Nubians seem to have in latter years combined for its destruction. The oldest ruins are those of Ptolemy's temple, which we cannot afford to describe now.

The Evergreen Elephantine Island lies a short distance to the north of the Cataract just opposite of Aswan and is famous not only for its gardens of flowers, but it has always been the key to southern Egypt. The island is very fer-

tile and is said to retain its vine and fig leaves throughout the year. Here is the famous Nilometer well which is a masterpiece of masonry, where the water rises and falls with that of the Nile, and it bears the marks of its rise and fall for years. Reckoning from the marks in this well the meter man can estimate what the rise of the river will be and communicate the news to all along the banks. It is Egypt's "weather bureau." It greatly helps the agriculturalist and the governors. For while the former regulates for irrigation, the governor used to tax higher or lower as the river raised and fell in the season of overflow.

Several tombs and the high walled monastery of St. Simon, the refuge of the monks, lies near here, but our pen is too swift to stay.

Philae is a name given to the two islands which are situated at the head of the First Cataract, six miles south of Aswan. It is sometimes known by the term "City of Isis," and one author has written of it as the "interior of heaven."

Thus it is held as a most holy site, as can be seen by its titles, "Holy Island," etc. The trip to this island is a delightful one. For your view is constantly changing from huge mountains of dark, black flint rocks, to single ones from ten to twenty feet in diameter, worn by water into forms of kings and queens, animals

and houses. The island is 1418 feet from north to south, and 464 feet wide, and itself is formed from crystalline rock, mainly hornblending granite, over which the rich Nile mud has been deposited. The vegetation is consequently most luxuriant, and the flowers and palms bear not only shade but fragrance exquisite in their lofty foliage. The island contains several buildings, many of which date from Ptolemy's time, 323 B. C. The temple of Isis is one of the main objects of interest. It is mainly founded on the rock, while the others are subject to the changes of the loose Nile deposit. In the Greek and Roman times, the chief deities were Isis and Osiris. The collecting of the parts in which the mutilations and death of the body of Osiris, and the reconstruction of the body by Isis, and the breathing into the body the breath of life by the words and skill which Thoth had taught her, form very prominent scenes. These are largely illustrated in the temple of Isis. From this worship and the temple shrines which caused the gathering of the people here, the indeed palmy days of Philae began.

This temple consists of a pylon finely decorated with reliefs of several rules, Nectanebus II., Ptolemy III., IX. and XII., and Neus Dionysus; a court containing the Mammisi and a colonnade,

which are sculptured and painted with the forms of dignitaries. Another pylon is ornamented with reliefs of Ptolemy I. and II. The chamber of Osiris, which contains reliefs of ceremonies relating to the death and resurrection of Osiris, and the names of rulers on the outside, is of special interest. Several other temples exist, but we must now pass to living history, which means more than temples, shrines or flowers. In 1893 the project of a dam and reservoir at Aswan was submitted to the government of Egypt and the scheme is being carried out through the enterprise of the British.

Through all time the Nile has watered the land of Egypt at its own convenience and pleasure. No ruler or statesman has seriously undertook to regulate the supply of water for cultivated lands by drains or reservoirs. This river of silt, richer than gold, has wasted itself by deposits of tons of sediment in the sea just where it was not wanted. In the present century, 1833, Mohammed Ali blocked the Rosetta branch with a stone dam, making the water to flow into the Damietta branch, from which all of the large canals drew water for irrigation. Linant Pasha, seeing its effect, asked for the construction of a barrage across the head of each branch about six miles below. Mohammed Ali approved and planned to take the stones of the pyramids for this pur-

SCENE IN EGYPT

pose until he was persuaded that they could quarry stone much cheaper from Cairo. He stubbornly yielded and the work was begun in 1833, and carried on slowly till 1835, when the whole matter was dropped and thrown overboard. Abbass Pasha in 1861 succeeded in finishing the Rosetta Barrage at a heavy cost, and in '67 the main gates burst out and this enterprise was a failure. But later Moguel's Barrage was made a success, and one could not describe the greatness of the income from this dam which was able to hold up a head of thirteen feet of water. But it does not now contain nearly all of the water needed for the cotton fields and wheat acreage throughout Egypt. Mr. Willcocks showed by accurate statistics that at least *one-third* of the land of Egypt in the irrigatable regions was undeveloped and barren. He proposed the Aswan Reservoir and was opposed by archaeological students in all of his plans. Finally, after years of dispute, Messrs. Aird & Co. signed a contract with the Egyptian government to build the Aswan dam for $10,000,000, and it was to be completed in 1903. But thanks to the company, I saw it nearly finished in the year 1901. But Messrs. Aird & Co. will receive no pay until 1903, when the debt will be paid off in thirty half year annuities. The canals and drains from this are to be com-

pleted at the same time as the dam, and will cost $10,000,000 more. But a conservative estimate says that the revenues of this country will be increased $13,750,000 annually.

The dam stands in the first cataract, and holds up the water twenty-five feet above the low water level. Its length is 6468 feet with a width of 82 feet at the bottom and 26 feet at the top. It is builded of fine large blocks of hard rose granite, and if ever I saw a beautiful and substantial, well-braced stone work, it is this. The dam is pierced by 180 openings or gates, and is at the point of greatest depth 92 feet high. The gates are 23 feet by 6 feet. Three locks are to be built and the navigation channel will be on the west side of the river. This looks to be the beginning of Egyptian progress whereby it is to become one of the most fertile regions of the earth. It seems that all this barren sand with nothing of turf or vegetation, save a few dried and starved sage brush, springs into most productive, quick life as soon as the sedimental waters of the Nile quench its stark thirst. And you can't rob the Nile, for it draws into the Mediterranean alone each year something like 160,000,000 tons of deposit. But this barren soil seems to have virtue in it if you give it water without its sediment. You can mark an abundant crop, in these fields of darkest green wheat, laden with hanging

heads, where the water touches. One inch from this irrigation line a weed would not grow.

The California banker, R. J. R. Aden, Mr. Ferrie of Utica, Mr. Beatty of Bainbridge, N. Y., Miss Grace Hilbourn of California, and Mrs. Hansaw of California, and myself, had hired a boat to shoot the rapids at this cataract and row into Aswan, but our servant was too slow, and the boat just shot out of our sight with another party as we came to the dock. However, about twenty natives dove into the rapids, swam down through them several times, and came out not only alive, but shining with a darkened glow, and had faces knit with smiles for the fifty onlooking tourists who gave them a penny apiece for the circus.

The Arab Mohammed history is singular, to say the least, and what I shall write will be his history as understood in his own country, without prejudice. The prayer he composed and teaches his disciples is profound if rightly directed.

"God of mercy, God of grace,
Lord of all creation's race,
To thy holy name we raise
Prayer, to thee, O, God be praise.
Prince of that dread judgment day;
Thee we serve, to thee we pray;
Help us, lead us in the way,
Way of those whom thou hast blest,
Upon whom no wrath shall rest,
Who from right go not astray. Amen."

Mohammed, commonly known as the Prophet, was born at Mecca, 570 A. D. His ancestors were of high rank in the city. His parents were poor and his inheritance consisted of five camels, a flock of goats, and a slave girl. He was reared by his grandfather, and learned the merchant's trade from his uncle. His mother died when he was twelve years of age, and his uncle took him to Syria. At the age of twenty, he visited the Fair at Okas, near Mecca, and here he heard the Arab poets declaim and met the Christian Jews. At the age of 25 he began to do business as a merchant for a wealthy lady of forty years, and married her. When he was forty years old, he began to formulate a system of religion for the Arabs. He became convinced that he was destined by God to carry out that reform. He was often discouraged and threatened suicide. And then he felt Gabriel appear to him, and entrusted him with the mission of reforming the religion of the Arabs. When he was 45 years of age, he had collected enough followers to provoke opposition and persecution about Mecca. Then becoming discouraged, he came to tolerate idols, and was about to give up his mission when his wife died, at the age of 70. A month later his uncle died. In a few weeks he married a widow called Sanda, and betrothed himself at the same time to a child seven years old. He made con-

verts at Medina that year, and built a mosque where his camel first knelt down. At the age of 53 he married Aisha, aged ten. His bride carried her toys to his home and he comforted her by playing with her. In that year he ceased to pray toward Jerusalem and ordered his followers to pray toward Mecca. When he was 55 years old he married Hafsa, the daughter of Omar. In this year the battle of Uhud occurred in which Mohammed was wounded. In his 56th year he married Zenab, the daughter of Khuzema, and a month later Umm Salma, the widow of Abu Salma; four months later he married Zennabbint-Jahsh, and later in the year he married another wife, Juwerya. The year he was 57, wars took place which gave him power and followers, and the people of Mecca yielded largely to him. In the same year he betrothed himself to Umm-Habuba, and conquered Khebar, where he married Sofia, another man's wife. The Jews bewitched him and he went to Mecca in his fifty-ninth year and married Memuna, and his power increased in the city, he having been successful in many raids. In his 60th year, George Makawkas sent him two sisters, Shirin and Maryam, the latter he married, and she bore him a son called Ibrahim, who died the same year. In his 61st year many tribes yielded to Mohammed, and he thought all children of the

Arabs, whether Christians or not, ought to submit. In the 62nd year of his age he ordered an expedition against Syria, but died early in the month of June. In personal appearance he was of medium height, had an upright carriage, and walked fast. He laughed often, had a ready wit and good memory. This paragraph needs no remarks. If you think Mohammedanism is of any help to people, talk with the Mohammedans themselves, as I have, in private. Go and visit, visit their land.

This is one of the songs learned on our trip up the Nile:—

They both to church together went;
And on the sermon they were bent;
The preacher spoke with fluency
Of Pharisee and Sadd-u-cee.
They home from church together walked,
And of the sermon they both talked;
He said to her, why don't you see?
We're Phar-i-see and Sadd-u-cee.
She turned on him her dark, brown eyes,
And with a look of vexed surprise—
He quickly hastened to aver,
"I am your constant worshiper."
"My dear," said he, "why don't you see?
You are my darling Phar-i-see;
And just because you don't love me,
And that's what makes me Sadd-u-cee."

Bible Land.

CHAPTER XX.

BIBLE LAND.

How We Came Here—Jaffa—Yassor—Bendagor — Ramah — Lydda — Ramleh — Gezer—Soreh—Kirjath Jearem—Jerusalem—Its Walls—Its Gates—Solomon's Quarries—Entrance to Inner City—Church of Holy Sepulchre—Calvary and Discussion.

WE came here by steamboat from Luxor to to Assiut on the Nile. Then to catch our train out of Cairo for Port Said and thus the boat for Jaffa, we must take the train from Assiut. A jolly party consisting of gentlemen sirs Ferry, Beatty, Aden, Pennock and Mrs. Hansaw took one compartment of the car, and in spite of the Egyptian dust, which you always pay for when you buy a railroad ticket in Egypt, we passed the hours in song and chat quite leisurely, until just at evening something went thud, as if a car truck had smashed. The air as quick as a flash was rife with camel breath. I said, "We have run into a camel." They laughed. The train halted and we found the parts of the camel blocking the trucks of the first car. The American railroad would have brushed the camel off as if it were a fly, but in Egypt they have no cow-catcher, just a blunt

square end, and run only twenty miles an hour at their best. They were seemingly frightened at this little accident, and just crawled along for the next twenty miles, landing us in Cairo at about ten in the evening.

Our fine and venerable conductor, Mr. Clausen, met us, assisted us to the beautiful Hotel Continental for the night; started us the next day for Port Said by train, 125 miles. Our party now consisted of two sisters, the Misses Youngs,, Rev. F. F. Carpenter of Maryland, his friend, Mr. Noah Webster, Mr. R. J. R. Aden and myself and Conductor Clausen. Boarding the steamboat Dakahlieh at 8 o'clock p. m. we found Miss and Mrs. Hilbourn on the same route. The boat was loaded and we were crammed into bunks like cookies into a jar. We were awake with the birds, ready to disembark at Jaffa early Monday morning.

Jaffa is still under the Jewish curse. It is a small town of 5,000 people, crowded into hovels bordering on narrow, nasty streets. The modern town has nothing for you. But it preserves a few historic places of sacred interest, which in spite of desolation make the heart sing:—

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God Almighty,
Early in the morning our prayer shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed trinity!"

From the sea Jaffa rises like an amphitheatre and has no harbor. The port you can only make in good weather, and yet it is the oldest in the world. Here tradition builds the "ark," but only tradition. And here are the marks of the chain on the rock, which bound Andromeda, and here Hiram, king of Tyre, brought the cedars of Lebanon for the building of the "Temple."

We saw the foundation of the house of Simon, the tanner, and walked on the roof where Peter had the vision and heard the voice saying, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat!" Here he called Tabitha to life. Here Jonah embarked for Nineveh. In this city 1799 Napoleon butchered 4,000 Turkish soldiers after the memorable siege.

Our destiny is now Jerusalem, about thirty-five miles southeast by a narrow gauge railroad. The first to greet our eyes was the beautiful flower valley of Sharon, from which was composed the song, "Rose of Sharon, thy rich fragrance fills the air in which I move." And sure enough we beheld the roses, gathered some and were sweetened by the whole valley's fragrance.

Next we beheld "Yassor," where Samson put the flame of fire to the jackalls' or foxes' tails. Jud. 15:4.

Then we ran along by Bendagor, home of the God of the Philistines. Judges 16:23. Then we saw Ramah a little distance from us, the home of

Joseph of Arimathea. Lydda appeared on a little distance, where Peter healed the palsied Aeneas on his way to Jaffa. Here also are the ruins of the church of St. George, which are so often referred to in the writings of the Crusaders. Here also is Ramleh, conquered by the Crusaders in 1099, but regained by Saladin in 1187. We saw Gezer and the valley of Aschelon which Pharaoh gave to his daughter, Solomon's wife. I Kings, 9:16. We passed through the valley Soreh, where Samson met his "Waterloo" in Delilah, and you can find none like her here today. I think he took them all. We now ran along through the plain and saw Kirjath-Jearem, where the Ark rested twenty years. And a little on the right we saw the traditional tomb of Samson, which looks like a snow white dome. Then on the left Soreh, the birthplace. Jud. 13. The hills of Judah were just crowded with spring flowers, among which are the roses of Sharon, lillies, blue bells and yellow and white stars. Among the flowers along the hillside the goats were feeding, guarded by shepherds, and here and there are overhanging caves of lime rock. And now we are slowly winding through a deep, narrow gorge, the bed of an old stream. Ps. 95:4. And now, crossing the valley of roses, we behold for the first time Mt. Zion, the Holy City, the City of David, the New Jerusalem.

Jerusalem has an effect on one not to be told. Though unexpressed, it leaves a deep, abiding influence. So much of history, of jubilee, of death, of mystery and deepest reality, is centered here. You think seriously, tread lightly, and sing joyously. At our approach we lifted our voices in the chorus:—

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, lift up your gates and sing!
Hossana, in the highest! hosanna to your King!
Hosanna, in the highest! hosanna, to your King!"

The city stands on a mountain summit, 2,610 feet above the Mediterranean, 3,922 feet above the river Jordan. Like Rome, it has five hills. It is surrounded on the east, south and west by valleys. And by their depth a complete fortification is formed. Psalms 25:2. As the mountains are around about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about his people, henceforth, even forever. The sacred singer must have referred to "Olivet," the "Mt. of Corruption," and the "Hill of Evil Council." They all stand near with intervening valleys, Jehosaphat, Kedron and Hinnon, which form a mighty defense. The only approach for early warriors was from the north, and there the walls and battlements were greatly strengthened, and the gates securely guarded.

Jerusalem has no suburbs as many cities con-

tain. Surrounded by massive, towering walls, lacking orange groves, fig orchards, mulberry trees, and enclosed gardens, she has guarded gates, a few degrading huts cling to her walls on the side of the Hill of Scandal. In the days of Christ, the city possessed two walls, one around Mt. Zion and the other enclosing Mr. Akra. But after the crucifixion, by Herod's order, a third wall was placed around the city. The walls had been demolished and restored many times until the year 1542 A. D. The present wall was built by the order of the Sultan Suleiman. Constantly reconstructed from the old, broken down walls, the present one contains blocks of stone of every age of the city from David down to the crusaders.

The present wall is about three miles in circumference, varied in height from 25 to 40 feet, and is from ten to fifteen feet thick. This wall is nearly two miles less in circumference than the ancient one. The wall is backed up well, and we enjoyed climbing to the last brace, about four feet below the outside, and walking the turrets as watchmen on the walls. This is the place referred too, doubtless, by the sacred writer. Where the wall joins the harem, extending from the southeast corner, here are great stones and arches, likely as old as Solomon's time. And in the southeast corner of the harem there are some

sixteen courses of stones, that seemingly have never been disturbed. These are eight feet thick, four feet high, and nineteen feet long. On this turn is the precious corner stone, in the form of a beautiful and virtuous woman, perhaps significant of the Messiah. I. Peter 2:6; Isa. 28:16; and Ps. 144:12. On this corner likely stood the pinnacle of the Temple, where Satan tempted Christ to cast himself down. Matt. 4:5, 6. The fall here would have been 310 feet.

We entered the western side of the city at the "Jaffa Gate," where the main entrance has always been impassable for carriages, but which the German Emperor demanded thrown down before he visited the city. The wall remains torn away and we rode in and landed at the Grand Hotel, just inside the opening. The President of the United States ought to come here and order the whole wall torn away. For the yoke of Turkish rule and exclusion needs rending eternally. Here a part of this gate is David's Tower, strongly buttressed and thick-walled, running up a little south of the Jaffa Gate. Here David watched its valued treasures, outwitting all of its enemies.

The Golden Gate, thought to be the ancient Beautiful Gate where Peter and John healed the cripple, is on the eastern side of the city, over against the Mt. of Olives, and is walled up. It

is beautiful, double portaled, spanned by arches richly ornamented with entablature and Corinthian columns of polished marble, decked with elegant capitals. The Mohammedans think when this gate is opened the destroyer will come and take the city from them.

Of the remaining five gates, perhaps Damascus Gate outdoes them all. It is the oldest gate of the city and strongest, guarded by turrets and battlements. Its architecture indicates not only beauty, painstaking and labor, but Saracen style. This opens to the road leading to Damascus, and doubtless out through this Saul went leading his cruel band of persecutors, to return a revolutionized being, with his own glory swallowed up in the majesty of the Divine. This gate is still guarded by four Turkish soldiers, which are ever on the alert.

The other gates are the "Gate of Flowers," on the northeast, Gate of the Western Africans, on the south, the walled up Gate of St. Stephen on the east, and the most quiet of all, "Zion's Gate," on the northwest.

One of the most certain proofs that Jerusalem has been utterly destroyed is that none of its old gates remain. You will remember how it had on the north three gates, on the south three gates, on the east three gates, on the west three gates.

The old gates and city doubtless lie some thirty feet below the present city's foundation.

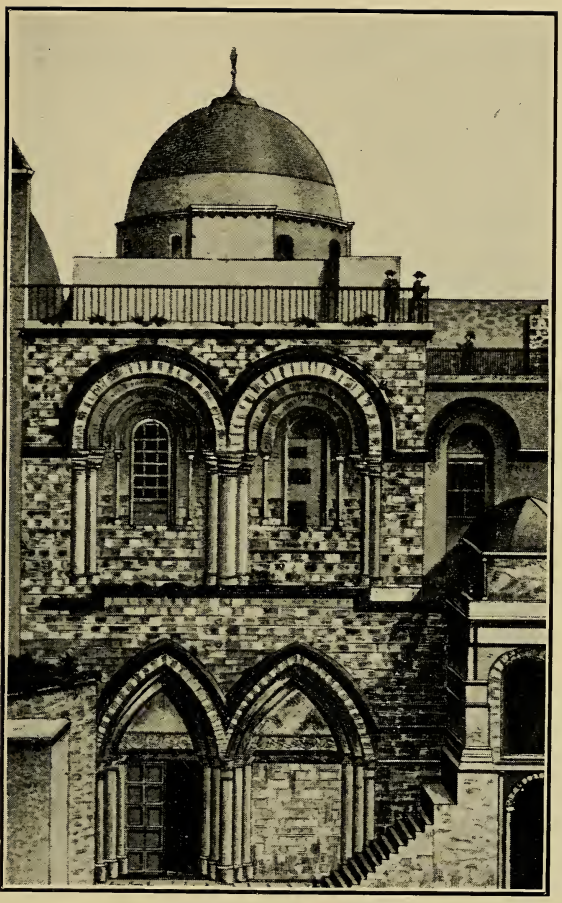
Solomon's Quarries were entered by the skill of the "Cooks," as they always find entrance to the most difficult places, and Mr. Yanni Paulo conducted us to the marvelous cave beneath the city. We entered this cave just east of the Damascus Gate, on the north side of the city. This entrance was discovered by a missionary's dog, drawn to the place by the scent of the bones of animals. We entered a party of six, with lighted wax tapers, and at a distance of one hundred feet we began to descend rapidly. The air was stifling and damp. Finding we were in a cave three thousand feet in circumference, one thousand feet in length, and 500 feet in breadth, the party decided to turn back. We saw the quarry clippings, and found the marks of picks and chisels, where assuredly large rocks had been dug out and quarried. We are satisfied that the temple stone were dug from this place and conveyed noiselessly to their places, according to I Kings, 6:7.

The five hills, Zion, Moriah, Ophel, by inspired writers, and Akra, Bezetha, by Josephus, are described Jer. 26:18; Josephus, p. 528. Mt. Zion is most often referred to by the Bible. For out of Zion shall go forth the law and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. Here the promise

of the Holy Spirit was fulfilled. Acts, 2:2-39; Jno. 22:25. Here Christ ate the Last Supper, not far from the "Tomb of David." Now a mosque covers the place. Here also he ate the Passover with his disciples. Luke, 22:12. Here he washed the disciples' feet with humble Christian dignity. Jno. 13:12.

But before we enter into the inner secret places of the city, I want to say it has suffered many sieges. It is under the bane and curse of God. We must not expect too much at present. The city is in the Sultan's power, and hideously locked away from all development and Christian light. But take hope and interest, for the light is breaking, and when once the Anglo-Saxon race through God's good providence breaks the bands of the oppressor, Jerusalem and Judea, with their mountains of silver, gold and iron, will break open and yield their wealth. The children will leap from their hiding places into the lap of luxury, enlightenment, liberty, seize their opportunities and go with us up the shining way of holiness, to the new Jerusalem, where all wailing and tears and leprosy and poverty and lust shall forever be exclusive and excluded. These last named faults now prevail with the narrow streets, cankerous filth and heedless crimes.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is central



CHURCH OF HOLY SEPULCHRE

and in order visited first. You will feel with all who visit it a sense of reverence and respect for the place. Many enter most indifferently, but they fail to come from its scenes untouched by a feeling of sin, deep debt, and unrelenting compassion upon our Lord Jesus Christ. Besides, it is Easter morning, and preferring to attend this church in preference to others, where thousands upon thousands will gather this day from every nation, I will take you with me. Instead of listening to idle conversation on board our ship, my pen flows on. My heart is light. The eastern sun pours over the strait between Sicily and Italy, and I see Mt. Aetna, snow-capped, rising into the clear ether 10,872 feet and only two miles on either side we see cities Patti and Barcelona. We approach the picturesque water front of charming Messina, a city of many sieges, containing a population of some 125,000 well kept people in need of intellectual opportunities.

And now a skiff has approached us as we anchor, containing an orchestra of three violins, a guitar and harp. Their music puts all my soul in song, but the music of my heart this morning is more than some catchy ditty, much deeper. "He is risen!" charms my soul, and I can almost catch the voices of angels joining in the song:—

"List to the story of the Christ who for thy soul,
Left all his glory, died to make thee whole;
On the cross he suffered, bled and died on Calvary,
Thus for thee, He purchased life so full and free.
"Anthems are ringing over sea and sky and shore,
Glad music bringing singing o'er and o'er;
Of a Savior risen for the stone is rolled away,
From the grave's dark prison, He is risen today.
"Jesus is calling!
Sweet and low he calls for thee,
Jesus is calling!
Wilt thou come and see?"

From Grand Hotel, near David's Tower and Jaffa Gate, we walk carefully over the somewhat uneven pavement, but smoothly worn way, under the narrow and arch-covered lane, called David street, and to the right down Christian street, we come in about three minutes to a court. This court is fifty feet by sixty feet, and filled with traders and vendors, displaying the inevitable life extender. This court is filled with the tramp, tramp of Russian Pilgrims, mongrels from Siberia, and peasants from Asia of all sorts, and mixed among their scattered forces are happy well dressed parties from England, America, Germany, Italy, France, Wales and Scotland. Doubtless over one million people will visit this

place this Holy Day. But what we have referred to appeared on Tuesday, March 2, 1901.

We have the invitation, as did the Marys, "Come see the place where the Lord lay." Also to go quickly and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead. Matt. 28:6-7. (Also Acts 1:9-13 ought here to be read.) Into this sepulchre we will now go from the court which approaches the holy place from the south. Down a few stone steps, worn deep by the tramp of millions, we enter the edifice hard to describe, but its nave has a length of 300 feet east and west, and its transept is 180 feet north and south, with a ceiling 80 feet high. Here on one side is the Greek chapel of elegant burnishing and furnishing. Its nave measures 98 feet by 40 feet. The walls are wood, but here are noble arches, high altars and stalls for singers. In the western part of this chapel is the great rotunda of the church, 99 feet in diameter. This is encircled by eighteen grand pillars, supporting a massive and graceful dome. Here in the very center of this circle, directly beneath the dome, is the *reputed sepulchre of our Lord.* Like a temple, it is twenty feet in length, ten feet in breadth, and nearly twenty feet high. It is enriched by pillars of marble, cornices and mouldings without, and the top is finished like a king's crown. We crowd around among the pilgrims who are kiss-

ing the stone of unction and the sides of the tomb, crawling up the steps on the eastern end of the tomb, osculating every stair, bowing their heads, uttering groanings that cannot be understood. (But it is sweet to think that God hears them.) One by one the steps are left behind, and we enter the door one at a time to the inner vault, seven feet by six feet. On the north side of this chamber, enclosed with marble, is the tomb, about three feet above the vaulted marble Savior. Four at a time can enter. Not a word after the resurrection, and with the thought, is spoken. You couldn't speak. You think seriously, but with joyous hope and expectation. A glowing love sweeps over the whole being, for he is not here, but risen. Joyous tears sweep down your cheeks unbidden, and you do not chase them away. They are not false now. No one can be false here. Realness reigns supreme, and the supreme rules your every motion unless you are prison chained for eternal gloom. You pass out and no one speaks until a friend says to you, "What a feeling sweeps over me?"

Immediately at your left is the stone where Christ was anointed for the burial by the precious hands and the costly ointment. And just across is the stone representing the place where Mary stood, while the body was prepared for burial. Now we look upon the gladdest spot in the whole

universe. Just where the Virgin saw our Savior after the resurrection, and with the thought, our spirit rises. "We shall be caught up together with them in the air," and so shall we be forever with the Lord. A short column stands near by, indicating the place of scourging, and a pilgrim touches it, pledging himself to be true to the Man of Sorrows. Now we behold the sword and outfit of Sir Godfrey de Bouillon and his brother Baldwin, who suffered at the hands of the Greeks, for commending the rights of their rivals. This place is called the Chapel of Adam. Then on in our course we visit the "Centurion's Tomb," who pierced the side of our Redeemer. Now we come to Calvary, the place of the crucifixion. Under the altar which marks the place is the natural rock. Here is the hole in the rock two feet in depth where the cross was dropped in. And now the red rock that was rent from the violent shaking of the earth at His giving up the Ghost, is pointed out to us.

You remember Christ was buried in the Sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea, and turning we pass by the corner of Christ's tomb and back some fifteen feet, and descend into the real tomb dug for Joseph of Arimathea. It is a large cave dug out of the solid rock, with the stairway and large hall in the side of which he was buried, as the custom demanded. Then we pass into the chapel

of the "Division of Vestments," and remember how for his garments they did cast lots. Then we speed to the Chapel of St. Helena, which contains the chair she sat in while she superintended the search for the cross. Down again some dozen steps and we are in the cavern where the mother of Constantine is said to have found the three crosses, and the title which Pilate scribed was broken off. From the sides of the rocks water is dripping, which has percolated the rocks from the surface. The monks assured us the rocks were weeping for the dead Savior and that these are holy tears.

Whether this church covers the Golgotha, the crucifixion and the scourging, we are not certain. But this we know. That since Constantine this church has been builded and rebuilded on the same grounds, and refers to the same places. The walls of the city have been changed so that reckoning from the present location of the walls this place is not according to Scripture outside of the walls. But one thing is certain, it was in Jerusalem, and not far from this place. The Golgotha of Gordon I studied, and brought home a photograph of the same. His reasoning is studied, scientific, historic and Biblical concerning the situation outside of the walls. But when you have followed his traces out, walked over the ground carefully, and considered the evidences

from every side, you are furnished no better comfort, proof or glory than is furnished by tradition and the location of now 1500 years of pilgrimage to the aged and well-worn Golgotha. If we are to seek idol worship of places instead of the charmed presence and serious sufferings of our Lord, then with sufficient proof we might remove the aged land marks. But not till something better is found can we wisely turn our hearts from old Calvary's brow. And the question comes: "Do we worship the unknown as the Athenians, or is it the known God" we have declared unto us who dwelleth not in the temples made with hands, but in us whose temple we are?

We are reminded of what Bishop Newman wrote: "Whatever may have been the temporary interest attached to Golgotha and to the tomb of Joseph, to the idle and curious, to the friend and foe of Jesus, it is evident from the inspired narrative that the sacred writer neither shared the excitement, nor considered it incumbent on them to describe with minuteness the scene of their Master's death and burial." They were too much absorbed in recording the undeniable fact of our Lord's extraordinary expatiatory sufferings, and the glory of his resurrection, to entertain their readers with an accurate account of the rock on which he expired and of the sepulchre from which he triumphed so glorious-

ly. They forgot in the event the place. The actor, and not the stage, is the burden of their historic lines. The simple story runs as follows: "They led him away to crucify him." Matt. 28:31. "When they came to the place which is called Calvary there they crucified him." Luke 23:33. "The place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city." John 19:20. "Now in the place where he was crucified, there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, where was never man yet laid." This sums up their record. They were most familiar with the place. But from the book of Matthew to Revelation the apostles were silent to indifference as to places. Had they deemed it important, they might have told the exact gate out of which Christ passed and on which side of the city the Son of God was slain. The invitation of the Marys to come, see the place where the Lord lay, was not to enshrine the tomb, but to unshrine it, by convincing them by their own sight "*that he is not here,*" for he is risen as he said. They were not told to linger on the spot, to worship, kiss or visit it. (Would that all who have Calvarys and Golgothas might gather these words.) But to go quickly and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead. Matt. 28:67. We never read of their return to the tomb, and history records that even the crosses were forgotten.

Their song was, "Bless the Lord, O, my soul! and forget not all his benefits; who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindnesses and tender mercies."

Is it not enough for us to sing:—

"On Calvary's brow, my Savior died,
'Twas there my Lord was crucified;
'Twas there he bore the agony
And purchased there my pardon free."

Jerusalem Continued.

CHAPTER XXI.

JERUSALEM CONTINUED.

Clans of Jerusalem—Solomon's Temple—History—Description—Mosque of Omar—Cave—Stables—Lepers—Journey to Bethlehem—Bethlehem—Grotto of Nativity.

EACH clan has its quarter in Jerusalem, and clings quite reservedly to its own blood and place. Here are Turks, Jews, Greeks, Mohammedans and Christians. While Jerusalem is variously estimated in numbers from 50,000 to 200,000, and no one seems certain of its exact population, one becomes stranded, and wonders if people under a Sultan cannot count. In asking the question, I received the following reply from our American consul, Mr. Merrill: "Jerusalem numbers about 50,000; 30,000 Mohammedans, 12,000 Jews, 8,000 Greeks." Mrs. Merrill, the consul's wife, is a very genial lady, and living at the hotel, she makes herself pleasantly felt among the guests. She gave me an hour's chat one evening concerning the peculiar inner workings of society in and about Jerusalem, which was most desirable and interesting. Mr. Merrill is quite conversant, but like men of affairs, absorbed with many little cares.

Solomon's Temple! Will that be forgotten?

I almost hear you whisper while I spell out this brief pen sketch. The Temple was first built in 1004 B. C. and at that time the Ark was taken into it. In the year 588 B. C. Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylon, took many of the Jews prisoners, burned the city and broke down the walls. In 536 B. C., Cyrus, King of Persia, asked the people to rebuild the walls, and return to their own country once more, but Artaxerxes prevented them.

Darius became king, and again ordered the Jews to rebuild. Sanballat nearly prevented this by his active enmity—Josephus, 233. But part of the men, acting as watchmen on the walls while others toiled, the enterprise was accomplished 515 B. C. Again polluted and demolished by Antiochus, 167 B. C., Herod restored it 17 B. C. and finished it grandly.

When Titus, coming in the year 29 A. D., with his Roman soldiers, besieged it, burned it, and commanded his soldiers to plow it as a field. Then again, as the Jews planned to restore it, he sent his soldiers and they were scattered abroad to all the ends of the earth.

A Brief Description of the Temple may recall some of the things long borne in mind. The present temple area is a fine enclosure, comprising thirty-six acres, encompassed by a well built wall nine feet thick at the base, and three feet at

the crest, and varying in height from fifty to eighty feet outside, and from ten to fifteen feet on the interior, according to the evenness or unevenness of the mountainous ground. On the east and south its walls are the city's walls, and it is only necessary to speak of those on the north and west. The north wall commences running westward one hundred feet from "St. Stephen's Gate," extending nearly 1060 feet, with buildings attached to the side and top. This wall is now some 600 feet north of its original line, according to the good authority of Josephus. On this wall at its western end, extending 370 feet, is the irregularly built Pasha's Palace. From the Governor's House the western wall extends southward 1,528 feet, and is almost hidden from view by the shops and homes built against it. The western wall has seven entrances. One of these is the Gatees-Silsilah, and near it is the Turkish Divans Hall, and is identical with the ancient Jewish Sanhedrim. This building is square, with arched ceiling, and flat domes, appearing aged and worn. But if not disturbed, it will stand the winters for many ages to come. Here the apostles were arrested for trial. Acts 4:6. And here stood that great Gamaliel, "the doctor of the law," had in reputation among all the people, "and advised the council touching these things."

Next to this building is the "Jews' Wailing Place," where every Friday afternoon the descendants of Abraham meet to bewail their once mighty but now fallen nation. Here they pray, read and howl hideously, and we saw them kissing the wall and asking God to come and restore the Temple and his people again. But alas! I think if they would honestly work, try to clothe and feed their half naked and starved children, give them a little culture, and thus do something to restore their entire loss, as well as wail and pray for lost, and deservedly lost glory, they would be forgiven and regain their glory much sooner. However, my heart is touched, and I still hope for their eventual and speedy restoration. They read here the pathetic pleadings of Isa. 66:9-12 and Ps. 79:1-5.

The Temple ground is now an oblong quadrangle, 1,600 feet north and south, and 1,000 feet east and west. In Herod's time it was prolonged, but originally it was nearly square, according to Josephus' description. The wonderful "Tower of Antonia" stood just north of the old line of the Temple. Herod beautified it with baths, courts and porticos, as well as greatly enlarged and embellished it throughout. This was the fortress of the temple and contained the military guard.

During the time of the Romans it was used as

the seat of public justice. Here "Pilate's Staircase," leading to his judgment hall, formerly stood. Near here is the "Ecce Homo" arch, marking the spot where Pilate having brought forth our Lord, said, "Behold the man!" Jno. 19, 5.

The Latins, Greeks and Moslems, all superstitious, have built some shrines, commemorated to prophet, or saint, within the Temple area. A graceful minaret marks the place where Solomon stood and prayed after the Temple was completed. But the great attraction to the visitor's eye in this area is *the Mosque of Omar,* of which our friend with the kodak secured a splendid picture. To enter this beautiful structure we willingly yield to putting on the holy slippers. This mosque is the pride of the Mohammedan, for it commemorates the capture of the city by Omar 636 A. D. The Jew contemns it. The Christian looks upon it with grief. This whole field has been a field of blood and fountain of tears to all alike.

In 1099 A. D. when the city yielded to the victorious Crusaders, who in faith fought desperately, and died in multitudes, there were rivers of blood. The Mohammedans retreated within this mosque, from which they were driven with exasperating slaughter. Some climbed to the summit of the dome, and clinging to the gild-

ed spire, were picked off with arrows, as in savage warfare. Many jumped into the mammoth cistern underneath and were drowned, or sabred to death. The 71,000 slain "caused the blood to flow ankle deep." The Christians put the Cross on the dome in place of the crescent. And the Catholics of the West called it "Temple Domini" and its guard the "Knights Templar." But the proud Saladin, in less than a century, drove the Crusaders from the city and made the mosque Mohammedan, instead of Christian. The mosque consists of walls, a drum, and a dome. The walls are octagon, 170 feet in diameter, and 46 feet in height. It has fifty-six pointed windows of Tudor style, and the light streaming through the stained glass rivals the rainbow in brilliancy and beauty. The drum on top of this is thirty-six feet high, and contains sixteen fine windows. On this the dome rests, towering seventy feet higher, and a graceful spire crests the dome. The marble, of incasing, in the lower sections, is of all manner of hues, and produces a most beautiful effect to the tasteful eye.

There are four doorways, and each in its quarter of the compass. Two corridors grace its space in circles. One is thirteen feet wide, and has eight massive piers, and sixteen Corinthian columns, connected at the top by a slanting arch-

itrave. The other is some thirty feet wide, built of twelve columns and four piers from which rise the arches to support the graceful dome. The columns are polished, of a purple hue, and porphyry with graced and gilded capitals. Gilt stucco covers the sides and ceiling, which are penciled with Arabic characters. Here was the threshing floor of Ornan. David purchased it to offer thereon a sacrifice to stay the hand of the avenging messenger. 2 Chron. 4:1. And here the altar of burnt offerings rested until the destruction of the second Temple.

"The Noble Cave" beneath it we entered. It was once the cesspool of blood from the burnt offerings. This cave is irregular in shape, eight feet high, and six in circumference. In the center of this cave is a marble star said to cover the mouth of Hades.

The El Aksa you pass from the south entrance of this mosque over a paved walk, lined with palms, olives, flowers and fountains, to "Mosque El Aksa." This mosque is in extent 280 feet by 180, and not as imposing as Omar. Through not so grand in appearance it has had a similar history of victories and defeats, by nearly the same forces, and we forbear further description.

The Stables of Solomon, if all of this man's noble workmanship were destroyed, these wonderful subterranean structures down beneath the

surface some forty feet, would speak elaborately to his praise, and here his handiwork cannot be mistaken.

Here unoccupied, but most neatly kept, are acres of archways with sides of stone, and high roofs, curving gracefully, strongly supported by vast pillars and columns, with capitals of foliated palm branches. This whole structure is built of huge stones, and planned on an elaborate scale, decked and finished by an artistic grace, which speaks not only loudly but clearly of the hand of Solomon.

The Lepers sit about the outside walls of this Temple yet; and the helpless, hopeless mortals beg for "back-sheesh." How unfortunate that some law does not forbid their marrying, and thus end the curse. The children of this class do not show any effects of the inbred disease until they mature, and then breaking out, it stiffens and sets the joints, and pours its poison through every pore of the flesh. No wonder such a heart as Christ's yielded to the healing of lepers. But a strict law forbidding their marriage is our compassionate cure, which, it is said, would end the curse in a hundred years. Why should twentieth century humanity wait for Divine cures when power to stay disease and allay suffering lies in their hands? Is it not God's miracle to give the wisdom and opportuni-

ty? Is this not better than doing his work in some hidden, mysterious manner? We turn aside before leaving the city and view the Judgment Gate where Jesus met the daughters of Jerusalem and said, "Weep not for me, but for yourselves and your children."

And also again, we glance at the "Tiropean Villa," where the "Rich Man" who would not help Lazarus, dwelt. The sights that meet our eyes are endless here, but we must pass out of this most wonderful and ever historic city and journey up and down its winding highways, though whichever way we turn, our eyes revert back, and we can see Jerusalem, which is "like a city set on a hill." It cannot be hidden.

"But, oh! thy walls, thy giant walls,
Who laid them in the land
Belief turns pale, and fancy falls
Before a work so grand;
And well might heathen seers declare
That fallen angels labored there.
At first transported with the pleasing sight,
Each Christian bosom glowed with full delight,
But deep contrition saw their joy suppressed,
And holy sorrow saddened every breast;
Scarce dare their eyes the city walls survey,
Where clothed in flesh their dear Redeemer lay,
Whose sacred earth did once their Lord enclose,
And where triumphant from the grave he rose!"

The journey to Bethlehem was in the after-

noon of Tuesday, by carriage drawn by no mean steed, driven by no mean coachman. The drive is about two hours, and we covered the thirteen miles in about ninety minutes. The air was balmy, and as in March the sky is always clear, and the roads dusty, so the hard, winding carriage way, similar to a pavement, wound around the hills bringing often to our eyes familiar Bible scenes and likewise now and then a gust of wind brought a cloud of dust.

Driving out at the Jaffa gate, we crossed the hill of "Evil Counsel," where Christ was tempted, and perhaps where Judas was influenced. On its height at the left are the ruins of the country house of Caiaphas the high priest.

Soon we pass by the Convent of Elisha who, when weary and famished was fed by the angels; Rachel's tomb appears, covered by a mosque, and a cemetery surrounds it. "Poor Rachel as sweet as a rosebud, must have her tomb."

Also we have passed by the Well of the Wise Men or Magi, a well wrought work some forty feet in depth. We now arrive at "David's Well." He, in the cave of Adalon, sent his men hither for water, and when they returned with it, he would not drink it, but sacrificed it to the Lord. And now we are in sweet Bethlehem.

Bethlehem is located on a narrow ridge extend-

ing eastward from the central mountain system, and breaks down in terraced slopes, forming a beautiful sight, occupying a conspicuous position. On the north, east and south are deep valleys. The buildings are of white limestone, well constructed and crowned by domes, which, located on the side hill, rise above each other in quite regular, circular grades. The city has two gates, which are closed at night, though the city is not walled about. The hill around is decorated with fig and olive trees, woven betwixt with the fruitful vines of Eschol. The flowers of the mountain sides deck its landscapes and the Bethlehem stars, as called, fill a large place in this floral display.

Bethlehem numbers about 2,500 souls, of exceedingly fair complexion. The men have good faces and are business-like. But as the Jew is inclined they push their bargains too sharply for the sightseer's comfort. The women are of good form, regular featured, of fresh complexion and not unlike their sisters in America. They are seemingly, men and women, worthy to be descendants of Ruth and Boaz. The children are uncommonly fresh and fair, and intelligent. Perhaps a little of the childhood of Jesus still lingers in the present generation. Praise the Lord! Christ reigns supreme in his native city, and the Cross is in evidence everywhere. No

Moslem is allowed a residence in the town. The people are many of them peasants and shepherds. Others manufacture beads, rings, crosses, crucifixes, wrought out of olive wood and mother of pearl.

Bethlehem was once called "The House of Bread," but now "The House of Faith." It is called by sacred historians, "Bethlehem of Judea." Matt. 2:1; also Ephrata; Micah 5:2. The birthplace of Him whose goings forth have been of old. It is historic as the place of birth and burial of Rachel (Gen. 35:18-20). Scene of the love story of Ruth and Boaz (Ruth 4:13). As the birthplace of the lion-hearted David, and where he was anointed King of Israel, at the age of seventeen years. But after a thousand years or more of quiet, it was lastly, and first of all, the birthplace of Jesus (Luke 2:7). "The Prince of Peace," the wonderful Counselor, "the Mighty God," "the everlasting Father," here made life, for every dweller under the sun a new experience, of highest promise; He made the heavens sing the angels' songs; He made the shepherds hustle to His cradle-bed, the wise men to offer their gold thereon; and to show His power in the heavens, as well as on earth, He brought the brightest star of the firmament from its lofty course to stand guard over and be an escort to His birth.

The Grotto of Nativity is a simple cave in the rock. Over it Constantine had a church builded. The church has been through wars and destructions common with those of Jerusalem. But the cave remains the same undisturbed shelter in the rock. There may be mistakes in other things pertaining to His early life. There is no mistake here. Its history runs too far back. A man of authority born in Nablous and as far back as the beginning of the second century, Justin the Martyr, describes the birthplace of Jesus as "a grotto in Bethlehem."

Later by one hundred years, Origen refers to the historic fact as accepted by Christians and Pagans. One hundred years more and Eusebius announced this cave as the accepted, traditional spot. Even to-day the caves are the stables of the Holy Land, which fact accords with Matt. 2:11 and Luke 2:7.

The people were worshipping in this strangely constructed church over the cave. Russian Pilgrims were bowing low, saying long prayers, kissing the floors and the walls. The priests were burning incense. Around down a flight of steps we went and cautiously alighted in the sacred cave, 38 feet by 11 feet. Near the eastern end is likely the place of his birth. It is marked by a large, marble slab, in the center of which is

written in Latin, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."

Some sixteen lamps shed their light on the scene. The walls are covered with silks and embroidery. Then we followed a dim light into a sepulchre containing the dust of the members of the fraternity and passed to the "altar of the infant martyrs," slain by Herod. Here they are said to have been thrown. And just at the side is not only the tomb of Jerome, but here is a cell twenty feet square and nine feet high, around which a stone seat extends, where he spent most of his life in producing his Bible translations and other great works, which have marked him for all ages as an eminent scholar. Ascending a narrow staircase we enter the Basilica of St. Helena. It has a length of 120 feet, by over one hundred feet in breadth. The interior has one nave and four long aisles. These are marked by four rows of twelve Corinthian columns in each row. These pillars are said to have come from the Temple porches at Jerusalem. The gold and precious gems which caused so much jealousy have been removed, and this part is quite barren and desolate. This is now divided into two apartments, one belonging to the Greeks, the other to the Armenians. The whole has a pecular charm and significance to mothers, which will ever remain. And by the birth of

Jesus here not only has childhood been lifted, broadened and sanctified throughout Christendom, but motherhood has been softened, sweetened, purified, edified, and made hopeful, in hovel and palace, in wilderness, island, plain and populous city.

And well may they revert back to this place most prayerfully. Well may they cherish their foundlings as sacred. For motherhood is all of a nation's virtue, honor and home enshrined. *Our motherhood* is life or death. It is righteousness or unrighteousness. It is heaven, or hades turned loose.

"Who could resist? Who in this universe?
She did so breathe ambrosia, so immerse
My full existence in a golden clime.
She took me as a child of suckling time
And cradled me in roses."

Ben Hur's reply to his mother when she was to send him to Simeon for counsel as to his pursuit and calling in life is not out of place.

"Do you send me to the Rector?" he said abruptly.

"I will have him come to us," said she.

"No. I seek more than information. O, my mother, you can do better by giving me what he cannot—*the resolution which is the soul of man's soul.*"

Hearken to a woman among the prophets of

Israel. "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously." And let mothers still know the destiny of the world is in their own hands.

Road to Jericho.

CHAPTER XXII.

ROAD TO JERICHO.

Apostles' Fountain—Samaritan Inn—Brook Cherith—Jericho Modern—Dead Sea—Pisgah—Possessions of Abraham—Gilgal—At the Jordan—Old Jericho—Bethany—Mt. Zion in Jerusalem—Rock of Agony.

THE road to Jericho has lost some of its ancient defiles, dangers and hardships. One would not be afraid to go unattended. But the robbers now lie at the beginning of the journey. The government insists on your paying an extra passport "overland," on the pretext that you are not safe without the escort.

Paying our sum for safety, with bated breath on Wednesday morning we started out with two carriages, each having three good coursers, a driver, and our conductor Clausen in one coach, and our Palestine guide, Yanni Paulo, in our own, and a sturdy, well armed Sheik, mounted on a flying steed, as escort and courier, we had something of the spirit of Roman times, I imagine, and appeared as people of highest rank, as of course the others were. And I did not feel very small, having eaten a full breakfast, and paid liberally for my protection, and above all being an American; and besides I did not feel

suspicious of falling among thieves, for the shining magnet in my pocket had been made so small by beggars, that I was sure it would repel thieves.

As we drove out of the sacred city singing "Jerusalem, the golden, with milk and honey blest—" we passed around the north wall and down the eastern side, with the Mt. of Olives on the left; we passed the place where Stephen was stoned to death, and breathed the prayer of pathos: "Lay not this sin to their charge." We wound around the chalky, limestone hills, firmly paved, and deep ravines lying below us hundreds of feet straight down. We saw the place where Mary and Martha met Jesus and besought Him to go and raise Lazarus. The whole landscape of hills was covered with flocks of sheep and goats and everywhere sprinkled with flowers. We met caravans of camel after camel, heavily laden with bags of charcoal brought from the far south, climbing the heavy hills, weary with their burden, bearing their produce to the market place in Jerusalem.

Also we had passed by where Ben Hur came wandering over, when at night he stole his way back to his old home in the city. We were very near where his mother and Tirzah were healed of their leprosy, when Jesus came passing by on His way to the Triumphant Entrance.

We next came to the "Apostles' Fountain," where an arched stone building covers it well. This was a favorite resting place for the Apostles when they were journeying, and often they have slaked their heavy thirst in these cooling waters. It was natural for us to be dry at this historic place, and we drank freely of the water which never injures anyone. This Fountain also marks the dividing line between the tribes of Benjamin and Judah.

Having ridden some fifteen miles from Jerusalem, we were in a straight line perhaps only six miles from the city. The steeple on the Russian church just this side of the city could be seen distinctly. But the windings of the road around the steep hills are like spirals, endless. Now we are at the "Inn of the Good Samaritan," opposite of another beautiful fountain. Here we take our lunch in a cool, thick-walled building, built and kept for the purpose. The old floor of the Crusade Inn is still here. And just beyond is the tower of defense on a high hill. I clambered up to it while lunch was being arranged, and found it a cave in the rock, walled about, and heavy, deep trenches all about it, making it a strong point of defense. Now the walls have fallen down, and the cattle and sheep make their way through the ditches and over the walls to this cave for shelter in rain, and protection from

the cool nights of winter. The lunch was soon ready, and it was not an inferior one, either, though one hungry party made it appear small presently. We spied "Old Glory" floating on the hillside near by, and it did wave its colors gracefully in the wind. And, American-like, some of us followed the flag and found another party of Americans journeying toward the Jordan. Saluting their flag, we mounted our carriages and sped on with gathering enthusiasm. Here the man on his way to Jerico fell among thieves, and being stripped of his raiment he was "left half dead." And the Levite and the other wayfarer went by on the other side, but the good Samaritan went and administered to his comfort, put him on his own horse, took him to the Inn, which used to stand here, paid his bill and more, promised to come and foot another bill and dispose of the poor fellow when through good care he had been restored. How many times has that question rung in the ears of hard-hearted men and women in this cold world, which Jesus asked, "Now, which was neighbor to him who fell among thieves?" and made the flinty, scornful heart do deeds, the comfort of which will never receive just praise until the Judgment Day. From the tower here we look east to the "Mountain of Christ's Temptation," and love Him more for the view of this ground where He

conquered not only for self, but for all humanity such heroic measures of the arch enemy.

On we drive again around toward hills and mountains, studded with red poppies which grow everywhere naturally in the Holy Land, and some two hours' drive brings us alongside a deep ravine, through which flows the "Brook Cherith," and on its opposite steep bank a cave appears. A hermit lives here, and finds his living from those who visit this historic place where "Elijah was fed by the ravens." A monastery is built on this spot. We looked for ravens, but at this dry time they are scarce.

On fly our steeds while we whistle and sing "Away over Jordan, Lord," and other hymns appropriate, for we can see the Dead Sea and the mouth of the Jordan as it empties into it. We have come down now to the level plain of the sea, and our carriages glide smoothly over the well-worked road.

Our Sheik is on before us and we shall soon bathe our sunburned faces and dampen our cracking lips in the cooling waters of the hotel which we can see at modern Jericho. Distances are so extraordinarily deceiving in this Holy Land, it was after some weariness we drove up to a stone hotel with flat roof, and well filled with guests, but where rooms were reserved for our party some time ahead. It was a cool, neatly

kept place, with stone floors rather than carpets, and here we had the experience of sitting on the roof morning and evening. We slept soundly, ate to our heart's content, arranged a quartet, and sang familiar American airs and hymns.

We located the Jordan, Elisha's Fountain, old Jericho of Joshua, almost fought with the native children to keep our money in our pockets. We started the next morning for the Dead Sea, which was just in sight, and I could not be persuaded that it could be two miles away. But we drove some three hours and one-half at a good speed before we reached its shore. We talked about a good bath in its waters, but our time was limited and Jordan had attractions, more. So we drank of its dreadful, unrelenting, ever-tasting, brackish waters, bathed our hands, and were quite satisfied. We could see Mt. Hebron on the left, Nebo and Pisgah, the ancient observatories of Moses, according to the song. Deut. 34:1-3.

"And from Mt. Pisgah's lofty height we'll view
the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's wave, nor death's cold flood, can
fright us from the shore."

These are peaks of the grand Moab mountains which skirt and cover the salt Dead Sea on the east in a lofty manner. On the west are the mountains of Samaria, the Heights of the Judean

Hills. As we viewed this wonderful sea, our thoughts ran over the history familiar with the vicinity and connected with its borders.

The sea is forty miles long and from five to nine miles wide. It has a depth from two feet to 1308 feet. Its greatest depth is 2620 feet below the Mediterranean, and 3,920 feet below the site of Jerusalem. Its greatest width is at the river Arnon where Balak met Balaam. Num. 22:36.

The possessions of Abraham and Lot looked down upon this water, and yonder is Mt. Zoar, where Lot fled when commanded to fly to the mountains above. Gen. 19:17-20. Southwest from here stood Sodom and Gomorrah, which were burned for their wickedness in the "rain of fire." And away down here stands a pedestal sixty feet high, a solitary column rises forty feet higher, and behind it is an immense bar of salt. This is the only thing remaining which reminds you of the "pillar of salt" into which Lot's wife was turned. Travelers have kissed away fountains, and tombs, and the toe of St. Peter. Kisses may have wasted away the wife of Lot. At the foot of Zoar David slew 18,000 Syrians and later Amaziah slew 10,000 Edomites. (2 Sam. 8:13 and 2 Kings, 14:7.) The "Fountain of the Kid" lies along the shore. Here David was secreted when pursued by Saul. In

a cave close by he "cut off the skirt of Saul's robe privily." I. Sam. 24:1-7. Up this pass Ammon's posterity journeyed on their way to attack Jerusalem, in the days of Jehosaphat. 2 Chron. 20:1-2. This place was celebrated for its vines and aromatic plants, and Solomon compared his beloved to a cluster of champhire in the vineyards of Engedi (Cant. 1:14). The apples of Solomon grow here in this valley to-day. They look delicious, but you touch them and they break like a puff-ball, and you have nothing left but a shell and some dried fibers. Near by are the ruins of the "home of the churlish Nabal" and his very beautiful wife, Abigail. A little distance from here Nabal held his annual feast. David sent his famishing troops to him asking the privilege to enjoy the festival for the reward of services rendered. I. Sam. 25:1-42.

But aroused by the undertaking of another party trying to whip their horse into the sea, that they might enjoy seeing it float, and the running away of the same, our party was called and we sped across the plains of Jericho to one of the fords of the Jordan. On our way we passed Gilgal, the ancient, marked by the growth of a cypress tree upon its ruins. Here the monumental stones from the bed of the Jordan, Joshua set up as a memorial of the miraculous dividing of the river. Josh. 4:1-20. The Israelites first

set up their tent here and rolled away the reproach of Egypt by the renewal of circumcision, and kept the Passover for the first time in Canaan. Here Joshua saw the "captain of the Lord's host" standing over against him, with sword drawn. Here the tabernacle was first set up and remained till carried to Shiloh. Here Saul was made king of Israel and two years later lost his kingdom by acting foolishly. The tribe of Judah came here to hail the return of David after the death of Absalom, 2 Sam. 19:15, etc.

At the Jordan we sang as we approached the first ford above its mouth, and looked across where Moses stood, and we met the river where John baptized Christ.

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye—
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

"Could I but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's wave, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright me from the shore."

We were standing on the very ground which Moses saw from Pisgah, and longed so much to enter. We were doubtless at the place where the Spirit descended "like a dove" upon Christ.

Our conductor Clausen was asked to show the ladies the charms of nature among the willows down the river while we bathed in the long-loved

and desired Jordan. We were properly cautioned as to the danger of its swift current and muddy sediment of its banks and bed. Preparing first and leading the way, I caught the branches of an overhanging tree and in an instant was swimming in mud instead of water. But for the help of the branches I might have been buried. The others saw me pull out for shore and rather retreated from the purposed bath, except Rev. Carpenter. He was very cautious. I tried other places and sunk to the middle everywhere. They urged me to give it up, but I had not come all the distance to be taken in by mud or disappointment. So running down to the carriage I tried the bank there cautiously, and found it better. Thus standing in the mud some eighteen inches and above it in the water something like three feet, I bathed, and Rev. Carpenter accompanied me. Then according to agreement I offered my hand to R. J. R. Aden for baptism, to which he readily replied and with a spiritual pride. For this banker who had been so kind to me and who sought to come nearer to Christ by the act, I pronounced as nearly as I could, in the spirit of John, the blessings of baptismal covenant.

The act was not without a blessing to myself. Then Mr. F. F. Carpenter baptized his friend, Noah Webster, and in turn Rev. Carpenter and

myself baptized each other. The Jordan is perhaps not more than sixty miles in a straight line length, but 200 miles with its crooks and looping turns upon itself; having twenty-seven rapids, its current is always swift, constantly laden with silt from the mountains of its source the waters are not clear, but colored with large carriage of soil, like the Tiber, which Spartacus pronounced yellow, answers for the river's strange artistic tinge. Its breadth varies greatly, being from eighty to two hundred and forty feet. Also its depth is varied, like its course, from two to thirty feet. Trees of tamarack, cypress and oleanders are dispersed along its banks and many brooks madly rush from the disdainful mountains divided by its course, to its bosom to flood and feed the surrounding desert plains. In about the center of its course is Brook Jabook, which divides the kingdoms of Sihon and Og, and it was somewhere here where the patriarch Jacob halted one night on its northern bank and wrestled with the angel, and then what happened on the morn is told in the Volume Wonderful.

We lunched just across the Cherith under the shade of a "dome" tree forty rods from the place of baptism, hungry as the thousand and one gnats which put up a tremendous fight of fondness. Wandering down the dry bed of this brook we picked up monumental stones from the

Jordan banks, and resumed our search over the plain of Jericho for things of note if not so charming as these.

Passing Gilgal, where we stopped for a little, but described in part before, we came opposite of old Jericho.

Here is the place of crossing the Jordan by the Israelites at the second ford, for here we are in accord with the Holy Writ just over against Jericho, some four or five miles above the first ford. The western bank is worn by the feet of many privileged persons, and the bare feet of many generations of God's Israel. Directly opposite of us are the mountains of Moab and the old site of Nimrim. At these summits were the high places of Baal, the field of Zophim, Numbers 22:41. The prophet from here looked down upon the Lord's chosen people, but could not count the dust of Jacob. Num. 28:10. He saw Gilead, Naphtali, the possessions of Ephraim and Manasseh, Judah and Benjamin, before the curse had fallen like a grand floral, fruitful, oasic, terraced and rolling garden of grandeur, and his own eyes closed a month too early, by previous sin, were shuttered in Moab. Deut. 34:1-3.

Here, five centuries later, the Jordan was twice divided in one day, once for Elijah and Elisha to pass to the land of Moab and again for their return. 2 Kings 5:12.

Joshua encompassed the city seven times, and it fell. There is nothing here to mark the site but a few old flattened ruins.

Then seated in our carriage, we drove to that wonderful Fountain of Elisha, which he salted to makes its waters sweet. I can assure you they had a delicious taste for us on that day. Would that the natives, however, would not drink and bathe from the same pool. Here, on the north-east side of the fountain, is a part of the old wall left, where upon the house-top, Rahab hid the spies.

Then driving back to our hotel at New Jericho, we rested sweetly, had our pictures taken, and rising early started before seven on our return trip to Jerusalem. The day was fine. Every day is bright in the Holy Land from March to January. Too bright are they for profit, for growth to crops, since they cannot be grown too well without irrigation. The ride home was up long hills, some of which were so abrupt that we all walked. And our horses showed on our return that twenty-five miles of the Judean roads were quite enough.

Bethany was our place of enjoyment on Friday. For no one but a traveler can just understand what deep pleasure there is in sight-seeing in these sacred towns. "Now Bethany is nigh unto Jerusalem," about two miles off. Much of

the peculiar life of Christ is connected with its sweet sounding name. "The Palm Sunday" each year recalls the triumphal entrance of Christ into Jerusalem, starting from beyond Bethany and coming along the highway. Here we visited the Tomb of Lazarus from which Christ raised him, through the partially wavering or slow faith of his sisters Mary and Martha. To reach it requires a descent of some twenty steps into a vaulted chamber of stone twenty-two feet deep and on the left a small door opens to a vault where the dead man lay. Here on this occasion Christ dined in the house of Simon, the leper, which we were privileged to see. Matt. 26:6; Jno. 11. Then we wound our way around and down a dirty street which led us to an entrance, where we saw one or two columns, and the cellar of the home of Martha and Mary, and the place where they wove many a priest's garments, and with pious fingers wore away many nights and days in ceaseless toil. About one hundred people stay about this fallen town. Nude children, but for dirt, throng the streets and make the passage obnoxious; and dirty bare women are as heedless of their condition as roaming snakes. Poor people, under an ironclad bondage with the Sultan's feet treading them in the gutter while his trembling, fearful hands,

strip them bare and close their bright, black eyes to progress.

Back to Jerusalem at 3:30 we visited on Mt. Zion the American church, which was full of worshippers. Here St. James was beheaded by Herod, and stones from Sinai, Tabor and River Jordan are nicely arranged and kept. We wandered to the site of the house of Ananias. We came to the palace of Caiaphas, where Peter denied his Lord. We visited the tomb of the Patriarchs of the Armenian church, and they are not gaudy, though the former church was a gem, judging from the old mosaics. The place where Christ was imprisoned, when he was brought to Caiaphas was shown us. Then to David's Tomb in the church where Christ ate "His Last Supper" with his disciples. How these things cling to one having once discerned the place. They will forever make the sacrament more real.

On the slopes of Mt. Olivet stands the convent of the Carmelites, and it was here our Savior taught his disciples to say, "Our Father, who art in heaven."

Here in the Roman Catholic church is a "French Princess' Tomb," who built this convent with her own money. Here are a multitude of girls who, having once entered, are never allowed to see a soul again. Here we entered the Chapel, where the Apostles wrote the creed, and

where, when Christ was betrayed, they fled for refuge. Also we went to the spot on the west side of Olivet, where Jesus wept over the city and said: "How often would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." This spot is high and so located that one can behold the whole city. On Olivet we visited the Rock of Agony. This is where Christ wrestled in agony and the angel came and comforted him. It is a grotto hewn out of the rock, and the place is said to have contained the stone upon which Christ knelt and the real hollow, or impression of his knees is left in the rock where he prayed. This stone is in the museum, and was not seen by us. But while the hollowed stone is real tradition, the cave is clearly recognized as genuine. Then turning down the street we entered the Garden of Gethsemane. This is now closed with a high wall, and contains an area of one hundred and twenty feet by one hundred and fifty feet, lying at the junction of three roads. It is a quiet place and strewn with plants and flowers, well kept. It contains an old olive tree among others which every traveler marks. Here the world's Redeemer lay prostrate on the ground and yielded to the Father's will, and took the cup of death for all lost humanity. Here Judas gave away the Lord with a kiss, for money, as many are

doing this day, and polluted the cheek of innocence. Here Peter in his passion for Christ, smote off the ear of Malchus, and the Christ of compassion corrected him and healed the wound of impulse. Alas! how many such wounds this world's people give. Here John, the beloved disciple, fled from the scene, leaving the linen cloth in the hands of the ruffians. Here are now in cast casements a series of pictures illustrating the Christ falling under the cross several times, and the acts of crucifixion. It is awful but deeply thrilling to be in this place. Prayer, sorrow, sin, forgiveness, joy and song rush through the soul in waves.

"'Tis midnight on Mt. Olive's brow,
The sun is dead that lately shown;
'Tis midnight in the garden now,
The suffering Savior weeps alone."

This creeps through my soul, and then the triumphant outbreak of his voice, filled with love deeper than the pangs of death or the curse of Hell, tinged my whole being with a sense of His mighty soul: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Majesty, might, and heroism, where is it? Among all the statesmen, warriors, reformers, charities and philanthropies of history? They fade, die and perish, when we touch this sentiment of forgiveness locked up in Christ's heart.

Charity and forgiveness alone are great.

Our Riding Journey.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OUR RIDING JOURNEY.

Horses Tried—My Own Pony—Pony's Run—Start Monday Morning—Nob and Mizpeh—Bethel—Camp at Sinjil—Shiloh—Jacob's Well—Nablous—Samaria—Soli—Valley of Esdrealon—Camp at Mt. Tabor—Transfiguration—Mt. of Beatitudes—Galilee—Nazareth—Virgin's Fountain.

AFTER church Sunday in Jerusalem, our horses were brought out and we were asked to try them. They have fine riding ponies here. But some three parties were to start out early Monday morning on horseback. The noble liveryman was anxious our party should have its pick for the long journey. For the party of six, they brought out some fifteen smart young horses to select from. They are Arabian ponies from six to eight years old. They have been well-groomed, trained and fed. They are stallions. They are well bred. They weigh about eight hundred apiece, and are quite full of metal.

Selecting our favorities, they were all dapple grays, and looked like sixlets. My fellow was strong chested, short backed, nimble of limb, without a blemish. His nostrils, eyes and

forehead were full. His ears were like those of a fox. Indeed, they were all much of the same temperament. My fellow champed the bit as if eager for the race. And indeed he was. He would never stop until he won it, either. Then he was as calm as a June morning. Mounted by our attendants, slowly we moved out of the hotel court down the street towards Solomon's Pool. We moved not without some prancing, but our steeds were curbed and manageable. A half mile or more and all was serene, until my friend's hat blew off, and being attached to the coat with a cord, struck his animal's side. He plunged and turned around, but Mr. Aden, though unaccustomed to riding, clung to him. But at his turning, every horse turned, as if a race was surely at hand. And it was a race. My pony had the bits in his teeth, and I flew until everything was passed, and then the reins were submitted to me again with a sort of important toss of my pony's head. Mr. Aden gathered his reins, stopped his horse, the hat was rearranged and again we started, with our horses' metal up, toward the circling road around the city. We went down hills stony, steep and slippery, but they held us like steady oxen. When on the level or ascent they pranced and tried the reins somewhat but were perfectly obedient. We rode them six or seven miles, and

all seemed pleased with their choice, and it is true we had no cause for change throughout our whole journey.

And Monday morning we were off on a newly-constructed, crushed stone, cemented road, leading north toward the Sea of Galilee. The horses were fresh and for some eight miles for the most part we had this recent carriage road. But soon we came to a saddle path only, with deep troughs in the rocks from constant use, for at least five thousand years. We climbed on and up, down and around steep hills and mountains. It seemed as if our pony's feet must slip many times and precipitate us down over their heads in a tumble to a hundred feet below. But crawling up and down, planning their own steps they never slipped nor fumbled. And we were agreed in the remark "that our ponies could carry us down any precipice and land us safely." We met the native Arabs traveling on camels and donkeys and on foot toward Jerusalem, and learned to say "good morning" to them in their own language. I would say "Nar-ox-i-ede!" (good morning). They would reply "Um-barrah," or Blessed Day, with a low bow and a smile. We met many maidens bearing their jars of water from spring and well. They, if spoken to, would bow and smile in appreciative manner. So we found we could have friends

even here, if we showed ourselves friendly. And it was quite a pastime to mark their manners, their build, their training. Some of the faces were deep, sweet, pure and rich.

We passed ancient Nob and Mizpeh on the left, came to Beerouth standing on a rocky ridge, which held about a thousand people, nearly all Mohammedans. Scripture mentions a league having been formed here between Gideon and Joshua. In Latin times it was rich; now, its ruins speak.

It contains an old Gothic church, builded by the "Knights Templar," centuries ago. The sacristy remains.

Three miles on to the north and we stopped at old Bethel for our lunch. We were now some fifteen miles from Jerusalem. Some thirteen men and twenty-three mules carried our luggage before us and stretched our lunch tent in readiness for us. I strayed around, went to the spot of Jacob's wrestling, and sat in pleasant thought among those scenes of angels and results of prevailing, unrelenting prayer. Our lunch was full and varied to quite suit our tastes, and the water from the fountain was delicious. It was a hot sun, but a cooling, fresh breeze blew away some of the flies and brought us deep breaths of health.

After a rest of two hours our steeds were

girted, and mounting by the help of our attendant, and besieged by natives for backsheesh, we came in a little time to the ruins of that old historic city of Ai, where Achan, through treachery and deceitfulness made trouble. Between Bethel and Ai is the mountain where Abraham pitched his tent and built an altar unto the Lord. Gen. 12-8. We came to a place called Sinjil, and camped for the night. Our tents were all pitched before we came into camp. A cup of hot tea and wafers were prepared in the kitchen tent, and brought to us in the dining tent, while we chatted of the experiences of the day, and longed for rest. Dining at about seven o'clock, we wrote up our outline notes for the day, and sank into rest upon our clean, neat spring cots. We were tired enough to rest.

The next morning, rising at six o'clock, we were mounted and off to take part of our trip in the cool of the day. We beheld ancient Shiloh on our right. Here are heaps of hewn stone, columns broken and standing in the earth, tilted by time's wreck of all things but God. Judges 21:19, refers to this place. Here the tabernacle was first set up in Canaan, and the ark rested here until near to the close of Eli's life. Here the tribes of Israel allotted their land. Josh. 18. Samuel was brought here to serve in the taber-

nacle. I. Sam. 1:24 and 2:1-18. Read of the Benjamin capture, Judges, 21.

Shiloh was cursed for the wickedness of the people and its ruins testify to the permanent truth to-day. Jer. 7:12. Lebanon lifted its lofty head on the left and seemed, as it is, a thing of grandeur.

Now on our way to Samaria, we passed one of the old caves called the Crusaders' Inn, since they had quarters here during the siege of the Holy Land. The tower of Hophni and Phineas and Joseph's tomb appeared on distant mounds. In the afternoon we came to Samaria and along the foot of Gerizim in a beautiful, fertile valley. We saw the walls of some inclosure some hours before we could dismount, and discovered for ourselves this was the protection to "Jacob's Well," which is securely and sacredly guarded. Entering, we found in an old ruin of a church which was built over it, the famous well of clear, sparkling water. It was once 150 feet deep, a solid shaft in the rock three feet in diameter. Now it is only 90 feet deep. They let down a little tin pail and drew us up the sweet waters which never injure anyone for over-drinking, and our parched lips and tongues kissed its pure essence as a boy would kiss a laughing girl. Down our dry throats as honey dew it ran, until we thanked God, too, for Jacob's well.

Then one-half mile across at the foot of Mt. Ebal, the mount of cursing, we visited the Tomb of Joseph over which a church is builded, and several boys and girls were being catechised and taught by a Shechem priest.

Now we pass up toward the west through a deep vale between Ebal and Gerizim, and in the distance of one mile reach our camping place on the heights of old Shechem. This city has from 15,000 to 20,000 inhabitants. Its shops and stalls are under stone arches supporting dwellers above; the many streets are similar, dark, damp and dirty. However, its buildings, as you approach the city from the outside, seem imposing. The city is built of beautiful white limestone from the exhaustless quarries of Mt. Ebal, a part of the city.

We entered one of its churches and saw the Pentateuch in oldest Alexandrian manuscript, which is taught to the children here. This is one of the oldest towns in Palestine. Abraham and Jacob both pitched their tents here centuries ago. Gen. 12. And on Ebal, Joshua reared the first Jewish altar in Samaria. Josh. 8. The jackals howled all night, and the dogs gave them answer, but we found nevertheless good rest in this city, and the next morning we passed over green hills and through fertile valleys, passed several mills of water power, very small indeed,

for grinding purposes. Two miles from Shechem we passed a band of 1,200 pilgrims from Russia on their way to Galilee and Nazareth and back to Jerusalem for Easter. They formed a regiment more than a mile in length. Clad in Russian winter packs, with tea and a little food in a bundle on their backs, on they plodded their weary way in the exhaustive heat. It was dexterous skill to ride past them on the steep mountain sidepath. But finally the deed was done, and we traveled on at a more rapid pace.

We crossed brooks and turning to our left we climbed a steep, long hill, and entered the dilapidated and old mud hut city on the ancient proud, once capital city of Herod. The population today is about 200 poor, low, starving creatures. Once most populous, it was a city literally walled in by beautiful temples of great proportions. They were noted for the vast number of marble columns. And standing on this cone of a mountain hill it represented royalty indeed. The Crusade church is quite a popular ruin. In it we found the tombs of Obediah, Elisha and John the Baptist. We were at the pool of Samaria, where the dogs licked the blood of Ahab.

Coming down the steep hill from its summit we passed the great amphitheatre ruins of Herod. The pilgrims again passing us, we had another mile and a half of difficult riding to pass

them, and on we went to our lunch at Soli. They came on after us and sat down for their lunch as we were leaving the place. Then we passed through Dothan, where Joseph's brethren put him in a pit. Down the hill we went by the Fountain of Israel, and passed the city of Ahab and the place which he bought of Naboth, through the influence of his impious queen. Just across is the Mt. of Gilboah, which sends a sort of land tongue across the valley and meets the foothill of Jezreel.

Now we are in the valley of valleys, in history, in battles, in wealth, in fertility, beauty and renown. The immortal Esdraelon is at the foot of the Fountain of Gideon. The continuing Carmel is eight miles across on the left. The valley above referred to is the plain of plains in Scripture painting and recognition. It contains thousands of acres and not one-fourth of its very productive soil is tilled at all. Only a wooden stick is used to stir up the soil where it is cultivated. But the Israelites and Canaanites fought furiously here; Deborah and Barak here drove back the impudent Sisera; Gideon and the Midianites met here and parted; the Philistines fought against Saul and Jonathan; Benhadad made battle against Ahab here; Jehu slew Joram and Ahaziah; Napoleon and Kleber led their matchless men against the Turks. Passing

along the valley we came to Nain at the foot of Little Hermon. It is but a ruin of huts to-day. Christ touched the son of the widow of Nain and made its history forever in one act. Luke vii. Here we lunched. From here a sort of ridge bridge runs across the valley to Mt. Tabor. We had to ford one deep stream, however. And as we passed along we saw the table land of Little Hermon, where Deborah sang her everlasting and most brilliant song. Here we camped for the night at the foot of Mt. Tabor. But we were scarcely settled in our camp—the water being furnished from the fountain for the night—when this band of pilgrims came famishing and literally crying into our camp for a drop of water. The dragomen gave some to the choking aged women and hundreds came kneeling asking for a bit of water. We told the dragomen to give them water. Our party could not bear to see them choking.

Sixty of this band fell under sunstroke and heat that afternoon before they reached us. The conductor had paid $15.00 for water out of his own pocket for these sufferers that afternoon. Refreshed, they climbed up on the mountain and camped that night on Mt. Tabor.

We spent a restful night under the shadow of the Mt. of Transfiguration. At 6 o'clock in the morning, Mr. F. F. Carpenter and myself were ready with the dragomen to climb this mountain,

while the rest of the party went on in a straight course. It is about three miles and a half up this mountain way, and steep. But we would not have missed it, for its summit is beautiful, with fine walls, mosques, lawns, flower gardens and fountains. It is well kept by monks secured for the purpose. The view from the mountain towering up into the clouds is heavenly. We saw the ruins of the temple from which Christ was transfigured, the stone altar by which He stood. The place of Moses' and Elias' appearance in the cloud was pointed out. Tabor is 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and for twenty years has been considered the place of Transfiguration. This event adds all the glory to the charming mountain scene. We took our descent hurrying by the pilgrims and their luggage donkeys, to catch our party on their way to Tiberias. We caught our party and lunched with them at Lubeck at noon. To say that our horses did us good service that morning is speaking lightly of their qualities of kindness and endurance.

Rested, we passed the mountain of Christ's great sermon, called the Mt. of Beatitudes. Matt. 5. It is about 800 feet high, a flat table land on top containing ten acres or more of surface. The view is simply beautiful from all sides. We look over through the vale upon the sea of Galilee on

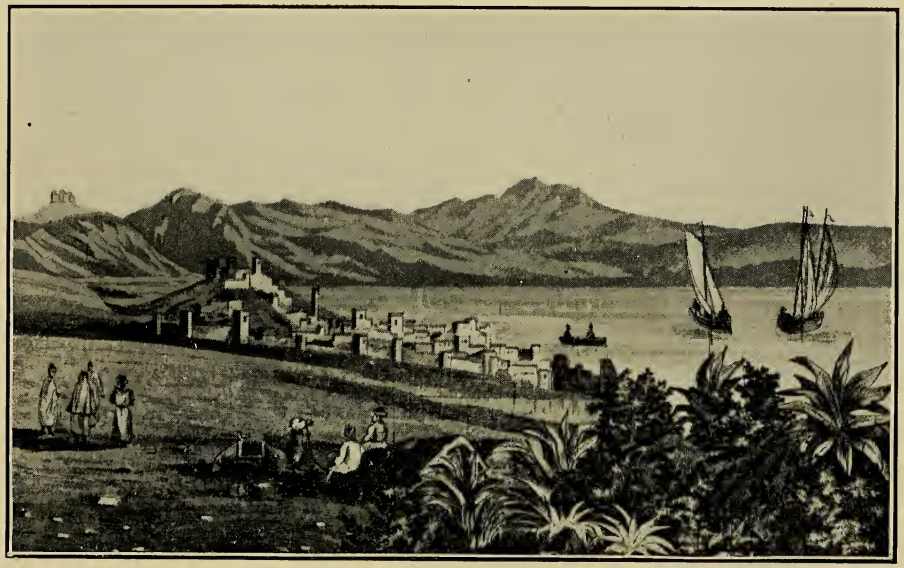
the east, and on the west over the valley of Esdraelon. We reached the sea of Galilee at 3 p. m. Passing through Tiberias and going beyond to find our camp, we viewed the crumbling walls, the ruins of the Roman fort. Two thousand people populate this city now, and it is dirty and poorly kept. Capernaum just across the lake from our camp is now a small town. But forever famous for being one of the chief centers of Christ's work, the place of his often resorting. Bethsaida is just north of Capernaum on the sea, and the hill down which the swine ran violently is just across the sea from Tiberias.

Our first delightful experience was a bath in this beautiful sea. Then we took a row and a sail upon its glory, glistening surface. It is a charming lake. Its scenery is fine. Its length is thirteen miles, its width seven miles. I don't wonder that the song writer was enraptured over it.

"O, Galilee, blue Galilee,
Where Jesus longed so much to be,
O, Galilee, sweet Galilee,
Come sing your songs again to me."

These scenes left, we found our lunching place at the scene of Christ's first miracle, at Cana.

We saw the great stone jar in which the cold, clear water curdled into wine at Christ's com-



THE SEA OF GALILEE

mand. The jar is of hard flint stone, and at least aged.

Then Saturday night, after a long day's ride, we came to Nazareth and here rested over Sunday in Christ's boyhood home. Nazareth is the cleanest, most intellectual and contains the finest faced and formed people of any city in all the Holy Land. It is situated on a side hill vale, among a lot of surrounding hills, and is cut with three shallow valleys. Its population of 5,000 is at least three-fourths Christian. So for this land it is a surprising town. I am wondering if the sacred boyhood life of Jesus is not felt among this people yet. I think something of his life still lingers here to inspire, to lift the people above the ordinary.

The missions are fine here, and lovely young women, dressed much like our Americans for hot summer weather, come out with their needlework and doilies, urging you to buy.

The Virgin's Fountain, where Christ gave to the poor Ben Hur, when he fell, the cup of cooling water, is still here and affords bounteous refreshing draughts for every onward toiler. We saw the charmingly dressed, beautiful faced maidens come with their jars at nightfall for the evening's supply of cooling nectar. They are straight, strong, graceful, lady-like, less afraid of strangers than other maidens of the country.

They treat you pleasantly, but quickly resent any over familiarity. They can converse in English. Our schools have polished them into womanhood. And yet they are sold as wives by their fathers, and are henceforth slaves to men. American girls live, at least, in one heaven above these fettered creatures.

We visited the mountain in the southeast corner of the town where the people threatened to cast Christ down. Luke 4:28-29. We saw the church of Annunciation, marking the place where the angel promised to Mary the Christ-child. We visited the home of Christ, and the grotto where Mary cooked for Joseph, cared for the young carpenter and made a typical home for him.

We were led by a monk to the carpenter shop of Joseph, which really does contain a part of the old wall. We saw the great traditional stone workbench on which Christ was said to have toiled at his trade. A few poor people followed us, of Mohammedan fellowship, into this place. One of the young ladies knelt in prayer before this rock, but smiled and flirted with the young men instead of praying, until the priest caught her eye.

Riding Journey Continued.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RIDING JOURNEY CONTINUED.

Mt. Carmel—Along the Mediterranean—Tyre—Sidon—Beyrout—Dr. Jessup—His Home—Council Concerning Abbas—Our Fine Care in Matters of Food.

LEAVING beautiful Nazareth, we went over hills and along the valley, with Mt. Carmel on our left. Finally, we came to Haifa, and near here is a colony of Germans, who till the soil properly and reap very rich harvests. We camped at Haifa for the night. Scarcely had we hoisted the flag when Mrs. Hurst's assistant from the west of America came in to welcome the American travelers. We had a chance to question him about Abbas the Prophet. But as there is a feud or dissension in this order at present I could not gain very much that was reliable concerning the present Abbas Effendi. But when I found Dr. Jessup in Beyrout, who has visited and studied this sect, he divulged to me some of their secrets, which at least are not right, Biblical or Christian. Americans had better bury their money than send it here for such purposes as these men put it to. Mt. Carmel's point where Elijah had his test with Baal and his prophets, has a Roman Catholic convent over

the spot. Here the fire of God came down and consumed the sacrifice and licked up the water in the trench around about it. We saw the cave where Elijah hid the prophets from Jezebel. Here David sent his men to receive food, but David, denying himself, took none. It was also from Mt. Carmel where Elijah saw the cloud appear as a man's hand.

On from here we rode along the shore of the Mediterranean till we came to Kishon river, which we could not ford for its great depth, so our horses were swum across and we went by boat. Quickly we were in Akka, where we lunched. Then we thought of the cruel slaughter of the harem girls at this place Jezzar—"the Butcher." This city also saw the greatest warrior of the age. Napoleon, after eight successive assaults, witnessed the defeat of his army, 1799. Then he forever gave up his visions of an Eastern Empire.

Reaching Tyre, we saw Lebanon, snow-capped, towering 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. Its gradually sloping side does not look one-half this height, but the white snow bank on the summit tells the story. It was 100 Fahrenheit with us, twenty-five miles away there was a frozen cake of ice the scorching sun could not melt. The streets of this city are paved and fairly clean, crooked and narrow. The people are 5,000 in number

and mostly Mohammedans. Acres of old ruins and columns of the ancient city lie here, covered by the waters of the Mediterranean. A part of the old wall enclosure comprehends the present harbor for rough, small ships. Here were ruins of an old temple and a huge, rose granite column unfinished. Hiram's tomb lies east of the city four miles. And we saw the road down which Hiram brought the cedars from old Lebanon to send down to Jaffa for transportation to Jerusalem for Solomon's Temple. The city, once the center of Christian history, is but a hamlet of poor people. We met a most brilliant doctor here who is banished to stay within the environs of Tyre until he or the present Sultan of Turkey dies. This is because he in the Armenian troubles was lenient, and considered a traitor by the Sultan. His sentence is to doctor the poor for nothing and to take no practice for pay. To eat such scanty food as is dealt out to him by the government.

In the morning we started for Sidon, the scriptural twin city of Tyre. We had one hour's severe sand storm, which was by no means a pleasure. Before we reached Sidon, we saw ancient Sarepta. The streets of Sidon are fairly good. The people are more intelligent than in Tyre, and are cleaner. Perhaps 3,000 people and more live in this city. The Manual Train-

ing School is doing much for the people here, in connection with the American mission. We met Erdman Paul, missionary at Sidon, a beautiful, bright young man of twenty-two years, from America. The Musselmans were in the large cemetery, wailing for their dead ones. And the maidens would rubber at us and then hide their pretty faces.

Beyrout, a modernized city of European style, and of the American spirit is quite strong here. The College has 550 students now, and its influence for nearly forty years is beginning to be tremendously felt. Even the Mohammedan boys are in attendance and frequent Dr. Jessup's church for service. They are learning the advantages of a Christian American education, and on they speed to obtain it at any cost. The young men are fine looking, and exceedingly bright in the languages. When they graduate from this institution, they are given government positions in Egypt, securing for themselves $500 or upward a year. This is much better than living on nothing. Just now there is great hope for the Holy Land people through our schools.

Dr. Jessup has a fine printing and Bible house here, well manned and equipped. He is business from start to finish. He is a scholar and a Christian gentleman. He demands everybody's re-

spect. And God respects and honors his holy, pure, unselfish life.

Calling at his home we had one hour's inspiration from him in the presence of his family. In truly eastern style, with a glass of lemonade, he treated us as we were ushered into his fine parlors. Especially were we, Mr. F. F. Carpenter and myself, interested in meeting this noble man. We had been hoaxed and muddled long enough with the Abbas Effendi affair, and we sought him to know the truth. He said, I will be delighted to tell you my experience with him for some years, and what I have learned from this apostle. "It is no better than Mohammedanism. And how the moneyed people can be hoaxed into sending money to such a sect, is my surprise. I," said he, "am not envious. They will soon die. They are not one-fourth what they pretend to be."

We took a carriage drive to the cemetered tomb of Rev. Calvin Kingsley, Bishop of the M. E. Church of New York, Sept. 8th, 1812. He died in Beyrout, April 6, 1870. He was making the first trip around the world for our church, and sickening here, died. On the tomb you find the inscription:—

"Erected as a tribute of Affection and Esteem by order of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

The monument is gray granite, about 18 feet high, with base and shaft. The ground is beautifully kept and ornamented with flowers.

Then we had to bid a long farewell to all our traveling companions and take a start for home. The former breaking was hard. The latter, hope of home and American friends was strong and beautiful to dream of. It was delightful to realize.

We are obliged to the God of America and American people for our safe return. We are indeed glad to have seen other lands and other peoples—but America is our home.

Finale.

No one but a traveler can appreciate how brevity of description and detail must constitute this work. Many experiences which would delight the aesthetic mind, and many a humorous incident and story which would cause mirth, is excluded for a glimpse of fact and wedge of thought to provoke the reader's mind to further inquiry. In the realm of fact, the writer has swept by many a rare gem, as the glass of the astronomer sweeps by myriads of stars and planets in the sky parlor of the heaven, in search of some peculiar treasure.

We took ship from Beyrout April 2nd. We sailed for Alexandria, stopping at Jaffa and Port Said. At Alexandria we viewed the old historic city for forty hours, and then steamed across the sea for Naples. We touched Sicily at the growing city of Messina and examined with careful eye the island of Capri. Landing at Naples the fourth day, we saw the smoking, belching Vesuvius, Pompeii and the city itself again. Three days later we boarded the German Lloyd steamship, the "Aller," and aimed due

west for New York. Coming along the orange fringed shores of the Azores we ran through a school of sea dolphins, sporting in the water like children innumerable, entranced in play. Near the Devil's Hole, we met a furious storm, which anchored us finally in a dense fog twenty-four hours, only thirty-four miles from New York harbor.

One thing in our whole trip was grander than cities, temples, mountains, rivers, valleys, lakes, islands, monuments of men, pictures of art, or sculpture, sphinxes, or pyramids, or new found friends. It was our home coming.

Busy and weary and tired of sight-seeing, the thought of home overwhelms one. Like a home-sick boy my heart beat high, and scarcely could I restrain my joys at the thought of meeting my home friends—the best of all friends—to be clasped again in my mother's arms as in boyhood; to feel the print of those lips that had kissed me back to manhood when I was wandering; and again had nerved to better things when obedient; was my one longing desire and assurance when seven thousand miles of sea lay between us. And I, a lone foreign wanderer, was to grasp my father's honest hand and feel his thrill of prayer as I stepped over the threshold of my boyhood home. Again in my native land of Christian freedom my feet should glide into

loving homes which know no real want nor darkness, and that I should enjoy and appreciate as never before a civilization unequaled in variety, thronged upon my mind. To see my land of schools and flourishing colleges under the banner of the Stars and Stripes, fluctuating and blossoming into every conceivable manner of enterprise and thrift under the invigorating air of liberty was to be my happy lot.

But I have walked "in His steps," studied God's Holy Word on the Lofty Mounts from which its sublime truths were dictated. My knowledge of the same has been confirmed by a journey of many miles and a studious examination of antiquities; by the revelations of the shovel and the spade. My faith and Christian experience have been unqualifiedly confirmed and strengthened at every turn of my sinuous journey. I shall teach God's certain truths as never before. My voice shall ring out the glad echoes to a free, intelligent and happy people. "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you." I'll sing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." I'll defend the flag and the Constitution a believing patriot. I'll say with every loyal American in the words of Ruth—"Entreat me not to leave thee. Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

With devout thanksgiving to God that he has made this journey possible; that my life has been spared in all the perils that surrounded me; and that a benign and blessed Providence has attended my every step, I will here part company with you, my dear reader, praying that what you see through another's eyes may be blessed to your eternal good.

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